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Poetry.

FLOOD AND EBB.

The breeze [illegible] down and the long reach
Of barren sands
In the hot sun seems like the beach
Of desert lands.
Among the rocks no children run,
Only some poor old women come
For driftwood drying in the sun.

'Tis full high-noon, the tide is out,
We quiet are.
God knows what storms may sweep without
The harbor bar.
The sudden squall, the veering gale
May tear and wreck the distant sail
Of him we love. Our weak hearts fail.

'Tis sunset: the returning tide
Creeps up the sands,
The waves gleam with warm colors dyed
From tropic lands.
The fresh breeze wafts the sounds of joy
From lips of many a happy boy
To whom each wave brings a new toy.

A snow [illegible] sail [illegible] 'cross the bar,
[illegible]
But [illegible] evening star,
[illegible] last.
His [illegible]. With him beside
My [illegible] dread abide?
Shall I [illegible] fear ebb tide?

LITTLE BUSYBODY.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

O, but she [illegible] a dear little mite!
Never at [illegible] now, as I write,
Going [illegible] making a call,
Talkin[illegible], rocking baby so small.
Never [illegible] the squeaking tree,
When the wind blows, is as tireless as she.
A[illegible] kiss, she will quietly say:
"Haven't got time; I'm too busy to-day."

Are the birds weary when down goes the sun?
Or the wee lambkins when homeward they run?
Or the bright butterflies folding their wings?
Grasshoppers, crickets and all merry things?
Then must this dear busybody of ours
Long for her rest with the close of the flowers.
O, the sweet lips that so lovingly say:
"Good [illegible] tired—I've been busy to-day!"

Our Story Teller.

RAINY DAYS;

And How to Meet Them.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER III.

SEEKING A NEW HOME.

But heavy days followed—a cloud hung over the poor of Kentmere; so many of whom had found their daily bread in the work of Pearson's silk mills. The Holmeses still had to hope and to hold on; but though the children had been taken from school, and Nelly installed as general care-taker of the children, while her mother earned a little by going out to wash and iron at a neighboring laundress's; still, the pinch of hard times was felt, and Francis would look sadly at the great silent mills as he passed them with his little ones for frequent walks in the fields, and his faith was very much tried. So a month passed away; and though hope had been revived by persons coming several times to look at the mills, it had quickly died out again as the report spread that the business had so fallen off, and the buildings wanted so much repair, that no one felt inclined to risk the large sum in buying them for which Mr. Pearson still held out. The great lightener of the trouble was, that the season was coming summer instead of winter, but spring brings its sickness and its ailments as well as autumn, and there is illness as often with the budding as with the falling leaf.

It was nearly the middle of April when Miss Somerville opened the door of the Holmes's cottage, one afternoon, and found sorrow there. The children all had the whooping cough, and the father had answered a letter from a friend in Boxford by going to see whether work was to be obtained for him in a large silk mill in that city. "It seemed right to try," Francis said. William Brice had been gone "on the tramp" now for three weeks, and so with a heavy heart Francis had left his sick children that very morning, with the expectation of returning in a day or two, and the hope of bringing the news of work for himself, though that implied removal from the place where he had been born and brought up, had married his wife, and seen his children spring up around him!

Miss Somerville found her favorite Minnie lying back in the chair exhausted with violent fits of coughing, her mother sitting by with the baby in her arms, who had just sunk into a heavy sleep; while on a mattress placed for her in the corner, little Kitty lay breathing heavily, dark rings round her eyes, and a pinched, drawn expression about her mouth. These three were the worst. Nelly was only suffering slightly from the complaint. Frank had not taken it at all as yet, and was now gone out on an errand to the doctor's for some more medicine. Miss Somerville's heart now ached for the usually cheerful mother, as she turned her sorrowful face towards her and answered her greeting in low, sad tones. Poor Minnie had roused at the sight of her friend, but the little languid fingers seemed scarcely able to make the accustomed signs, though her blue eyes were as eloquent as ever, and the child's mouth smiled its welcome.

"They seem very sick to-day, Mrs. Holmes," began Miss Somerville; "perhaps it will soon take a turn for the better. Let us hope so. What does the doctor say?"

"Not much, ma'am," said poor Ellen. "Kitty is the worst, I think, unless it's Minnie. But she, you know, ma'am, has no strength to bear up against anything. Then her father is gone to-day, and she feels that, I know."

Miss Somerville held Minnie's hand in her's. It seemed to comfort the child; and she kept up little tokens of sympathy upon it, even while talking to Mrs. Holmes.

"Our money we had saved is growing less very fast, ma'am," the mother went on; "while I could leave the children I made up a little by washing five days of the week; but we shall be too poor to pay our journey to Boxford unless Francis gets work soon. There is no hope of his going on here now, and so he made up his mind to start to-day; but it was a hard trial to him, especially to leave us as we are."

"It is a dark cloud, Mrs. Holmes," said Miss Somerville; "a very dark one, but there is light behind it. God will show it at last, though now He sees that it is best to let you walk in the dark shadow. The sun will disperse it when the right time comes."

"Yes, ma'am, I believe it; and it is a mercy we are out of debt. It has been a hard struggle, but we dont owe a s'xpence; and there's many poor creatures who had nothing laid by, who are nearly starving, or getting into debt they will never get out of."

"Well, now," said Miss Somerville, cheerfully, "I must make myself useful; but I must leave you for a few minutes and find out why my basket has not been sent from the White Hart."

Away went Miss Somerville, first making signs to Minnie that she would soon return; and as she went quickly out of the court into the High street, she nearly stumbled against a man just entering, whose pale, sallow face, with its wretched, woe-begone expression was not familiar to her, though we know him as William Brice.

It would be pleasant to return with Miss Somerville to the Holmes's cottage, to see her followed by the errand boy from the White Hart, bearing another basket of "good things" for the household; to watch her, with her delicate white hands, making barley water of the most fragrant lemon flavor for the sick children; strewing flowers on Kitty's bed, holding the baby in a fit of coughing, helping, comforting, ministering with the kindly light of charity in her eyes, and, at last, repeating over the verses to Minnie on her fingers, as she read blessed words of comfort to the mother from God's Holy Word.

It would be more pleasant to linger here than to turn to a very different scene in William Brice's house. But we must go there now and see how it was that with greater means, good health, and outward things seemingly more prosperous, misery far greater than Ellen Holmes's now reigned in Rachel Brice's heart. William's face was more pale and haggard than it had been a month before; his shoulders were bent more, and his whole bearing more dejected.

Entering his house, he found his wife with her feet on a foot-stool, the two younger children playing on the floor, and turning up to their father very dirty little faces as he stumbled over them.

"Oh, William, haven't you got work?" said his wife, rising to greet him, and seeing at a glance that he was troubled. "What's the matter, William?" as he sank into a chair, but did not speak.

"Matter!" he replied, almost fiercely, "why you must pack up bag and baggage and come off to Boxford as soon as you can. I've got a place in a factory there at last, and the wages are grand," he said, bitterly, "twenty shillings a week! Come, turn these children out, will you?" It was not like William, it had not been like him, to speak thus in days gone by, but the three weeks of his absence from home had been weeks of little food and much drink, and weeks of weary search for work, disappointment and trial, with no better balm for these than a glass of brandy and water at every public house which came in his way.

"Twenty shillings a week! You, a foreman of seven years' standing, accept the like of that?" said poor Rachel, bitterly; "how are we to live?"

"How are we living now, I should like to know?" It was that or none, I tell you. You must sell off here as fast as you can, and let's be off. Where's the clock?" William asked, looking around.

"Sold already," said his wife, doggedly, "and lots of things in pawn beside. I could get no more credit. How was I to feed the children, and you away too?"

"Pawn! So you've come to that. None of your finery gone though, I'll be bound?"

"You seem to come back more like a brute than a man," said Rachel, angrily. "I wrote to my father and besought him, as you know, for the money which you took to go on your tramp with. Where is it all gone, I should like to know? And you never to send a line, not once, and to leave me starving here, and now come home to abuse me. Oh! that I ever should have lived to see this day!" And a torrent of angry tears burst from the wife, which only hardened the husband's heart, and which four little pairs of eyes were now surveying in fear and wonder from the threshold of the door, across which Susan dared not advance. Sad it is when children witness scenes like this! We will not linger on it any longer, nor write down here the bitter words of recrimination which followed.

The consciences of both husband wife were burdened. Both knew that they had been to blame, and in William's heart was the shameful consciousness of having drank away the money so grudgingly granted to his wife's urgent appeal by her father; and not only that, but as the craving had increased upon him, he had parted from his silver watch and chain at Boxford—the companion of better days—and now only a very few shillings remained in his pocket. As we look at poor William and Rachel Brice, in these dark and cloudy times, may we not say that the whole matter is summed up in the words, "There is no fear of God before their eyes?"

With every desire, dear reader, to bring home to you the blessings of thrift, careful management, resolute desire to battle against life's difficulties and overcome them, with temperance, and a wholesome dread of indulgence in the excitement of stimulating drink; I would say that these, in their highest sense, are fruits of that faith which if a man lives out in deed as well as professes in word, he shall be counted amongst those who are like a tree planted by the water-side, bringing forth fruit in their season. His leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

For the next three or four days all was confusion in William Brice's house. With great difficulty they disposed of their furniture, which, by-the-bye, was in so poor and neglected a state, that the money realized was small indeed, when compared to what had been expended on it. Scarcely a cup uncracked in the gold-and-white tea-service, scarcely a whole article of household use throughout? Saucepans with loose handles, pewter covers battered and bent, knives blunt and chipped in the blades, the gay bit of carpet in the sitting room spotted and stained, chests of drawers with two or three handles missing—while every thing partook of the same character, and showed plainly that habits of carelessness and heedlessness, and a total absence of thought, had reigned supreme. With a great effort, however, the Brices cleared themselves partially, of many debts, and were able to leave the town one rainy morning in a wagon which traveled between Kentmere and Boxford three times a week, and which was from morning to night upon the road.

Ellen Holmes had been so occupied with her sick children, that she had not had time to do more than offer a very occasional service to her neighbors. Moreover she felt she was not trusted; and poor Mrs. Brice, in all her inward distress, tried to show a "good face on it," as she expressed it and was "too proud" to let "such as Ellen Holmes see how they were put to it."

But Ellen, in common with many others in Kentmere, did see it, nevertheless, and her kind heart ached for the children as she saw them standing on the threshold of their desolate, empty house. Dirty and untidy in appearance, though still smart, the two elder ones laden with little parcels insecurely done up, and the two younger clinging to their mother's dress. As Ellen Holmes looked, she turned back into her own house for a moment, and soon came forward with a loaf of bread in her hand, which Miss Somerville had sent the sick children, in a basket, the day before.

"Good morning, Mrs. Brice; so you are going to-day?" "Yes, we are only waiting till the wagon passes the end of the passage. Mr. Brice is there with the rest of the luggage. Be quiet, Bobbie, what are you doing?" Poor Bobbie was looking at the cake in Ellen's hand with longing eyes and was stretching up towards it.

"Here, my dear," said Ellen, "I am going to give this to sister to carry, and you shall have some as you go along; Bobbie will like that, won't he?"

But Bobbie began to cry, and Fannie said sorrowfully, "We've had no breakfast!"

Again Ellen Holmes disappeared, and returned with a knife, and a mug full of milk and water, out of which she gave the children a drink all round; how she wished it had been more, when she saw how eagerly it was swallowed, and how she sighed as poor Bobbie said, "Me want bread now," as, like a little hungry dog, he watched her dividing the bread into four pieces, and giving it to each small outstretched hand.

"I would ask you to come in and sit down, Mrs. Brice, but you would be afraid of the cough for the children; you look so tired, though, let me stay here, and go and take a seat, do now."

Rachel was tired and faint, and weary and sick at heart; the womanly kindness to her children touched her, and she could scarcely answer for choking sobs.

"These are hard times; but cheer up, Mrs. Brice," said Ellen, "your husband has got work, and that is a good thing. See here, my dears," turning to the children, "you stand here a minute; I'll come back directly."

The little ones, busily engaged in eating their bread, obeyed, and then Ellen led the way to her own door, and seated Mrs. Brice in a chair by the small fire, and offered her the cup of tea she had ready in a little black teapot for Kitty when she woke.

"You are very kind," said poor Rachel, "how are they all?" looking round at the children. "Oh, we've had a sad time, Mrs. Brice. Minnie and Kitty are through the worst of it now, I hope, but I am very anxious about baby still; he's so heavy, and takes so little notice," and then Ellen rapidly motioned to Minnie that she would leave Mrs. Brice a minute or two, and telling Nellie to call her if the baby or Kitty woke, she went back to the poor little Brices.

Rachel sat silently looking around her, wondering at the neatness and order of the cottage, at the cleanliness of the sick children; while the rest and quiet, with the cup of tea, were refreshing to her beyond all expression. "They must have some kind friends," thought she; "they must have some ways and means they keep secret. I always knew they were close about their own concerns; but it's easy to see they must have some one to help them;" and with this thought Rachel set down her cup, and asked Nellie how her cough was, and where Frank was gone.

Nellie repliedby saying, "Her cough wasn't bad at all, and that Frank had gone to Leyton." Then there was silence, for Rachel could not make friends with children; but all the time a pair of light blue eyes were fixed on her from the chair opposite. A wistful, inquiring glance, such as only the deaf and dumb can give. Rachel wanted almost to shrink from the gaze, though she knew not why. Minnie was looking pale, and thin, and sick, but the patient expression round her mouth was more beautiful than ever. While Mrs. Brice sat thinking within herself who the rich friends were who helped the Holmeses, and settling it that it must be Miss Somerville, Minnie was wondering whether her anxious-looking, troubled visitor had found the best friend; and whether she had learned, as her father and mother had, to trust Him.

Poor Minnie! at a touch, her naturally intelligent mind had opened to receive instruction, and in the silence reigning round her evermore, was God's voice heard; and she could could trust the Good Shepherd to lead her to Himself, perhaps with a more lively and earnest faith than those could who had the power of speech and hearing, and communion with the outer world granted them. But very soon Mrs. Brice took a hasty leave of the little Holmeses, as her husband's voice was heard outside, telling her the driver was waiting in the High street.

Ellen went with the children to the wagon, lifted in the little ones, and bade them try to be still and not trouble their mother. Then all the bundles were packed in. William Brice got up to the seat by the driver, and the steady old horse answered the crack of the whip, and went off with measured, even tread, bearing the Brices to a new home. Mrs. Holmes looked after the heavy, cumbrous vehicle till it turned the corner, with a sigh, went with brisk step to her children.

Rachel's parting words, as she leaned out of the cart, had been pleasant to the kind neighbor's ear: "Thank you, Mrs. Holmes for being so kind to my children and to me."

"Poor soul, poor woman!" was Ellen's soliloquy; "I fear they are going to greater trouble than they leave. I wish I could have helped them more—I'm sure I do."

CHAPTER IV.

STRUGGLING WITH DIFFICULTIES.

It was a long, weary day's journey for the Brices; all the sweet sights of the country as they passed along—the budding trees, the lovely wild flowers in the hedges, the soft green fields, where young lambs were rejoicing—awoke no answering delight in the parents' hearts. One by one, the poor children dropped off to sleep, lying at the bottom of the wagon, fairly worn out; and the mother, too, lost the sense of her troubles also, from time to time, in heavy slumbers, which the jerking of the wagon, as it stopped at the little roadside public houses, broke at short intervals. At nearly every one of these roadside inns William got down from his seat and disappeared for a moment, and his pocket was lighter for every visit, while his eyes were brighter, and his cheeks more flushed.

Poor Mrs. Brice turned with tears from the glass of brandy-and-water he came once to offer, and said, "No, no, William, thank you; for it does no real good, I begin to think, and costs money. I'd rather you'd get a drink of milk for the children the next time we stop, if they are awake, and a roll or two at a baker's shop."

William's answer was to turn away gloomily, tossing off the brandy-and-water himself, and muttering about "her being ungracious, and as if he had not seen her empty a glass of grog before now." Yes, it was quite true; but a dim perception was creeping over Rachel's mind, that if the Holmses had not rich friends, as she supposed, they, at least, had no enemy in the drink, which day by day was rendering her husband more irritable and unkind to her, and cross to the children; while many a shilling which might have been spent for the good of the little ones, went in that which made such unpleasantness in their family.

It was nearly 6 o'clock when the Brices reached the Red Lion at Boxford, where they stopped; and the tired and sleepy children were turned out into the yard of the inn, bewildered and frightened, and looking round them with wondering eyes. The fare having been paid to the driver, and the boxes put on a truck, the husband and wife followed the man who wheeled it, each carrying a child in their arms, while Susan and Fanny clung close together, threading the close narrow streets, to the one where William had got lodgings, four or five days before. These were in a dark, dingy house let off in floors to working people, and near the mills where William had got a situation.

The Brices' rooms were on the top floor but one, and it was a long climb up the dirty stairs for the children's little, weary feet. The lodging consisted of three rooms—a living-room and two bed rooms; it was said to be furnished; but the articles for daily use were as common and scanty as it is possible to imagine. The long climb to get to them, and the poor accommodation when reached, made these rooms comparatively cheap, and eight shillings a week was thought very little in Boxford for the use of "furnished lodgings." Eight shillings! and only twelve left to live upon, to find food, and clothes, and coal. Hard work this, for people who had sometimes fallen short of ready money in a quiet, inexpensive country town, where provisions and house-rent were moderate, and this, too, with wages 40 instead of 20 shillings a week! Yes, it would have required thought and economy, and good management, to get through decently, without the extra allowance of other drink beside water. Strong drink, alas! was becoming a necessity to the father of the family. As it was, we must leave the poor Brices with sad fears that bitter lessons are in store for them, such as with sickness, and trial, and poverty, the Holmeses could never have to learn. "Godliness is great riches." There are true words; and for those who strive in God's strength and humble dependence on him, there is amidst all losses, and hardships, and privations, "a blessing which maketh truly rich."

After a week's absence, Francis Holmes returned to Kentmere. His wife knew by his face, as he opened the door, that there was no good news about work; but she gave him a quiet, loving greeting, and forebore to trouble him with questions at first.

"How are the children?" was the father's anxious inquiry, as Minnie folded her arms tightly round his neck, as he bent over her chair.

"Better, all of them, dear," was his wife's answer; "baby has been bad and Kitty too, but they are getting better now, thank God; you must give that little woman, Nellie, a word of praise, father, for she's been of more use and help than I can tell."

Nelly flushed with pleasure at the praise, and came up to her father for another kiss as a reward. Kitty, very weak and languid, was on one knee already, while Minnie leaned against her father's shoulder as he sat beside her.

"Frank, where's Frank?"

"Ah, that's our secret!" said Nelly; "may I tell mother?"

But, quicker than even little Nelly's quick tongue, Minnie was anticipating the question, and was running her fingers over her father's rough hand, her eyes brightening as she did so. But Nelly told the welcome story over again, so, as we can understand her better than we can Minnie, we will use her words:

"Father, Miss Somerville has taken Frank to Leyton, and is going to put him to school there, and let him learn to do odd jobs in her house and about the garden, out of school-time, and she says she'll keep him till you get work again; he hasn't had the cough at all."

"Yes," Ellen Holmes went on, "it's a wonderful kind thing of Miss Somerville, only it's just like her. Frank is too young to be of much use, as a return, and so I told her; but she said she had ways and means of making a boy of eight years old useful; so he went off in high spirits, poor little man! I hope he will be good, but then he has a will of his own, though I miss him for all that. Still, it's a great thing to have one less to feed now, and it wasn't to be expected a boy like him would go on all day without getting into mischief. You have no objections, father?" said Ellen, anxiously, as her husband leant his head against Minnie's, and did not speak.

"No, no, my dear, I was only thinking how good God is to us, even though I have got no work."

Francis's voice failed, but Minnie held his hand in hers, and pressing it to her lips she was telling him on it, that he must not look sad, they were so glad he had come home, and that no one would worry now. Ah! what a blessing is the bond of family love, drawn close around as a support—the best that earth can give in times of sorrow and trouble! The contrast between William Brice's return to his home and Francis Holmes's coming back to his, is a strong, but not uncommon one. We can find such in our own neighborhood, and amongst those we know, whether poor or rich; and if we look closely at the cause of the difference we shall, I think, mostly find that where there is not love to God there cannot be love to each other, in the best and highest sense.

When the children were all in bed except Minnie, who was privileged to stay, as she wished it, leaning against her father's arm, as he sat in his chair near here, the history of his tramp for work was told in full. Francis had tried three times unsuccessfully at places where mills were going in the country, and the last time in Boxford. Here indeed he could have obtained a place in the same large mills which had taken on William Brice, but the wages were low; and then there was the expense of removal, the dark, close street where they must live, the unhealthy lodgings which would be all they could afford, the great uncertainty as to the raising of his wages after a time, to which William Brice trusted, and the trial of leaving the place where he had been born and bred.

"So," he went on, "I thought, perhaps, we had better hold on as we are another week or two. The silk mills may be taken, and I suppose that with pinching and care we can do it. Only, Ellen, wife, it's a great trial to be idle. As I have been tramping along the dusty roads of late, and seen even the little birds busy at their nests, I have felt so depressed like and envied the men in the fields, even those breaking stones by the hedge-side! I hope I have done right," he went on; "I hope I have. But the dangers and troubles of a large city like Boxford seemed to come full upon me somehow. Still, if you think it best, wife, it can yet be done; it is an enormous concern, that of the Boxford Mills, and I hear they are glad to take on hands. Still, it's a new business, and it may work well, and it may not."

"You are quite right, Francis," said his wife; "we can wait a little longer here in the dear old spot—there's yet some money in the Bank. Here's Frank provided for for the present."

"Ah, you are a good wife, Ellen, a good wife," said Francis fervently; "and I've thought of the liking I once had for a little carpentering; don't you remember how I made you a box with neat little drawers before we were married?"

"Don't I remember it? Why, yes, indeed, I've got it up-stairs. That's a bright thought of yours; who knows but you might make some small things to sell now."

And then away went the good mother at the sound of Kittie's cough in the room above, to raise the child and support her during the fit, then hushing and soothing her afterwards till she slept again. When she returned she found her husband sitting with Minnie's small figure in his arms, but he was gazing at her with an anxious, troubled look on his face.

Minnie had just fallen asleep, the long fringes of dark lashes lay on the pale cheek, which now struck her father as very pale, except where a small red spot glowed brightly under a stray lock of soft brown hair. The small mouth and prettily formed lips, which had ever a smile hovering near, were pinched, and there were lines and hollows about the sweet young face which did not tell of health, even such health as Minnie had known.

"This illness has told on her, wife," said Francis; "she feels lighter than a feather. Has she coughed much since I've been gone?"

The mother drew near and looked over her husband's shoulder. "No, she has never had violent fits like Kitty and the poor baby; but the last week she has sat very quiet, and I don't think she has eaten much. I must ask the doctor about her again. Do you think she looks very ill, Francis?"

Minnie, deaf and dumb Minnie, was their first-born, and dear as first-born children are to every parent's heart. Still dearer, too, because she was, as the neighbors would have said, "afflicted." Their silent comforter, their tender, gentle Minnie, how they loved her.

A few days afterwards, Miss Somerville was with Minnie, Nelly, and Kitty, and their father were out, for the doctor said the soft sweet air and pleasant sunshine would do them good now. Mrs. Holmes and the baby were the only inhabitants of the cottage: and baby dropping off to sleep, the mother went to put him in his cradle up stairs. Then Minnie quickly turned her eyes full upon her kind friend, and by her signs expressed, "I feel bad here," putting her small hand upon her heart; "I think I am going away—I am going home; but don't tell them yet—they'll worry so. I am no use, you know; God always knows best; and every day I sit and think so. You have taught me that if I trust in Jesus I need not be afraid, and I don't think I am." Then, as she saw Miss Somerville's eyes, fill with tears, she continued, "Please don't be sorry; I can't work for them; it must be best." Mrs. Holmes returning, no more passed between Minnie and her friend; but Miss Somerville thought over it on her way home, and with mingled feelings of sorrow and thankfulness. Going home! Yes, Minnie was ready. Why should any wish to keep her from the song of angels and the joy of Christ's redeemed?

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

AN OLD-FASHIONED STORY.

Tracks in the Melon Patch and Who Were the Shoes.

My father was the finest watermelon grower in the country. Melon culture was his delight. I particularly remember one crop. Just before the melons began to get ripe my father called Black Bill and me and said: "I want you boys to understand one thing. If one of my melons is stolen I am going to measure the tracks that I find in the patch and then measure feet, and the owner of the feet that correspond with the tracks shall get a whipping that he can never forget. See this hickory?" pointing to a long and cruel-looking switch that he had placed above the dining-room door. "Well, if either of you want to catch this switch, pitch in." Bill shook his head and muttered that he didn't want it, that he would rather be killed by a steer (old Buck a few weeks before had thrown Bill against a tree and knocked off the bark) than to be cut to pieces by such a switch, and he assured my stern parent that so far as I was concerned he might rest in peace. Bill was the only negro we had, and although he was compelled to go to church every Sunday, riding on the seat behind the buggy, and although he sat in the buggy during services, and without effort could hear every word of the sermon, yet that boy, with all his careful training, was inclined to be a thief.

The next day after the proclamation was issued I went out andl ooked at the melon patch. There, lying in the sun, striped and tempting, lay a beautiful melon. Ah, if there was ahything that could make a Southern boy forget honor it was a watermelon. I trembled, for I knew I could not prevent myself from stealing it, and then that awful switch came up before me. An idea struck me. I went to the house, stole into the cabin, and got Bill's shoes. What an enormous foot the rascal had! The shoes were so large they would not stay on my feet, but I overcame this great drawback by stuffing them with grass. I slipped around ane entered the patch from a locust thicket. A rain had fallen the day before, and I made decided tracks in the level ground. I got the melon, stole back to the thicket, and, although it was not ripe, I ate more than half of it. Then I returned Bill's shoes. That afternoon, while Bill and I were in the yard, I saw my father carefully carrying a small stick, entering the gate. His face wore an unusually stern expression, and I saw that there was something wrong.

"I don't think that much measuring is needed on this occasion," said he, glancing at the stick. "Bill, where are your shoes?"

"In de cabin, sah."

"Bring them here."

He brought the shoes. The old gentleman applied the measure and said: "Fresh dirt on them, I see."

Bill's face became a study. "Doan know how it come on dar, marster. Ain't wore 'em sense last Sunday."

"Yes, that's all right, John," turning to me, "fetch me that switch." My heart smote me, but I brought the switch. Then Bill began to dance. I never did see a fellow get himself into so many different shapes, and it seemed that every shape was better suited to the switch. I had to snort. I couldn't help it. I kept out of Bill's way as much as possible, for he seemed to look reproachfully at me, but he did not accuse me of delivering him up to the enemy, and I had begun to persuade myself that Bill had stolen the melon when two days later I came to grief. Bill and I were again in the yard when father opened the gate, carrying a small stick. "John," said he, as he approached, "where are your shoes?"

"In the house, sir."

"Bring them here."

I got my shoes. Great Cæsar! there was fresh soil on them. "Come on, come on," said the old gentleman. I handed him one shoe and dropped the other one. "Bill," said he, after measuring the shoes, "bring me that switch." Bill bounded with delight and brought the switch.

"Pap," I cried, "please don't whip me, I ain't done nothin'. Oh—"

I danced, I capered, and I met the switch at every turn. In my agony I caught sight Bill standing at the corner of the house and snorting like a glandered horse. Bill kept out of my way, but that evening I met him and asked:

"Bill, how did you wear my shoes?"

"How did yer w'ar mine?"

"Put grass in 'em."

"Wall, I tuck er p'r er short stilts an' put yer shoes on de ends o' 'em. Reckon we'se erbout even now. Oh, I tell yer whut's er fack, John, it won't do ter fool wid me, case I'se one o' de 'n'inted by de saints."

Written for the Toledo Blade.

PARISIAN SKETCHES.

BY D. R. LOCKE.

NO. II.

THE PEASANT.

The French agriculturist is, as a rule, a dull, heavy, simple-minded fellow, who takes no interest in political matters. He accepts the poor clothes, the back-breaking labor, the thin food, as a matter of course, and does not aspire to anything higher. He lightens up a little on fete days, and has some few ways of enjoying himself, but the fierce delights of politics he knows nothing of. He leaves that to the dwellers in the cities, and accepts uncomplainingly what they decree. Naturally he is a monarchist; for, though the monarchy ground him into the dust, he was used to being ground into the dust by a monarchy, and he was always possessed with a sort of reverence for nobility. Then his religion, and he is always religious, kept him constant to that idea, and at times the French peasant has been very troublesome to the innovators who attempted changes. The greatest sufferer by the exactions of king and nobility, he has generally been their staunchest support.

When a peasant gets into Paris, no matter what his condition, he changes, and may become a fierce anything; but in the country he is a clod who lives content with what he has, and is not fierce at all, about anything. He may go to bed after a hard day's work under a monarchy, and rise up in the morning to go about another hard day's work under a republic, it is all the same to him. He is taxed as heavily under the one as the other, for the cost of overturning one government and setting up another comes out of him at the end. Another reason for his indiffterence is that governments do not last long enough in France to enable a thick-minded man to demonstrate whether any one form is better than its predecessor or not. Paris, Lyons and Marseilles make the governments for France, Paris more particularly. Paris chops off the head of a king and declares a republic and the country accepts it. Paris exiles a president and returns to monarchy, and the country says never a word, but accepts the monarchy. Empire or republic, it is all one to the French peasant. He has very little to do with the government except to pay taxes, fill the army and make of himself food for powder.

THE WHIMS OF THE PARISIAN.

After ten years of a republic it is no wonder that Paris, a part of it at least, wants a change. Paris always wants a change. If Paris should be converted into the Garden of Eden, Paris would only be satisfied with it a year or two. If all Paris should sit down and agree upon what it wanted, Paris would want something else in twelve-month. Paris is a fickle jade, as fickle as a woman and just as unreasonable.

Paris has had a republic for ten years and has been getting on very well with it. The enormous indemnity exacted by the Prussians has been paid, and the people have lived in as much comfort as could be expected. The frightful scars left by the Commune are being obliterated, little by little, the city is well governed, and a reasonable people would want nothing more.

But the Parisians are not reasonable people. There is a great party who want the Bonapartes back again, another that would gladly see the Bourbons on the throne, and still another that would do anything to see a representative of the Orleans family at the fore.

Of these classes only one has real strength, the Bonapartists. Orleanism and Bourbonism is only a sentiment, confined to the adherents of the old noblesse, who despise the Bonapartists almost as much as they do the Republicans.

Bonapartism is a live idea and with some reason behind it. Under Louis Napoleon the city did thrive in one sense, and those who profited by it remember it. It was a bubble, but it paid certain classes in Paris to keep it floating. The city was very gay. The emperor gave a constant round of entertainments on which the nobles he had created were forced to expend very great sums of money. The gay capital was the residence of princes and nobles from all over the world, who came thither because of its gayety, and they disbursed among the people enormous sums. Then came a vast throng of smaller people, attracted thither by the splendor of society which, if unable to enter, they could at least see and enjoy at second-hand. And they filled the smaller hotels and pensions at any price that was asked. This made trade brisk, shop-keepers and hotel people waxed rich, and there was an apparent prosperity.

The Franco-German war, followed by the republic, did away with all this, and the enormous flow of strangers, all with money, ceased, and the shop-keepers and hotel people mourn as those without hope. Rooms, which then rented for 20 francs a day, can now be had for 5, and everything else has decreased in proportion. It is no wonder that the landlord who looks at his pitiful 5 francs, and remembers the 20, should curse the republic and sigh for a return of the empire. They have a reason for desiring a change.

THE EMPIRE.

Louis Napoleon made it very lively for the Parisian shopkeepers and all other classes, for he scattered money in enormous sums. His existence depended upon keeping Paris prosperous, and he stopped at nothing to do it. He rebuilt Paris and in rebuilding it maintained his own power. It was a wild time he gave them. He had for his coadjutors, Baron Haussmann, a French financier of vast ability—for himself, and an American, who was competent in his way. They worked the wires with great adroitness and wonderful success. Boss Tweed and his gang in New York were mere babies to these operators. The three, the Emperor, Baron Haussmann, and the American,—he is a dentist, by the way, a Massachusetts man, who made himself the fashion in Paris,—these three, taking the map of Paris, would determine upon a new boulevard. To begin with, they made a plan of a reconstructed Paris, but they did the work a little at a time, that the changes might not be so sudden as to provoke a revolution. When they had determined upon the location of the new street, the American doctor, with his confederates outside, would immediately proceed to buy all the real estate on the line of the proposed improvements. Now bear in mind that Paris was, before these improvements were made, just the same as all other European cities. There were streets crooking and curving in all directions, horribly paved and worse drained, with alleys commencing nowhere and ending nowhere, a labyrinth of narrow streets that were puzzles to strangers, and, being upon no plan, not very plain to those to the manor born.

To reconstruct this part of Paris was to run wide avenues remorselessly through these alleys and narrow, crooked streets, tearing down buildings, changing everything, making really a new city of an old one.

What a chance for making money for one who had practically, unlimited power! Why, there was no end to it. The three parties in interest, through their outside agents, for they did not appear in it, would, before the decree for the improvement was made public, buy all the property along the line, at low prices. Then the decree making the boulevard would be promulgated, and the government would condemn the property therefor, and as the head of the government owned the property, and had the price to fix, it was certain to be liberal enough. Twice, three times, four times what had been paid for it would be allowed, with no one to say them nay. Then the boulevard would be built, the old quaint houses torn down to make room for it, and in a few months, as if by magic, there would be a straight, beautiful avenue, tree-lined, asphalt-paved, with the squares and vacant places shaded with trees. By the way, large trees would be brought in from the country and planted, for the Parisian wants his enjoyment at once and has no time to wait for trees to grow. The new boulevard would become, at once, a thoroughfare.

Now the Emperor and his pals had made an immense profit on the sale of the ground to the government, but their gains only commenced at this point. They owned all the property on the line of the street, and being made, at once, fashionable, it was sold at enormous prices, an advance that gave them 500 per cent. profit, or more.

Baron Haussmann and the American dentist were simply making money. They hived their share of the plunder and they and their children have it yet. Napoleon had two objects in view. The first was the giving employment to the unemployed and keeping them content. The second was the procurement of money to spend in extravagant fetes to keep Paris amused and to attract strangers to the city. He spent his share of the plunder as fast as he received it, and it kept him upon his throne for a long time.

INFLATION.

True, taxes were heavy, for this money came out of the people, but Paris never stopped to consider. The country at large was taxed for all this, and which eased the burden of the Parisians, and besides this the Parisians did not care for taxes so long as they were coining money. It was a period of inflation which made everybody happy till the final smash. It was making something of nothing, but the nothing looked substantial, and they were satisfied for the time being. It did not matter that two francs would only buy as much as one franc did under a more correct policy,—they had the two francs. When everybody has the semblance of money they are not particular as to whether it is real or not. As with us, during our period of inflation—the farmer did not care what he paid for sugar so long as he could get what purported to be three dollars a bushel for wheat. True his three dollars were only worth one, but he had three pieces of paper stamped a dollar each, and he felt richer with three than he did with one, though the value was exactly the same.

So the Parisian, under Napoleon's era of inflation, felt rich, and those who had sense enough to get out from under at the right time and do the unloading at the precise minute, did get rich, but where one had this shrewdness thousands held on, and were ruined.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION ONCE MORE.

To return to the political situation. The Republic has its party which is largely in the majority, and the Bonapartists are very strong, though not quite strong enough. The Bourbons and Orleanists are mere sentimentalists with no strength at all, but there is a party which has strength and always will have—the Communists. They have strength, though they do not know what they want. Their political aspirations may be summed up in two words,—something else. Whatever they have, they want something else. It is not so much another government that they want, it is the excitement of overturning one and the pleasure of setting up another. They are constantly agitating, constantly at work organizing for something, and constantly keeping Paris in a ferment.

In 1883 they determined upon a bold stroke for—something else. There always is a certain percentage of the people unemployed in a city of 2,000,000, and always will be. These were approached by the leaders of the Commune and filled with the idea that the government was at fault for their enforced idleness. This party was joined by the wineshop politicians, fellows who would not do a day's work if wages were trebled, the same men who howl about the equality of man, the crime of capital and all that sort of thing, the same class, who, in America, never could pay a debt of their own but nevertheless are competent to advise as to paying off the national debt, and who, while their wives are supporting themselves at the wash tub, are howling about the oppression of the laboring classes over whisky which the bar-man will be compelled to chalk down against them. Paris has thousands of these fellows, and they work upon the real communistic feeling and make themselves the leaders of the poor dupes whose senseless hands are to execute the mischief which they devise. The monarchists and imperialists help the communists, hoping in the turmoil that would follow an uprising that some advantage would accrue to them. They are powerless so long as any government holds its place. Their only hope is in a revolution of some sort.

A SMALL UPRISING.

In the spring of 1883 a revolution was attempted, the Bonapartists being really at the bottom of it. A call was issued by a self-appointed committee, for a meeting of the unemployed, the purpose being to demand of the government labor for all, or its abdication in favor of a government that would give employment to the masses.

The government acted very wisely, firmly and prudently. It simply sent a body of soldiers to the place of meeting and dispersed the malcontents, arresting a few of the leaders but permitting the rank and file to go about their business. There was great indignation among the leaders of the Commune at this summary proceeding. The next Sunday, March 18, was the anniversary of the Commune, and it was determined to brave the government and hold a monster meeting at all hazards. Inflammatory placards were posted, the cheap and nasty papers devoted to the party teemed with the most exciting articles, the shouts for "Liberty, Fraternity and Equality," were heard everywhere, and strong-lunged agitators kept the wine shops ringing with their denunciation of tyranny that prevented the people from voicing their demands. On Saturday the people were very much excited. In one wine-shop in the Faubourg St. Antoine a little follow was holding forth. He was five feet six inches in height with a most ferocious moustache and the manner of an Alexander.

"We shall meet to-morrow, 80,000 of us. We shall be armed. We shall not use our arms unless we are attacked, and then—to-day I am here—to-morrow God knows where. A man may die but once. A Frenchman is always ready to die for France."

He was there on the morrow—on the edge of the crowd, but without speech and as dumb as an oyster. He had shrunk into less than five feet six, and was as meek as a lamb and had no words either of exhortation or defiance.

For he saw the entire place commanded by artillery, and with soldiers enough to take care of a dozen such mobs, convenient. There is a great difference between defying a government in a wine-shop and doing the same under the muzzle of cannon, loaded, and with men in charge who, at the command, will actually fire. There came to the appointed place thousands of people, but when they saw those awful guns they departed as quietly as they came, and the day passed off without incident.

The fact is that while the shop keepers do not like the Republic they have still less liking for the commune. They remember 1871, when for months there was a reign of terror in the city, for no cause; when neither life or property was sacred, when the finest buildings were burned in mere wantonness, and the most valuable lives sacrificed needlessly. The substantial part of Paris wants no more of it, at least in this generation. They would like the Empire well enough, but not through the commune. That costs more than it would come to. It would be well for the hotel man to have the Empire again, but what good would it do him, if in getting it, his hotel should be burned? The jeweler would not profit much by the restoration, if in the course of its coming his shop should be plundered by the friends of "liberty, fraternity and equality."

Therefore Paris gave the government a very substantial support in its troubles in March, and what was intended for a tragedy stopped while it yet was a farce.

THE FUTURE.

Whether the Republic will maintain itself is a question. The French are proverbially fickle, and in addition to this element of weakness it has other dangers threatening it. It is surrounded with enemies, and all the factions that would profit by the destruction of the republic get help in abundance from the outside. The government—not the people—but the government of England would be glad to see the republic overturned, the German nobility are of the same way of thinking, and the Catholic element all over Europe would destroy it in a moment were it possible. France was, under the kings, a most devoted supporter of the papacy—now it is only nominally Catholic. The press is free and the church is most mercilessly attacked.

France is only nominally Catholic. The church people, excepting a few, are very mild in support of their religion, while the most active and powerful party are in open hostility to the church and is fighting it persistently.

The press teems with attacks, street peddlers hawk the most abusive literature, leveled at the church, and there is as much hostility to it in Paris as in Rome, and its manifestation is unhindered and unchecked. The church is the subject of lampoons in the satirical papers, the best artists employ their pencils and the best writers their pens in belaboring it.

The church has good reason to long for the downfall of the republic for the republic counts the church as its worst enemy and looks upon it as the chief power of monarchy. Catholic Austria, the church party in Italy, the Catholic sections of Germany, all give aid and comfort to whatever the enemies of republicanism do in France, which is natural. Whether the combined forces of lawless communism on the one side and monarchy on the other, both aided by the adherents of the church, will ever succeed in overturning the Republic is a question for the future. It has lived thirteen years, which is a long time in France, and it is possible that it has struck its roots too deeply to be overthrown. But then, anything may happen in France. It is a mercurial people, a childish, unreasoning people, who are liable to madness at any hour. There is a constant pressure under France, and no one can tell when an explosion is to take place. It comes without reason or warning, and ends the same way.

THE FRENCH ARMY.

The French army is not what it was, and it will not be for many years to come. It is made up now almost entirely of boys, or young men, and they look very little like the traditional French soldier. You do not see the tall, wiry man with an enormous mustache, erect, quick, precise in step and smart in appearance, any more. The ideal French soldier was a man who so loved his country and his profession that he would a great deal rather than not rush up to the very mouth of a cannon, and thought nothing of being disemboweled, if, thereby, he could get a nod of approval from his colonel.

The old Napoleonic soldier went out with Napoleon, for you see no samples of him now. You see everywhere little awkward fellows in red trowsers and clumsy blue coats, the most shabby uniform that any country in Europe forces upon the unwilling backs of its soldiers, little boy-men who walk with a slouch and have nothing of the soldier in appearance about them. When they walk they walk as though they were ashamed of themselves, and when they march they do it in a sulky, slobbering sort of way, totally unlike the Prussian. They have no good military bands in Paris, at least none that appear on the streets, but the regiments march to the music of the drum and fife. There is a slackness in their step, a sort of laxity and lack of precision in their movements, which certainly a stranger does not expect in the soldiers of what was, a few years ago, the first military nation in the world.

The truth is, France is not a military power any more. She has none of the old fire left in her. Germany destroyed France as a military power. Poor Napoleon, who had deceived and betrayed everything he had come in contact with, ended a bad life by being betrayed by everybody who surrounded him. He had provoked the Germans into a war, believing that he had fine, well-equipped and efficient armies. He had—on paper—but when he came to test the strength of his armies, he found that his regiments were skeletons, that the military authorities had been drawing pay for thousands where there were but hundreds, that there had been long years of swindling in arms, munitions and supplies, that with a power at his throat that had been for years secretly but certainly preparing for the conflict that must ensue, he was without troops, without arms, without anything to make the terrible contest an equal one. Paris was swept as if with a broom for material to fill the skeleton regiments, and boys of 14 and men of 60 were forced into the ranks, and went out to certain defeat and death at the hands of the best and most efficient armies in Europe.

With the final catastrophe, the military spirit of France was broken, and it is very doubtful if it can ever be revived. It is not in the nature of the French to endure defeat, especially when humiliation is added. Paris had been occupied by an enemy before, but there was at least a long line of victories to look back upon for consolation. The former occupations had been by allied nations, by all of Europe.

But in this case it was one nation against another, and France was beaten, man to man.

No wonder that Napoleon died of a broken heart, no wonder that France abandoned its position as a military power and quietly accepted the third-rate position she now occupies among the nations of Europe. Sedan, not Austerlitz, is written upon the face of every French soldier you meet. They have not even the splendid record of a Waterloo from which, now, to draw consolation. To restore France to its old position will require another Napoleon, and not every century produces men of that character. France may be of weight as an ally of some really military nation, but her prestige is gone. The French are a people who must either win or be defeated with glory. They have not the enduring power of the English or Germans.

Another Thing Women Can't Do.

Coming down street in the rain one day last week a wise, self-respecting-looking gentleman of middle age, carrying a serious serge umbrella, met a hurrying high-school girl with a small assertive silk umbrella in her hand. According to all ordinary rules of umbrella carrying it looked as though there would be a collision when the two umbrellas pointed at opposing angles to each other should try to pass. But the gentleman saw the girl just in time and, with a superior air of experience, lifted his umbrella high up in the air. That would have saved things, but the girl had evidently been trained in the very unusual feminine accomplishment of umbrella dodging, and she shot her small shade upward at the same critical instant. The collision came, the umbrellas betangled themselves, the girl blushed and stammered and begged pardon; and the gentleman said, as he straightened out the frame of her umbrella and politely returned it to her: "Girls should not try to learn Greek or to sharpen lead pencils or carry umbrellas. It can't be done."—*Boston Record.*

He Sniffs at Stoves.

There lives a man within ten miles of Boston, whose love for the old takes a more practical form than is commonly supposed to exist in the present day. He has a comfortable home in the suburbs, but in it no stove has ever been placed. The house is heated entirely by old-fashioned fire places in each room, and the gentleman claims that in the coldest days in winter his house is warmer and more comfortable than any of the houses of his neighbors, heated as they are by steam or hot-air furnaces. And further, all the cooking for the family is done at one of these same open fire places, presumably in the same manner as it was done at the hearths of our fathers of the last century. And the gentleman sniffs his nose at food cooked by a stove, and maintains that the old fireplace is far superior, both for cooking and heating, to "any of your new-fangled notions."—*Boston Traveller.*

Kill the Cat.

A father on the occasion of his son's marriage gave him a little special advice. "You are going to be married, my son; and you will wish that your wife should be quiet and submissive to you in all matters. Follow the advice which I now give you. Procure a cat, and one night after your marriage so arrange that the animal shall be in the sleeping room at the time when you and your wife retire to rest. You will go to the room as usual, and on entering it you will pretend to be very much surprised and annoyed that the cat should be found there, and you will draw your sword at once and slay it. Your wife, of course, will be terribly frightened, and from the sight of the slain cat, and a hint from you that she would fare likewise if she is not very careful over herself, you may depend upon it that she will be the proper, dutiful wife that she should be."—*From the Persian.*

Music Hath Charms.

He—Miss Elsa, do you play on the piano?
She—No, sir; I can't play a single note.
He—Elsa, I love you.

Humor.

BOB BURDETTE'S LATEST.

A Batch of His Alleged Witticisms from the Brooklyn Eagle.

THE KIND OF A MAN HE IS.

A Chicago anarchist, named Ducey, declares that he will tell the truth if he "has to do so in front of a Gatling gun and with a rope around his neck." Well, it requires just about those very inducements to make some men tell the truth.

THE BRAVEST ARE THE TENDEREST.

Mr. Parton says "If Andrew Jackson heard a lamb bleat in the night he would get up and see to it." Oh, well, we know a man, right here in Brooklyn, who is so tender hearted that if he hears a kitten, even an infirm old kitten, mew in the night, he will get up and look after it—with a gun.

A RUNNING COMMENTARY.

"Doctor, I am going to organize a course of athletic training in connection with the theological department." "Right, professor, quite right; lay out a good quarter mile course, so that he who reads may run." The only trouble is, that so many of the fellows run "a heap sight" faster than they read. That is becaause they run by sight and read by ear.

THE PLACE OF THE VACUUM.

"I must have rest and quiet for the next six or eight months," said Scribe, "or I will go mad. My brain is giving way, and I must go where I can hear nothing, do less and think less." "Just the thing," said the doctor, "I've got the very place for you. Get a clerkship on the Keely motor. You'll never be heard of till the resurrection."

NOTHING BUT ADVANTAGES.

"The ceiling is very low," said the stranger who was looking at the lodgings. "Yes," said the landlady, "but it will cost you so much less to heat the room." "But there is no register, and no place for a stove." "Of course not; you couldn't stand it in such a low room." "But it will be cold as Greenland." "Nonsense; you couldn't crowd enough cold into such a small room to feel it. If it were a large room, now, you might talk." "But the rent is very high." "That makes up for the low ceiling." He yields to the inevitable, and takes it.

A BULL'S EYE.

"Terrible thunder storm last night," said Crossarm; "Blatter, the superintendent's clerk, was struck in the head by lightning and killed. Singular, wasn't it?" "Not at all," replied Insulator, "nature abhors a vacuum, you know!"

CONVERSATIONAL TONICS.

"Why," asked young Chestnutte, "Why in the name of common sense, do men wear those two buttons on the back of the coat?" "Because," said the parson, grimly, looking over the top of his *Examiner*, "There are some people in the world who would never have anything to say if those buttons weren't there." And straightway there ensued a silence that could be heard clear around the block.

NOT TO BE TAKEN, BUT SHAKEN.

"Doctor, is lager beer a tonic?" No, rash young man, the doctor did not say it was Ten tonic and order "Zwei;" nothing of the kind. No, George, he did not say it was sub tonic and then put some away under his vest. No, Abner, he did not say it was diatonic, and then run up a score of it, oh, no. He said it was the worst stuff a bilious man could put into his system. This is a medico temperance column from Wayback, this state, and it's no joke when we touch on the demon drink. Not for the D. D. it isn't.

WORKING ON THE SAME OLD PLAN.

"My ancestors," said Mr. Winthrop Oldcommon, the new Indian agent, "came over with the Pilgrim Fathers." "And the Pilgrim Fathers," replied Old-man-who catches-on, "came it over my ancestors. It seems that you and I are twins. Shake!" And the new agent was so pleased that he issued 400 rations for 6,000 Indians and charged the government with 11,000, and an old sachem named "Whip-sawed-on-both-deals" said the Indians hadn't struck such a falling market since they sold Manhattan Island for $24.

DISTRESSING MISAPPREHENSION.

"Say, Scratchaway, you know I was telling you last night about the trouble I had with your father about the money he owed me, and your mother's terrible temper, and some details of your Aunt Margaret's unfortunate marriage." "Yes, I know." "Well, that was only a little confidential gossip, you know. I did not intend it for an interview." Scratchaway—Sorry, old boy; that's what I thought it was. It's all printed this morning.

SHAMEFUL NEGLECT.

"I did not see you at church last Sunday morning," said Parson Sayitloud. "No," said Mr. Nevergo, "I got ready, when it occurred to me that like as not the sexton hadn't got the furnace in order, and I always catch my death of cold in a chilly room." Ten minutes later Mr. Nevergo meets Coiner, treasurer of his club. "Look here Coiner, somebody is responsible for the beastly neglect of that clubroom Sundays. I was down there four hours yesterday and such another barn I never was in. Colder than Iceland. We had to sit with our overcoats and arctics on to keep from freezing to death. There's got to be a change or I'll stay home Sundays, after this. Ergo to church."

FULFILLMENT OF PROPHECY.

"Look here, Deacon Snaffiebit," said the horse dealer, "I want a plain word with you. Last Saturday you traded me a mare that isn't worth $50 for that gray colt I'd just put $200 into." "So I did, so I did," groaned the deacon, regretting that he hadn't insisted on something to boot, "so sayeth the proverb of Solomon the wise, 'the wealth of the sinner is laid up for the just.'"

IT COMES IN A HORN.

Col. Ingersoll says that "Temperance comes with civilization." Ah, yes; so it does. And yet that does not explain why the American Indians never learned to get drunk until civilization invaded their shores and introduced fire water into the aboriginal system. Nor does it explain why the chances are that the Indians will all die of delirium tremens before they get thoroughly civilized. Nor why Egypt, Greece, Rome grew drunker and more luxuriously dissipated as they reached a higher degree of civilization. Nor why the distilleries and saloons of civilization outnumber the school houses and libraries. Temperance may come with civilization, but it doesn't keep up with her, very long. It comes as Thanksgiving day comes with the autumn—so near the end of it that it comes dangerously near to being "froze out."

An Optimistic View.

"Daniel," remarked the President, "how do you regard the elections?"

"A great victory! a great victory!" briskly responded Daniel.

"But, Daniel," said the President, reflectively, "it looks to me as though the Democracy hadn't come out very far ahead."

"No; that's true."

"In fact, Daniel, it looks very much the other way."

"True," replied Daniel, sagely, "but there is no defeat without a victory; when one loses another must win."

"But what has this to do with the case, Daniel?"

"Everything. This is an administration of the whole people, not of a party, and consequently all victories are ours."

"But, Daniel," said the President, hesitatingly, "in that case ain't the defeat ours, too?"

"Not much!" responded Daniel, with strong American emphasis. "Nothing of the kind. Victories are won by majorities, and majorities and not minorities are the people."

And then, after the President had slowly and meditatively faded from sight, in a cloud of 25-cent cigar smoke, Col. Lamont confidentially informed himself that no one but an experienced newspaper man was equal to the task of properly editing news matter for this administration.

Too Tired to Hear It All.

Mr. Minks—"I heard a pretty bad story about Bliffkins to-day."

Mrs. Minks—"Dear me, I'm not surprised. Has he two wives?"

"Oh, no; only—"

"Only one, and has run away from her, then. Well, if—"

"No, no, he didn't run away, it was—"

"The wife then. I knew she—"

"No, his horse ran away and injured him so that—"

"By the way, dear, did you get that fringe I asked you to match?"

An Unwelcome Arrival.

Young Husband (to wife)—Didn't I telegraph you not to bring your mother with you?

Young Wife—I know. That's what she wants to see you about. She read the telegram.—*Texas Siftings.*

Recent Literature.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, comes "The Madonna of the Tubs," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. This is one of the most beautiful of stories, teaching a lesson of self-control without any touch of preaching in its style. The charm of the author has been felt in many things before, but in this little tale there is so much of pathos, so much that was almost tragedy, told with a wonderful realism, that it dwells with the reader and will not be put away. Those who read it in the magazine where it first appeared will be glad to see it again in this more permanent form.

"Sights Worth Seeing, by those who saw them," is issued by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston. This elegantly got up volume consists of eleven descriptive articles by such writers as Margaret Sidney, Amanda B. Harris, Annie Sawyer Downs, Eliza R. Scidmore and Frank T. Merrill. They cover a wide variety of subjects, and are copiously and beautifully illustrated. Frank T. Merrill in "Through the Heart of Paris" gives a bright description of that famous city, and accompanies his narrative with 21 drawings, made upon the spot. The drawings were made expressly for the articles, and were not picked up here and there and made to do doubtful duty. The volume is very handsomely and tastefully bound. Price $1.73.

From the same house comes "New Every Morning," which is a year book for girls, edited by Annie H. Ryder. It would seem that there could be no true aspiration or thought in a girl's mind to which this dainty volume might not give fitting response. The selections are partly in poetry, and form a wide range of authors popular with girls, but all chosen with that fine instinct that is truly what Winthrop called it "the spirit's touch." Not the least valuable of the days' readings are from the writer's own pen, and the same bright winsomeness and magnetism that made "Hold up your Heads, Girls," so attractive, are evident in these wise sayings. Price $1.

"Modern Thinkers," by Van Buren Denslow, L. L. D., with an introduction by Robert J. Ingersoll, is issued by Belford, Clarke & Co., Chicago. This is a volume upon social science made up of a series of essays in which the subjects are Emanuel Swedenborg, Adam Smith, Jeremy Bentham, Thomas Paine, Charles Fourier, Herbert Spencer, Ernest Haeckel and Auguste Comte. These essays are accompanied with portraits of these distinguished men which adds to the interest. They will bear a careful reading, being clear and critical comments of the work of those of whom the author treats. Mr. Ingersoll gives a crisp review of the leading thoughts of the book in his introduction. Students of social science will find much to interest them in this volume.

"A Boston Girl; a Story of Boston, Bar Harbor and Paris," is published by Belford, Clarke & Co., Chicago. It is an anonymous novel, exhibiting considerable originality of plot and power in its carrying out. The characters are well drawn, but it has not altogether a pleasant plot, though as a whole possessing a great deal of interest.

From Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, comes "Nature's Serial Story," by E. P. Roe, whose name as an author is too familiar to the public to give any doubt as to the character of his work. The present story, however, which ran through *Harper's Magazine*, is considered one of the best from his pen, and published in its present neat but cheap form, will find many purchasers.

The same house issues "Two Thousand Years Ago; or, the Adventures of a Roman Boy," by Prof. A. J. Church, author of "Stories from Homer," etc. The main action of the story belongs to an interesting period in the last years of the Roman Republic. In the closing part, the Republic has passed away and the Empire is divided between Antony in the East and Augustus in the West. Young people will find much instruction in this volume as well as entertainment.

The second part of the "Memoirs of My Life," by John Charles Fremont, is at hand and is full of interest. The engraving which forms the frontispiece is a very fine one of Colorado Valley. The engravings are all good and the work well done. As a whole the "Memoirs" will be a valuable addition to any library. It is published in parts by Belford, Clarke & Co., Chicago, at 50 cents a number.

"The Children of the Week, Being the Honest and Only Authentic Account of Certain Storms, as related by the Red Indian, to Alexander Selkirk, Jr., herein truthfully set down by William Theodore Peters, with Pictures thereunto by Clinton Peters." This is the quaint reading of the title page of an illustrated gift book for children, issued by Dodd, Mead & company, New York. The stories are amusing and will attract the young folks greatly. It is printed upon fine paper, and well bound. The illustrations are good.

Another book from the same house is entitled "Blue-jackets of '61." This is a history of the navy in the war of secession written by Willis J. Abbot, with illustrations, which were principally the work of W. C. Jackson. The style is very attractive, and will be likely to win interested readers among the young readers, while the illustrations are spirited and meaning. The cover is most unique in itself, and exceedingly appropriate. It seems to be of real sail cloth, of a dark blue color, upon which appears a part of a ship under full sail, with masts and ropes of gold. The continuation is very pleasing.

One of the prettiest Christmas books for young folks which has yet made its appearance is entitled "Ginevra, or the Old Oak Chest," by Susan E. Wallace, with illustrations by Gen. Lew Wallace. It is published by Worthington Co., New York. The old, old story of the fair young bride hiding in the chest and being shut in there to die by the springing back of the lock, which has been told in poem and song so many times, is here related in simple, glowing words that will move the young heart to smiles in sympathy with her joy, to tears at the tragic ending of the young life. The book is most tasteful in execution.

"The Good Things of Life," third series, is issued by White, Stokes & Allen, New York. When it is said that the volume is fully equal to those which have gone before, it is sufficiently recommended. The illustrations are exceedingly humorous, and the colloquy pointed. They will give occasion for many a hearty laugh. The book is printed upon heavy paper, delicately tinted with a pretty binding of blue, black and gold.

Now that the calendar days have come again, a world of beauty will be opened to the public. One of the first to appear, and the beauty of which it hardly seems can be excelled, is the "Sun and Star Calendar," which is also one of the artistic products of the publishing house of White, Stokes & Allen, New York. Each leaf is made of, first, the sun in gold, and upon this rests a silver-pointed star, while the center is a circle in which is the calendar of the month and an appropriate picture. It makes a lovely holiday gift.

From the same house comes a tasteful little volume for housekeepers entitled, "The Book of Entrees," by Thomas J. Murrey, already known by his "50 soups," "50 salads," "Beautiful Dainties," etc. The author has a practical understanding of his subject, and his work will, therefore, be found very valuable.

Literary Notes.

A book on "Ranch Life" in Califronia is about to make its appearance in England.

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's forthcoming book is entitled "The Merry Men and Other Tables and Fables."

"The Heart of the Woods" is the title of an anonymous book of poems which is coming from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A translation of Professor Emile de Laveleye's new work, "The Balkan Pennisula," will soon be published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Dr. Hunt and Mr. J. E. Stevens, of the Methodist Book Concern, left the city on the 8th for a four weeks' stay on the Pacific coast.

The Fourth Part of Prof. Francis J. Child's magazine collection of "English and Scottish Popular Ballads" will be brought out in a short time by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Charles A. Bates, Indianapolis, reports that "The Chamber Over the Gate" is now in its second edition, and arrangements are being made to put a third on the press in a few days.

Miss Jane Margaret Strickland has written a memoir of her sister Agnes, and incorporated in it many of the latter's letters. This sister is the last survivor of her clever family.

The Maine Historical and Genealogical *Recorder* has just completed its third volume. It is a publication which, in its twelve numbers already issued, has gained for itself the favors and encomiums of those qualified to judge.

A series of articles on journalism in America will be published in the *Magazine of American History* during the coming year. Portraits and personal sketches of the chief editors of the century will be given.

Walter Besant has written a story entitled "The Holy Rose." It will form the Christmas number of *All the Year Round*. Mr. Besant's novel, "The Children of Gibeon," has just come from the Harpers press.

The anonymous romance of Louisiana, which the Harpers are about to publish, turns on the question of miscegenation, and deals with life on a cotton plantation. It is entitled "Toward the Gulf," and is said to be dramatic.

Mr. Howells has changed the title of the new serial story which he has contributed to *Harper's Magazine*. "An Open Question," he has discovered, is a title which has already been used, and he has, therefore, called his novel "April Hopes."

Miss Parloa's ideal bill of fare for a Thanksgiving dinner, telling among other things how to make easily a very tempting Thanksgiving pudding, will be a leading feature in the Thanksgiving number of *Good Housekeeping*, which will be issued November 20. This will be the only publication in which it will appear.

The first number of the *Art Review*, published in New York by Mr. George F. Kelly, has an inviting appearance, both without and within. A neat, simple cover, excellent typography and good "make up" predispose the reader to a favorable reception of the new-comer.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for December, just issued, has a supplement containing the oration by James Russell Lowell and the poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes on the 250th anniversary of Harvard college, revised and corrected by the authors.

R. L. Peale & Co., of Chicago, will soon publish a book entitled "The Story of Manual Labor in all Land and Ages," which promises to be of great interest. It is a collaboration by John Cameron Simonds and John T. McEnnis, with an introduction by T. V. Powderly, the Grand Master Workman, Knights of Labor.

THE ETHICS OF HUGGING.

Learned Disquisition Upon a Very Popular Industry.

A few days ago a young gentleman residing in Sacramento, hugged his grandmother with such fervor that three of the old lady's ribs were dislocated, and she now lies in a precarious condition. This, I may add, is an unprecedented case. Men have hugged the opposite sex with such ferocity as to endanger their lives, but then the operation was not performed upon the grandmother. About a year ago a young man in the East embraced his sweeheart, and when the hug was over he found she was dead. But she had long suffered from a disease of the heart; so he was only in part responsible for this melancholy occurrence. Hugging is a comparatively modern institution. Our ancestors never hugged. They calmly and demurely embraced. Now, here I pause to draw the lines between the hug and the embrace. The hug is an earnest, quick, impetuous contraction of the muscles of the arms and chest when the object to be hugged lies within the circle bounded by the arms, while the chest is the goal or final point of the hug. The warmth of the hug is determined by the extent of the muscular contraction. But the hug is not, as anatomists assert, terminated when the object is brought in contact with the chest. On the contrary, the sweeping in is but the shell of the operation. The kernel is reached when the space between the hugger and the huggee is annihilated, and the blade of a knife could scarcely be inserted between both surfaces. This is, perhaps, the most dangerous stage of the operation. A pound, nay a few ounces, of extra pressure may result, if not in the displacement of a rib, at least in the bursting of a corset string, with the almost inevitable destruction of bangs, montagues, and such like headgear. The release if not skillfully managed, is also attended with danger, and should be as gradual as the elementary pressure.

Expressions of anguish on the part of the huggee may, as a rule, be regarded as hypocritical, and should have no effect in inducing the hugger to diminish the pressure. In like manner all danger-signals in regard to the arrival of a third party on the scene should be investigated by the party of the first part before receiving the attention the genuine arrival of a parent or guardian might command. This may be done by a quick glance over the shoulder, and this rapid change of the direction of the head may be accomplished by a little practice without making any relaxation of pressure necessary. If the warning should prove to be without foundation the deceit may be punished by from two to three pounds additional pressure, but so gradual that none of the adornments of the person hugged may suffer. For these little accidents ruffle the temper and embitter the memory of the operation. The small affairs of the toilet are not accomplished easily, and the female mind is ruffled by the destruction of the laborious embellishments of the morning hour.

Near relatives should be embraced and not hugged. The embrace is merely the throwing out and partial contraction of the arms, without any special attention to an objective point. An especially young and pretty aunt may be excepted, and I have known cases where an extremely juvenile and good-looking step-mother has been the occasion of the merging of the embrace into the hug. But this is rarely done, and is attended with much danger, particularly if the embracer is dependent on the purse of the old man for the necessities, as well as the luxuries, of life. To embrace a mother-in-law is a hollow mockery, and should be attempted only when some important object has to be attained, and even then we doubt if it is excusable. A cousin may be either hugged or embraced, as the fancy of the operator may dictate, the choice depending solely on the age and good looks of this most convenient and delightful relation.

It is a Fact

well established that consumption if attended to in its first stages, can be cured. There is, however, no true and rational way to cure this disease, which is really scrofulous ulceration of the lungs, except through purifying the blood. Keep the liver in perfect order and pure blood will be the result. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," purely vegetable compound does all this and more; while it purifies the blood it also builds up the system, strengthening it against future attacks of disease. Ask for Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Take no other. Of druggists.

Have Won Popular Favor.

The letter sheet envelopes recently furnished to a few of the leading postoffices of the country have won popular favor more rapidly than any departure for the improvement of the mail service that has been taken for a long time. The sale of the letter sheets has been a surprise to the postal officials. The speculators in a small way who think all new issues of the department are destined to live a day and succumb to public disfavor, make it impossible to judge for a time by the sale of the matter whether the people really want it for use or not. These speculators scoop up the first supply to meet the demand at a premium when the matter becomes a dead issue and is wanted because it is rare. They bought up many of the first receipts at the postoffices of the letter sheet envelopes, but the immense number of these sheets going through the mails indicate that there is a demand for them now, because they supply a want. Thousands of them have been sold at the local office, and the demand for them there has come to be as steady and regular as that for the two cent stamp. Soon after the letter sheet envelopes were introduced complaint was made at the office that there was too much loss in the use of them occasioned by blots, misdirections and a desire to change the message after it had been written. This objection was communicated to Postmaster General Vilas, and he has instructed all offices selling the latter sheets to exchange them on the same basis that they are authorized to exchange stamped envelopes, if the stamps are not disfigured.—*Exchange.*

Confounded by His Grammar.

Recently a New York gentleman refused his consent to the marriage of his daughter to a man who used the word "ain't." His wife, who took up the cudgel for the unhappy pair, said to her husband: "Why are you so touchy about a little harmless bit of slang?" "Why!" roared the irate husband: "do you ask why I will not have a son-in-law who cannot speak the English language in its purity? It's cause I ain't built that way!"—*Texas Siftings.*

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Specific Virtues in Dyspepsia.

Dr. A. Jenkins, Great Falls, N. H., says: "I can testify to its seemingly almost specific virtues in cases of dyspepsia, nervousness and morbid vigilance or wakefulness."

ENGLISH, YOU KNOW.

The British Dialect, Pronunciation and Mode of Traveling.

In England pantaloons are called trousers, never pants; suspenders are called braces; a sack-coat is a jacket, and undershirt, a Jersey and a vest; and a vest a waistcoat—pronounced, by the by, a wescut. The game of billiards furnishes some curious variances of expression: A shot is called a stroke, a run a brake, and a carom a canon. Then crackers are biscuits and biscuits rolls. Crackers in England are what are called snapping mottoes in America. Sirup and molasses are both known as treacle; a pie (of fruit) is a tart, a sugar-bowl is a sugar basin, a stoop is a porch and an entry a hall; a pitcher is a jug, and a bureau a chest of drawers; a cane is a walking-stick, an overcoat a great coat, a check-rein a bearing-rein. Reins are never called lines, and a coachman is never called a driver. Every store is a shop; a fruit store is a fruiterer's, a hardware store an ironmonger's, a dry-goods store a draper's or haberdasher's, a drug store a chemist's, and a vegetable store a green-grocer's; coal is invariably called coals, calico print; thread, cotton, and a spool a reel. A frock coat is never called a Prince Albert, nor is a high hat a stove-pipe. Rare meat is always under-done, and the stubs of a check book are the counterfoils. Sleeve-buttons are cuff-links, and shirt-cuffs wristbands. Mush is porridge. A balky horse is a jibbing horse, and to balk is to jib. A cigar-store is a tobacconist's. Beets (cooked) are beet-root; the german (dance) is always called cotillion. A stem-winder is a keyless watch, and beer (at bars) bitter. Of course, in this I except lager beer, which is now in such great vogue in England. The lingo of railways differs wonderfully. Railroad is railway; the track is the line and the rails the metals; the cars are the train; to switch is to shunt; a turnout is a siding; a locomotive is always an engine, an engineer a driver, and a fireman a stoker. The conductor is the guard, a car a carriage, baggage luggage, a baggage car a luggage van, and a freight train a goods train. A depot is a terminus or a station, and a switch-tender a pointsman or signal man. Sick is always ill, for sick in England means sea sick. A good-natured person is never called clever, nor is a clever person ever called smart. Smart in England now means well and neatly dressed, and the word is also applied to what is well and properly done in fashionable life. Smart liveries, a smart carriage, etc., are frequent expressions. Homely is plain. Now for a few samples in spelling. The following words are always spelled thus: Labour, neighbour, honour, harbour, favour, etc. The only exception is governor, where the u is dropped. Check (bank) is spelled cheque, and the plural of scarf, scarves.

The manner of taking a railway ticket in England is peculiar to England. You go to the "booking" office, by which name the ticket office is called, and say you are going from London to Leeds, you say: "One, first, single, Leeds." That is to say, you want one first-class ticket for a journey to Leeds. You can, of course, alter the class to "second" or "third," if you so wish, and say two or three, or any number according to the number of tickets you want. If you want a return ticket you simply say return instead of single. In taking a ticket to London you never mention London. I don't suppose there is anything that would more quickly disclose a foreigner than that. Every railway line running into London has a terminal station known by some special name. Thus the Southwestern have Waterloo, the Northwestern Euston, the Midland "St. Pancras," the Southeastern "Charing Cross," the London, Brighton and South Coast, "Victoria," and the Great Western "Paddington." So that when you ask for your ticket you simply say "Waterloo," "St. Pancras," etc., instead of London. Cabmen only need the name of the station to know where to drive you to. Just say "Victoria," "Paddington," or any other you may wish to go to, and that's all "cabby" wants.

A VIEW OF THE EARTH.

What One Would See Posed on the Outside.

If we imagine an observer contemplating the earth from a convenient distance in space and scrutinizing its features as it rolls before him, we may suppose him to be struck with the fact that eleven-sixteenths of its surface are covered with water, and that the land is so unequally distributed that from one point of view he could see a hemisphere almost exclusively oceanic, while nearly the whole of the dry land is gathered in the opposite hemisphere. He might observe that the great oceanic area of the Pacific and Antarctic oceans is dotted with islands—like a shallow pool with stones rising above its surface—as if its general depth were small in comparison with its area. He might also notice that a mass or belt of land surrounds each pole and that the northern ring sends off to the southward three vast tongues of land and of mountain chains, terminating respectively in South America, South Africa and Australia, toward which feebler and insular processes are given off by the Antarctic continental mass. This, as some geographers have observed, gives a rudely three-ribbed aspect to the earth, though two of the ribs are crowded together and form the Europ-Asian mass or double continent, while the third is isolated in the single continent of America. He might also have observed that the northern girdle is cut across, so that the Atlantic opens by a wide space into the Arctic sea, while the Pacific is contracted toward the north, but continent with the Antarctic Ocean. The Atlantic is relatively deeper and less cumbered with islands than the Pacific, which has the higher ridges near its shores, constituting what some visitors to the Pacific coast of America have not inaptly called the "back of the world," while the wider slopes face the narrower ocean, into which for this reason the greater part of the drainage of the land is poured. The Pacific and Atlantic, though both depressions or flattenings of the earth, are, as we shall find, different in age, character and conditions; and the Atlantic, though the smaller, is the older, and from the geological point of view, in some respects, the more important of the two. If our imaginary observer had the means of knowing anything of the rock formations of the continents, he would notice that those bounding the North Atlantic are in general of great age, some belonging to the Laurentian system. On the other hand, he would see that many of the mountain ranges along the Pacific are comparatively new and that modern igneous action occurs in connection with them. Thus he might be led to believe that the Atlantic, though comparatively narrow, is an older feature of the earth's surface, while the Pacific belongs so more modern time.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

—The Vice-President of the City Brewery, Mr. J. Helmus, of Louisville, Ky., was entirely cured in one week of a severe attack of rheumatism by St. Jacobs Oil.

A STUDY IN HICKORY.

One of the Favorite Country Pastimes Considered.

It is a favorite pastime of our country population during the long winter evenings to gather round the fire and crack and eat hickory nuts. It is an amusement, too, peculiarly American and for the simple reason that in this country alone are the nuts to be had in abundance. Perhaps where almonds or English walnuts are equally common, cracking hickory nuts is superseded by a resort to these other fruits. They however, are much easier to open than the hickory nuts and with thinner shells are readily cracked at the table. But in America, in those districts where the peanut does not take the place of other nuts, the cracking of hickory still continues. Whether it be the pecan of Texas and Illinois, or the shell bark or mocker nut of the Central or Eastern states, the amusement is the same. They are the best nuts the forests of North America produce, and some of them are thought to be superior in flavor to the much esteemed English walnut. Year after year have hundreds and thousands of bushels of the shell barks, the hickory nuts par excellence, been gathered in various parts of the country. Among these, few can have failed to notice the many differences they present. Some are small and nearly round; some are long, narrow, angular; some have thick shells and some thin ones, as any one who has cracked his fingers along with the shell can bear witness. According to evolutionary doctrines, variability in an important feature is an indication either of a low state of development, or that the organism is in a state of advancement. Various facts show the latter to be the case with the shell bark hickory. The first stages of the onward march must be sought for back in prehistoric times, for it boasts an ancient if not an honored lineage. Before the hairy mammoth roamed the forests of the Ohio valley; before the soil of Louisiana was yet above the ocean's waters; before the Ohio had become tributary to the mighty Mississippi; before even the Rocky Mountain range had been elevated above the waste of waters, the ancestors of this hickory flourished in the land.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Beauty is a Precious Gift

And faultless teeth in a lovely mouth is one of its greatest charms. Be careful of your teeth, and preserve them by using SOZODONT, that charming dentifrice, which is perfectly harmless and absolutely indispensable for the toilet.

A DEMOCRATIC EPISODE.

The President sat in his easy chair,
With Lamont as close as could be,
And the President's wife sat over there,
With her sewing upon her knee.

Said the President: "Dan, here's a job for you;
My head for the problem's too thick;
Before you retire I wish you would do
A sum in arithmetic.

With twenty-five Congressmen lost this year,
Which seems to be nearly our fate,
Where will we be—say, Dan, do you hear,
In the autumn of eighty-eight?"

Dan bit at his nails and scratched his head,
For the problem puzzled him so.
"Why, maybe, perhaps," he stammered and said,
Then declared that he didn't know.

The sweet little lady over there
Looks up, but not at the men,
And softly said, with a far-away air
"His teeth will be cut by then."

The President looked before him straight,
And his frown made Daniel wince.
"My teeth will be cut by eighty-eight?
I thought they were cut long since."

The sweet little lady hung down her head,
So busy with seams and fells,
And, blushing a little, she softly said,
"I was thinking of something else."
—*New York Sun.*

THE BIGGEST THINGS.

Interesting Facts Useful When You Get Into an Argument.

The largest theatre in the world is the new opera house in Paris. It covers nearly three acres of ground; its cubic mass is 4,287,000 feet; it cost about 100,000,000 francs. The largest suspension bridge is the one between New York city and Brooklyn; the length of the main span is 1,595 feet 6 inches; the entire length of the bridge is 5,980 feet. The loftiest active volcano is Popocatapetl—"smoking mountain"—thirty-five miles southwest of Puebla, Mexico; it is 17,748 feet above the sea level and has a crater three miles in circumference and 1,000 feet deep. The longest span of wire in the world is used for a telegraph in India over the river Kistnah. It is more than 6,000 feet in length and is 1,200 feet high. The largest ship in the world is the Great Eastern; she is 680 feet long, 83 feet broad and 60 feet deep, being 28,627 tons burden, 18,915 gross and 13,344 net register.

The greatest fortress, from a strategical point of view, is the famous stronghold of Gibraltar. It occupies a rocky peninsula jutting out into the sea, about three miles long and three-quarters of a mile wide. One central rock rises to the height of 1,435 feet above the sea level. Its northern face is almost perpendicular, while its east side is full of tremendous precipices. On the south it terminates in what is called Europa Point. The west side is less steep than the east, and between its base and the sea is the narrow, almost level span on which the town of Gibraltar was built. The fortress is considered impregnable to military assault. The regular garrison in time of peace numbers about seven thousand.

The biggest cavern is the Mammoth Cave in Edmondson county, Ky. It is near Green River, about six miles from Cave City, and 28 from Bowling Green. The cave consists of a succession of irregular chambers, some of which are large, situated on different levels. Some of these are traversed by navigable branches of the subterranean Echo River. Blind fish are found in its waters.

The longest tunnel in the world is that of the St. Gothard, on the line of railroad between Lucerne and Milan. The summit of the tunnel is 900 feet below the surface at Andermatt, and 6,000 feet beneath the peak of Kastelhorn of the St. Gothard group. The tunnel is 26½ feet wide, and is 18 feet 10 inches from the floor to the crown of the arched roof. It is 9¼ miles long, 1⅝ miles longer that the Mount Cenis Tunnel.

The biggest trees in the world are the mammoth trees of California. One in a grove in Tulare county, according to measurements made by members of the State Geological Survey, was shown to be 276 feet in height, 108 feet in circumference at base, and 76 feet at a point 12 feet above ground. Some of the trees are 376 feet high and 34 feet in diameter. Some of the largest that have been felled indicate an age from 2,000 to 2,500 years.

The largest library is the Bibliotheque National in Paris, founded by Louis XIV. It contains 1,400,000 volumes, 300,000 pamphlets, 175,000 manuscripts, 300,000 maps and charts, and 150,000 coins and medals. The collection of engravings exceeds 1,300,000, contained in some 10,000 volumes. The portraits number about 100,000.

The largest desert is that of Sahara, a vast region of Northern Africa, extending from the Atlantic ocean on the west to the Valley of the Nile on the east. The length from east to west is about 3,000 miles, its average breadth about 900 miles, its area about 2,000,000 square miles. Rain falls in torrents in the Sahara at intervals of five, ten and twenty year. In summer the heat during the day is excessive, but the nights are often cold. In winter the temperature is sometimes below freezing point.

The greatest pyramid is that of Cheops, one of the three pyramids forming the Memphis Group, situated on a plateau about 137 feet above the level of the highest rise in the Nile. Its dimensions have been reduced by the removal of the outer portions to furnish stone for the city of Cairo. Its masonry consisted originally of 89,028,000 cubic feet, and still amounts to 82,111,000 feet. The present vertical height is 450 feet, against 479 feet originally. The total weight of the stone is estimated at 9,316,000. The largest bell in the world is the great bell of Moscow, at the foot of the Kremlin. Its circumference at the bottom is nearly 68 feet and its height more than 21 feet. In its stoutest part it is 23 inches thick, and its weight has been computed to be 443,722 pounds. It has never been hung.

A TURKISH WEDDING.

Marriage Customs Among the Faithful Servants of the Sultan.

All weddings in Turkey, among Turks, whether in provinces or cities, are arranged by old women and are complicated, tedious affairs. The bridegroom holds fete several days at his home for his men friends, and the prospective bride at her home with her young friends—girls, of course. The night before the wedding the married men of her acquaintance come and eat the married woman's dinner with her, which consists principally, as Sam Weller would say, of a "swarry" of leg of mutton and trimmings. The next day the bride is taken to the bridegroom's house in a sedan chair, with a retinue of slaves carrying her wedding presents on trays on their heads, covered with colored tarlatan. The procession is sometimes quite imposing. The bride's female relatives are also there in the new harem until nightfall, and they retire to their homes, leaving the bride sitting on a sort of throne veiled. The bridegroom is then admitted, and he is to throw himself at the bride's feet and offer her his wedding present of some handsome jewelry and beg her to raise her veil and strike him blind by her beauty. Sometimes he is struck dumb by her ugliness, for he never looks on her face until after the wedding.

When a babe is born in any house there is great rejoicing if it be a boy, less if a girl. The wife is proud for awhile, but Turkish women are not good mothers. They are too child-like themselves. When a girl is born to a sultan they fire seven guns; when a boy, twenty-one. The boys die early; the girls are more apt to live. This is supposed to be a divine interposition of Providence to prevent too many claimants to the throne. Babies are dressed like mummies in swaddling clothes for six months; then the boys are put in trousers, sometimes in generals' or colonels' uniforms, regularly made.

When the Sultan takes a wife no ceremony is considered necessary more than to present his bride. The new Sultan inherits all the widows and slaves of his predecessor, and every year of his reign, at the feast of the Ramazan, he receives a new one from his mother and takes any other girl or woman to his harem who happens to strike his fancy. Slaves who become mothers are instantly promoted to the rank of Sultana. Six months before the feast of Ramazan the Valide Sultana orders that all the young candidates be brought to her, and she chooses fifteen and sometimes more of the lot. These are immediately put under diet and training and at the beginning of the great feast she again chooses, and this time the choice is final. At the evening of the appointed day the Sultan, upon retiring, finds his new bride standing nude, with folded hands and lowered eyes, at the foot of his bed. After he has retired she must lift the bed-clothes at the foot and crawl into bed in that way as a sign of subjection.

Girls arrive at legal majority at 9 years of age, and are frequently married at 10. Children of 12 and 13 are often seen with babies of their own. They are old at 25. The old Turkish women have a hard lot of it. Beyond a respect for age which they contrive to inspire by tooth and nail among other wives younger than they, their lives are not happy. Still, they are provided for, and as long as a man lives he feeds his family, one all alike.

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing and perform the work of the natural Drum. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Illustrated book of testimonials free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name paper.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

The Salad-server was reading the other day of what a lady traveling in Europe says about women there filling positions that here are reserved for men. One is that of usher in the theater. In many, women have charge of the sale of seats in the box office. "They wear," she says, "dainty white muslin caps with great red or blue satin bows on them, and in their neat gowns add much to the decorative effect. If you drop the smallest article they will restore it to you. Just before leaving the theater the other evening, one of the ladies in our party discovered that she had lost her eye-glasses. 'You will find them at the box office,' said the young lady who brought us our footstools. The owner was rejoiced, as she had been promenading in the foyer, she supposed the glasses had been trampled upon."

It is gently whispered by some one in authority in the fashionable world that the bustle in its magnificent monstrosity is doomed, that it will slowly diminish as a wax candle melts away and at last disappear entirely. Now if some equally determined maker of fashions will attack the high hats and shear their splendid proportions the world will be indeed blest. It is a query whether, if Theosophy be true, when we are climbing the next round in the evolutionary scheme, men and women will spend so much time in devising strange and novel ways in which to clothe themselves as they do here, or whether the wherewithal they shall be clothed will be settled for them, so that they can devote their energies to better things.

Speaking of styles recalls one that Clara Belle describes in one of her New York letters, which has lately been adopted by the fair young belles of the great metropolis. They are rouging their ears inside and out, and the contrast with their white necks and faces is rather startling. A queer vagary that, but perhaps no more so than others which have gone before.

Somebody writes of Mrs. Jerome, who is the mother of Lady Churchill, the wife of the English statesman who has lately been before the people so prominently in Great Britain. She, Mrs. Jerome, is said to be a very handsome woman, with an overmastering ambition which has been gratified in Lady Churchill's position. The latter is the only American who has ever been a lady-in-waiting for the Queen.

Toledo belles are shut off from one style of winter entertainments, which are to be very popular the present season in Eastern cities. Last year something was heard of it, but the interest has deepened, and great preparations are being made in the way of blanket dresses and—other garments that form part of the outfit. Tobogganing is the name of this social pleasure, but it requires snow or ice-covered hills for its enjoyment, and Toledo has nothing of the kind in her possession. Some enterprising fellow may manage to make one some way, if there is money in it, but it does not appear how. Unless that should happen, there can be no tobogganing here, unfortunately.

Boston abounds in women's clubs, most, if not all of them, literary in character. Many are comparatively young yet, but seem to be on such a firm basis as to promise a prolonged life. Others live for a brief season and then die, but they have generally served their purpose. There was one, the Metaphysical by name, started about three years ago, which is near expiring, killed, doubtless, by its name. Is was founded by a daughter of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, the one who died not long ago, and was a very brilliant affair at one time. Its fate is a very significant answer to the question of "What's In a Name?" for even in blue Boston its title was a little too heavy.

There are people who seem to think that good manners are not a necessity, and that any attention to forms of etiquette are beneath their dignity. To such, Edward Everett's reply to some one who asked how he had been able to so thoroughly master the details of European etiquette, that the knowledge had made him noted for the elegance of his manners, should be commended. "I have never," he said "considered any subject which other people respect as unworthy of intense observation. I pride myself on the manner even in which I tie up a brown paper parcel. For the same reason, I study the etiquette of every country."

Men say they can't understand why a "man's woman" is never a "woman's woman." Because a man's woman is not a woman's woman, men invariably put the causes down to sister woman's envy and jealousy. But it is not so. A man's woman with men is bright, animated, entertaining, coaxing, toadying, or taffying, as the case demands. Put her with women and she is a poke. She won't do this, that, or the other. She simply yawns through time until the men come in again. It is a general rule that the woman most liked by man is least liked by her own sex. And it is simply because she does not exert herself to be as entertaining to women as she does to men.

A neat story used to be told of Manton Marble—that once in conversation with a talented lady upon matrimony in general, he paraphrased Scott's famous couplet thus:

"O woman, in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy and sure to tease."

Now there comes to us from California an anecdote of a young man, called to respond to the impromptu toast, "The Ladies," who quoted from memory:

"O woman, in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy and hard to please."
—*Scott.*

"But too oft seen, familiar with thy face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."
—*Pope.*

It is a wonder that the American Anglomaniacs, especially in our Eastern cities, have not adopted the English style of announcing weddings. As a rule, American wedding notices in the newspapers are brief, as they should be—models of brevity and good taste. The English people pay so much per line for this sort of thing, which is quoted *verbatim* from a London newspaper:

"By the Rev. Dr. Steel, Arthur Hamilton, second son of Sir W. H. Gordon, Bart., of Campbelltown, to Selina Mary Violet (Totty), daughter of Mrs. M. A. Powell and stepdaughter of M. Powell, esq., Holly Park, Auburn; granddaughter of the late Henry James Fitzmaurice, captain of H. M. Third Buffs; great granddaughter of the late James Fitzmaurice, esq., Ballybunion House, Kerry, Ireland; great grandniece of the late Lord Henry Petty Fitzmaurice, Marquis of Landsdown and Duke of Kerry; also granddaughter of the late John Thomas Meade, esq., Limerick and Belle View, Castle Connell; grandniece of the late Major General Roach Meade, R. H. A. R. G. O. Horse Guards, and grandniece of the late Richard Harold Meade, esq., Belle View, Castle Connell, Ireland."

Gov. Porter, of Indiana, has this to say about the county court-house: "The whole of a man's history may be traced in the court-house of his county. The record of his parents' marriage is there, the date of his birth, the amount of property he accumulates, and his own matrimonial venture. Then the records of the county show whether he has been honest in business. The criminal records tell the story of any crime he may have committed, and, in fact, nearly everything that relates to him is set down upon the different county records."

The First Keen Twinge.

As the season advances the pains and aches by which rheumatism makes itself known, are experienced after every exposure. It is not claimed that Hood's Sarsaparilla is a specific for rheumatism—we doubt if there is or can be, such a remedy. But the thousands benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla, warrant us in urging others who suffer from rheumatism to take it before the first keen twinge.

Georgia's Cow With a Crumpled Horn.

About a week ago, near Mr. Charlton Jones's, a cow with crumpled horns was licking her calf, and, by some means, the calf got its head in the circle of the horns and could not extricate it. The cow became excited, and, in her efforts to get rid of the calf, strangled it and broke her own neck, both dying instantly.—*Hawkinsville News.*

Life's Bright Side.

Sam Johnson once said that the ability to look at the bright side of life was worth to any man as much as the addition to his salary of one hundred pounds a year, and when he wrote that sum meant a great deal. It is as true to-day as then. But many of those who are in the possession of a blue horoscope find it difficult to change the color of the landscape before them. Several of the letters written by patients of Doctors Starkey & Palen say that the use of Compound Oxygen has enabled them to see everything clearly. Melancholy is gone; the disposition to be morose and disagreeable has somehow vanished; and "I feel like singing all the time," and "I can skip and run like a child," are samples of the expressions of the dispositions now. *Dyspepsia* was what was the matter with most of these patients, and a little timely treatment eliminated that disturber, and caused life to be seen in an entirely different light. If you would like to understand Compound Oxygen—its mode of action and results—address Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, and you will have mailed to you free a volume of nearly 200 pages which afford very interesting reading.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the Camp Fire. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

RALPH FARNHAM'S LAST DREAM.

In the midst of his children's children, by the home-fire's cheerful blaze,
An old man sat in his easy chair, dreaming of bygone days;
Dreaming of wearisome marches by flood, morass and wold,
Where many a brave heart fainted with hunger, thirst and cold;

Of the smouldering fires of the bivouac, the sentinel's measured tread,
The smoke and the roar of the battle, and the faces of the dead;
Of the fair young son of his neighbor who fought and fell by his side,
And the sacred message he gave him, to his girl-love when he died.

He saw the face of the maiden grow cold as death and as pale,
As he sat by her father's hearthstone and told the cruel tale.
Aye, aye, in his sleep he murmured she was fair, and he was brave;
But she faded away like a blossom, and we made him a soldier's grave.

But we routed the British legions and sent them over the sea,
For the God of battles helped us and our native land was free.
My son, I have been dreaming a dream that gave me pain,
I thought I was young and a soldier fighting for Freedom again;

But is it true this rumor, or only an idle tale,
Do they talk of dissolving this Union? Oh, well may your cheek grow pale,
And well may an old man tremble, and his heart beat faint and low;
When he thinks of the price it cost us, some fourscore years ago.

I have watched its growing greatness through a life of many years,
But I never forgot that its blessings were purchased with blood and tears.
I never forgot the privations of fourscore years ago,
When the naked feet of our poor recruits left crimson tracks in the snow.

I never forgot their faces, and I seem to see them still,
As they looked straight into the face of death at the battle of Bunker Hill.
And so, the home of Marion is first to break the band,
That bound the beautiful sisterhood of our beloved land.

The children of its heroes around whose memory clings
The glory King's mountain, Cowpens and Eutaw Springs.
I have seen our blessed banner, with its white and crimson bars,
When fair South Carolina was one of the thirteen stars.

And if ever that constellation is marred or rent in twain,
'Twould blast the sight of these poor old eyes to see its folds again;
And if God has forsaken our country, the only boon I crave,
Is, that He will delay its ruin till I have gone down to my grave;

For I could not breathe with traitors, or turn my face to the sun,
Nor dwell in the land of the living when the states are no longer as one.

The author of the creditable verse which appears at the head of this week's Camp Fire columns, is unknown. If any one of our readers know who the author is, we should be glad to publish the name in the Camp Fire.

Knots Blazing With Information.

The 100th Indiana will hold its reunion at Kendallville, Noble Co., Ind., November 25, the anniversary of the battle of Mission Ridge. All ex-members are requested to attend.

Contributors to the Camp Fire will please bear in mind that no communications written on both sides of the sheet will be accepted. It is just as easy for you to use one side only of the sheet, and thus save your articles from the inglorious waste basket.

"S. S. A." writes a very caustic letter to the Camp Fire in reply to H. A. Tripp, but while much that he says of Democrats may be true, nevertheless, it is better not said. It only stirs up unfriendly feelings between North and South, and engenders hatred. We would like to hear from "S. S. A." on some other subject.

J. A. Bonebrake asks if there are any readers who were members of the 2d Reg. Mo. Cavalry (Merrill Horse) in the war of the rebellion, and if there are any who remember Edmund Brooks, of Co. "B," if so will they write to him at Pittsfield, Pike Co., Ill., so as to assist a poor old veteran os two wars to get a pension. It will be an act of kindness well deserved and worthily bestowed.

Mrs. C. M. Doffield, Joplin, Mich., says: I am a new subscriber of the Blade, and like it very much. I think the Camp Fire delightful. My father was a Union soldier, was in the navy one year, was at the massacre of Fort Pillow, and was on the steamer U. S. Volunteer, No. 27, Mississippi squadron, as acting master Mat. K. Hanes, Admiral Porter. His comrades will remember him as Blackhack. I would like to hear from some of his comrades through the Blade. I would like to see more ladies at the Camp Fires. I have talked to ladies, mothers of sons, who say it makes but little difference to them which way the government goes. I cannot agree with them there. I think it a duty we owe our fathers and husbands to use all our influence in raising our sons from infancy to love and honor the Blue.

After Hidden Treasure.

Editor Camp Fire:—It is seldom that I see anything written by members of the 14th Ohio in this column, and I presume it is to be attributed to the modesty of that organization. Perhaps some of the comrades will remember the incident I relate. One evening in North Carolina the writer was detailed for picket, and with half a dozen others in charge of a sergeant, was placed at a point somewhat in advance of the line, as outpost. As there was a house near by, the sergeant, after posting the guard, proceeded to make himself solid with its inmates, and soon got into the good graces of a buxom girl of 20, so that before morning he had the history of half the neighborhood. Next morning our brigade broke camp and moved out, while by some oversight our post was forgotten and we were not relieved. As soon as we found out that the troops had moved, we prepared to follow, when the sergeant said: "Before we join the regiment, let us have a little fun." He then told us that his inamorata had informed him that about a mile from there lived a Miss ——, whose beau was in the rebel army, and hearing that the Yanks were coming, she had put a lot of letters received from him in a box and buried them near a certain tree in the garden. As it was but a little out of our way, why not dig up the box and show the lady that from Sherman's bummers nothing could be hidden? To a lot of young scamps, full of devilitry, nothing could please us better. We soon found the place just as described by the fair but perfidious friend, and the box was resurrected, and its contents verified in less time than it takes to tell the story. Marching up to the house, one of our number knocked at the door and asked for Miss ——. The expression that came over the poor girl's face beggars description. Our spokesman politely handed her the box, at the same time warning her to be more careful of her letters when army Yankees were around. The scene was worthy of an artist. The sheepish and wonder-struck look of the girl, the demure and cool impudence of our spokesman, and the half dozen batter de mattians in the midst of one of Sherman's most wearisome campaigns, looking on in mute enjoyment. It was a tableau never to be forgotten.—"Co. T," 14th O. V. I., Whitehouse, O.

Passing Rebel Batteries.

Editor Camp Fire:—Perhaps it may be said in truth that Jack was always ready for a fight and that his reckless deeds of daring were no little factor in crushing out the slaveholders' rebellion, but he was ever alive to all the fun that was to be got out of the situation, even if spiced with danger, and whenever it came in his way to outwit the Johnnies his brain was shotted with expedients and he enjoyed the laugh over the Johnnies. By the time the frigate Pensacola had been overhauled at the Washington navy yard and was ready to go to the assistance of Farragut, the Johnnies had built a strong battery on one of the Virginia bluffs, and as soon as it was completed they sent our Capt. Morris word to come on with his ship, adding that she would never pass the capes, for they could sink her and all the wooden sides or ironclads that attempted to pass their battery. Not only did they know the moment the Pensacola was ready for sea, but they were apprised of every order and movement of the Union forces and oftentimes before received by those entrusted with its execution. They had about twenty guns in their battery, one a long rifle for steel conical shot called "Long Tom," which had been brought from England on a blockade runner through the port of Charleston.

We carried a crew of nearly 300 men and the vessel was armed with fore and aft pivots, as well as with 60 Columbiads and Armstrong and Wentworth guns. While we were ready and willing to measure strength and take our chances in an engagement with the battery, there was rejoicing among the crew when we were told that the government was not ready to engage the battery, and that we were to be given a chance to cross wits with its gunners and try to pass it in safety and silence. While at our moorings off the yard, two canal boats were lashed fore and aft on our port side and the baled hay piled up on them reached to the top of the bulwarks and protected the machinery and guns, while hammocks were stowed as an inside lining on the hurricane deck. The first stormy day that gave promise of a dark, storm-driven night, a fire engine played a stream of water on the hay, the canal boats were filled with it, and the hay thoroughly saturated. Before the night had set in, we had passed the guard boat off Jones's Point-light, and I am afraid there were words said that are not heard at a Methodist camp meeting, or found in a regulation prayer book, when it was found that the capstan and compressor had fouled, and that we would have to lay-to for repairs. It was nearly 4 o'clock on Sunday that the machinists in their dispatch boat cleared away and went back to the navy yard. We had now our wish, and we slowly steamed down the winding river as night and a blinding snow storm began to gather their darkness and fury over the water. At four bells (10 o'clock) two small but powerful tugs came down our wake and were lashed fore and aft to our starboard. The Pensacola's fires were banked and every light put out. All that was to be seen as a mark for the rebel cannoniers were the sparks or funnel fires of the two little tugs, and most of that was shut off by the towering sides of the Pensacola.

When the faint strokes on the gong by the pilot told the engineers that all was in readiness, every gun was shotted and the lanyards in hand ready for a broadside in return, if the rebels should discover and open on us. Every man was at his station, while the heart beats went pit-pat and kept even stroke with the pulsation of the two little tugs, as we came within range and slowly passed in front of that slumbering line of dark ground that, upon the least alarm, would waken into a tornado of iron hail and assured destruction. With bated breath, and anxious, watchful eyes, we slowed down when abreast of them, ready on the instant to get range and bearing by the flash of their guns.

The first faint gleam would have lit the darkness and the roar of the storm would have been deadened with the thunders of iron throated monsters and the crash of their iron hail. Days and weeks of a life were crowded into the seconds that it took us to creep so slowly up and cautiously by, and the sense of relief each one felt was only equaled by his exultation over the triumph of outwitting the Johnies, and passing their battery in safety. When we were safely beyond the range of their guns, the dampers were taken off our fourteen furnaces and a sheet of smoke, sparks and flame shot up into the heavens out of the funnels, every mast and spar were visibly manned with a sailor and his torch, and while the entire river for miles around, shone with the brightness of day, and the welkin rang with three cheers for the Union and three times three for the Yankee Pensacola.—Wm. B. Lewis, Pirnna, Va.

After the Sharpshooters.

Editor Camp Fire:—As none of the old Army of the Frontier have reported for a long time, I thought I would contribute a splinter and fire up a little and see if I can find out what is the matter. Several of them reported last winter. I hope they have not gone back on the Blade. The battle of Prairie Grove, Ark., was pretty well written up by them, although there could be much more said that would be interesting to all who were there. I wish some of them would write an account of the raid on Vanburen, Ark., over the Boston mountains. Also about the army crossing the White River, Ark., after night, on a small flat boat propelled by the current of the stream and the attempt of the cavalary to swim the river. The spring of '63 found us at Camp Lake Spring, Mo., from where we received orders to go to Vicksburg. The first volume of Gen. Grant's Memoirs, page 545, says: "On the 11th of June, a strong division arrived from the department of the Missouri, under Gen. Herron, which was placed on our left. This cut off the last possible chance of communication between Pemberton and Johnson, as it enabled Lauman to close up on McClernand's left, while Herron intrenched from Lauman to the water's edge." We arrived at Milliken's Bend some time in the night, and disembarked and marched across the bend next day and were ferried across the river on some transports which had been run by the batteries in front of the city. We took our position as above stated and went to work in earnest. The first or second day that the 94th Illinois was on duty, some rebel sharpshooters secreted in a pit, covered with cane, wounded some of the regiment. Our colonel, (McNuita), by the aid of his field-glass, had discovered during the day their hiding place and the best route to get to it. In the evening when the regiment came off duty, he passed along in front of each company and said: "I want 50 volunteers to take that cane-pit to-night." An officer and 50 men immediately offered their services. After we had had our suppers, the regiment returned to the front and the volunteer party went on its mission, led by Col. McNulta. The regiment had orders not to fire, which made it seem very quiet while all were waiting and watching for the result of the move on the cane-pit. After quite a while as it seemed, the clashing of bayonets and loud talk was heard, such as "surrender, you sons of——," and then everything was quiet again, except a rumbling noise about the enemy's works as though they were running troops and artillery to that side. Pretty soon the party arrived, having captured a lieutenant and eleven men. Only one escaped, and the men said that they thought that they had riddled his coat tail with their bayonets. After that the enemy did not put any more sharpshooters in front of the 94th, outside their main line, so we had to go for their main works, and we did it by digging. We were good diggers especially when, by digging, we could protect ourselves from the enemy's shot and shell. I would like to ask what has become of Gen. Herron? I believe I have not heard of him since the war. He was a very fine looking officer, and I believe a competent and skillful general.—J. G. Howsmon, late of the 94th Ill. Vols., Harristown, Ill.

Restlessness That Ruins Homes.

Thousands of farmers every year leave pleasant homes in the older settled states and make long and tedious pilgrimages to newer states and territories, not driven to it by necessity, but by a chronic restlessness—an idea that it is possible somewhere else to get on a little faster in the world. In nine cases out of ten the man would be better off where he is, but he is never satisfied until he has made at least one or two changes. Homes are destroyed in the most ruthless manner in pursuit of this phantom of bettering one's self—homes which can never really be restored to the family, for home is something more than the roof which shelters us. The associations of chudhood, the friends of early days, the memories of the past, the ancestral graves upon the hillside—are these nothing? It will take more more years than the most of us can afford to build up a new home and get into it the feeling with which we regard our present one, be it ever so humble.

You Can Learn How to Get Rich

by sending your address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine; they will send you full information about work that you can do and live at home wherever you are located. Work adapted to all ages and both sexes. $5 to $25 a day and upwards easily earned. Some have earned over $50 in a day. All succeed grandly. All is new. You are started free. Capital not required. Delay not. All of the above will be proved to you, and you will find yourself on the road to a handsome fortune, with a large and absolutely sure income from the very start.

A Town Located to Lay Out the Law.

There is a town on the state line between Iowa and Missouri which rejoices in the name of Lineville. The state boundary runs through the middle of the main street. This fact causes another division for one-half of the town is prohibition, while the other believes in license and liquor. The Missouri side of the main thoroughfare presents an unbroken line of saloons, while sobriety and industry thrive across the way. When an Iowa man wishes to treat his neighbor, however, he says, "Come over into Missouri with me," and they cross the street and booze. When he doesn't turn up for supper his wife says, "Johnny, run over into Missouri and tell pap to chop some wood so I kin bile the petaties." The man who located that town had a great head.—*Chicago Herald.*

Four Beautiful Cards.

New designs never before published. Will please any person. Also 8 color Illuminated Illustrated Book. Sent free to every reader of the Toledo Blade. Address R. G. Valentine, 57 Murray street, New York City.

The Wonders of Telephony.

Punch has the following, which is good enough to be true: The Principal (from the city, through the telephone, to the foreman at the "works")—"How do you get on, Pat?"

Irish Foreman (in great awe of the instrument)—"Very well, sir, the goods are sent off."

The Principal (knowing Pat's failing)—"What have you got to drink there?"

Pat (startled)—"Och! Look at that now! It's me breath that done it!"

WELL MAKING. DOES IT PAY

Free catalogue tells what customers say. This is the Great "Ohio" Well Drilling and Prospecting Machine. Drills all kinds earth and rock and pump cuttings to surface at each stroke!—Tests the water without taking out tools. Drives tubing or enlarges hole below it. Runs with wonderful ease, and drops tools 70 or 80 times a minute! Horse or steam power used. We also make machines and tools for boring large wells. LOOMIS & NYMAN TIFFIN, OHIO.

$5.00 AN ACRE.

500,000 Acres of VALUABLE LANDS In NORTHERN WISCONSIN, on the line of the WISCONSIN CENTRAL RAILROAD, for sale on liberal terms to ACTUAL SETTLERS. Full particulars, with good map, sent free. FREDERICK ABBOT, Land Department, W. C. R. R., Milwaukee, Wis.

Artificial Limb Man'f'g Co., 909 PENN AVE., PITTSBURG, PA.

Every member of which wears an artificial leg. Incorporated by the State of Pennsylvania. Manufacture ADJUSTABLE LACING SOCKET LIMBS. The most comfortable and durable limb and the nearest approach to the natural member of any invention of the age. We are authorized to make limbs for soldiers on government orders. Write for catalogue, which gives a full description of these legs, with numerous certificates from persons using them. When patrons cannot visit our establishment we forward blanks to take measures.

J. W. THOMPSON, Secretary and Business Manager.

PLEASE CASH THIS CHECK.

Perplexities of a Minister With Bank Paper—A Gay Gambler Comes to the Rescue.

"A rather curious thing occurred here last week in the experience of my friend, Rev. George B. Powers, of Bowling Green, Ky., a clergyman well known and greatly respected in the Methodist conference of his state, and a clever and estimable gentleman. Mr. Powers came East about a month ago to spend a short vacation in Massachusetts. He took with him when he left home what he thought was a sufficient supply of money, but the pleasures of the autumnal resorts come a little high for nearly everybody, and when his vacation was nearly over Mr. Powers discovered that he hadn't money enough to pay his bills and get home, too. So he wrote to one of his deacons to send him $100 to this city and came here himself, having little more than enough to pay his fare and trusting to the deacon for relief. In the course of time, the deacon responded with the $100 in the shape of a check on a Wall street bank, and Mr. Powers smiled all over and took it to the bank to have it cashed. The paying teller took the check, eyed it all over from end to end, studied the endorsement, straightened it out in his fingers and said:

"'We don't know you, Mr. Powers.'

"'I know you don't, but I am Rev. George B. Powers, of Bowling Green, Kentucky.'

"A gleam of suspicion glittered in the eye of the natty teller.

"'You'll have to get some one we know to identify you,' he said, and waved the dominie brusquely aside. Mr. Powers was in a painful dilemma. I was the only person in New York he knew, and I was out of town. He had never been here but once before in his life, and his knowledge of worldly ways was small. He went back to his hotel in sad perplexity. His wife suggested that he try to get the hotel proprietor to cash the check for him. When the matter was broached to the clerk, however, that elegant functionary merely smiled grimly and pointed the guest to the notice on the wall, which declared that no checks would be cashed, bills changed or money loaned. The dominie stood for a moment in utter bewilderment, and then a miracle happened then and there. The heart of the hotel clerk softened. He asked to see the check. When the situation had been fully explained he said:

"'Now, what you will have to do is to find some Methodist business man who will either cash or indorse that for you. Go over there to Fourteenth street to Mr. Blake and see what he can do for you.'

"Mr. Blake (that isn't his name, but it will serve) is a prominent Methodist and received Mr. Powers affably. He chilled distinctly, however, when Mr. Powers produced the check. 'To tell the truth,' he said, 'I have been taken in this way so often that I have made a rule not to do it again. Of course, now, if you're really in want—'

"But the dominie bowed himself out and didn't hear the rest. He related this experience not long after to the clerk. That official smiled patronizingly and said that he mustn't mind little things like that; and if he'd come around to-morrow he'd see what could be done for him. So the dominie, beset by a terrible fear of being sent to jail for beating his hotel bill, of walking all the way to Bowling Green, and of many other horrible things, passed a very uneasy night. On the morrow, having succeeded in recalling his identity and the history of his case to the clerk, that obliging young man took the check, scrawled his name just under Mr. Powers's indorsement and said:

Take that to Mr. Barnes in Wall street and ask him to cash it for you.

"'I can't do that,' said Mr. Barnes an hour later, 'because I have made a rule against it. But on the strength of my friend's indorsement I will also indorse it. Then take it to my bank and they will probably pay it.'

"Five minutes later the dominie, red-faced and perturbed, but hopeful, stood in the awful presence of another paying teller.

"'What's this?' said that official sharply, as he scrutinized the check after the fashion of bank tellers. 'We don't know you, Mr. Powers.'

"'I know; but can't you pay it on Mr. Barnes's indorsement?'

"'If Mr. Barnes wants that check paid he'll have to come here and identify you. I should think he'd have more sense than to send a stranger here with a check on another bank, anyhow.'

"Back to Mr. Barnes, but that gentleman had gone to Hoboken for that day. In despair, Mr. Powers tried half a dozen banks in succession, being turned from each with nothing but cold looks and colder refusals for his pains. His last cent had been spent two days before. He walked three miles to his hotel, (and for a college man and a clergyman, felt remarkably like a tramp.) Strangely enough, the clerk knew him this time and remembered about the check. When he heard of the domine's hard plight he surprised the cashier of the house by laughing a little in a real two-for-a-quarter way, and thought for a moment deeply. Then he dashed abruptly through a side door and pretty soon emerged with a large, portly man, red-faced, elegantly attired, and plug-hatted. They sat down for a minute with the minister, and asked him a few questions. Then the minister passed over the check, and the red-faced man pullled out a roll of bills as big as a saw log, and tossed him two fifties for it. Three minutes later a much-relieved minister fired a $50 note at the hotel cashier for his bill, dashed wildly after a Broadway car, with a long train and wife and baggage swinging in his wake, and 20 minutes later was crossing the North river, heading straight for Bowling Green, Ky. He closes the letter, in which he details these experiences by a remarkably emphatic promise to stay hereafter. Rev. George B. Powers, of Bowling Green, Ky., does not know that the man who relieved his necessities is one of the most notorious gamblers in New York, and that the money that paid his fare home had been won the night before in a long drawn out game of faro. I don't intend to tell him so, either. He's a clergyman, you know, and I don't want to do anything to shake his faith in humanity.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

To Weak Men

Suffering from Nervous Debility, Early Decay, Loss of Vitality, Weakness of Body and Mind, etc., I will send you a valuable treatise containing full particulars for certain restoration to health and manhood free of charge. A reliable home cure. Address Prof. F. C. Fowler, Moodus, Conn.

A Literary Conversation.

"Who is this James Russell Lowell the papers are making such a fuss over?"

"Oh, he is a New England literary man. He wrote 'The Biglow Papers' and—"

"What! Them? Why, I made Gwendolen stop readin' them only this morning because they was so vulgar. He don't even know how to spell."

Telephonic Ending to His Prayer.

Harry, a four-year-old Nebraska boy, was listening to his sister as he recited her evening prayer. "You say 'amen,'" he remarked as she finished; "I don't always say that; I say 'seven off.'" That was the way he was in the habit of hearing telephone conversation close.

Throat Diseases commence with a Cough, Cold or Sore Throat. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" give immediate relief. Sold only in boxes. Price 25 cents.

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.
2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.
3. Communications for this department MUST be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.
4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.
5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

Illuminating Gas.

P. S. W., Maltaton, Ky.:

Who was the first to use illuminating gas? Give a short history concerning its manufacture.

The first artificial production of illuminating gas from coal was made by one Dr. Hales, of England, about the year 1726. This was simply done as a scientific experiment, and was not put to any practical use. In 1786, the Earl Dundonald, of Scotland, obtained burning gas by distilling coals, and for experiment, lit up his castle with it. In 1792 Wm. Murdock put in apparatus for the use of gas in his workshops at Redruth and Cornwall, and was the first to reap the full advantage of the discovery. In 1802 the Soho foundry, near Birmingham, Eng., was lighted by gas, and soon after it was introduced into the mills of Manchester. In 1813 London bridge was lit by gas, and by 1819 it was used throughout the main part of that city, and was soon after introduced in all the large towns of England and Scotland. About 1800 a French scientist also discovered the method of making gas, and it was generally introduced into continental cities about the same time that England began to make use of it. The manufacture of gas consists in distilling from coal the hydrogen contained therein and freeing it as far as possible from impurities before it is used for purposes of illumination. Burning gas can also be made from wood and from certain oils, but the labor of its manufacture from these substances renders it very unlikely that they will ever be extensively used for this purpose. Bituminous coal is the substance almost universally used, and the process of distillation is as follows: The coal is put in a closed retort of cast iron or fire-clay over a coal fire, and in about four hours it has given off all its gas, leaving the coke only in the retort. The gas passes into a large pipe, called the hydraulic main, which is kept partly filled with water. Here the water, ammonia, tar, and other matters that escape from the coal with the gas are partly condensed. From the hydraulic main the gas is conducted into the condenser, a series of bent iron tubes, which are kept as cold as possible by means of a stream of cold water upon their outside surface, to further arrest its impurities by the process of condensation. It then goes through a case called the scrubber, which contains pieces of coke, over which water constantly trickles, to eliminate any traces of ammonia that may still cling to it. From this it passes through the lime purifier, an iron box fitted with shelves, on which is placed slaked lime, to absorb the carbonic acid in the gas. Part of its sulphuretted hydrogen is also taken out here, and the remainder is eliminated by a passage through caustic soda, sawdust, and oxide of lead, or iron sulphate. The gas is now ready to be passed into mains and conducted to large reservoirs, whence it is conveyed to houses for use. In large gas manufactories, this process goes on continually, the coke being removed from the retorts as fast as made, and fresh coal put in. It is said that the quality of gas largely depends upon the degree of heat applied to the coal in the retorts; if these are insufficiently heated the gas will be imperfectly distilled, while, if they are too hot, the gas itself is partially decomposed, and becomes deficient in illuminating power. When properly made illuminating gas is a pure hydro-carbon, containing 92 per cent. of carbon and 8 per cent. of hydrogen. The average yield of gas is about 10,000 cubic feet to every ton of coal. If it could be furnished to consumers at the mere cost of its manufacture, without the usual premium paid to the corporations that control it, it would be the cheapest illuminator known, and would also become extensively and serviceably used as a fuel.

Lofty Places.

J. L. S., Freistadt, Wis.:

Please locate and give the elevation of the highest point in each state and territory in the United States.

The following is believed to be a reliable statement:

State or Territory.	Name of Place.	Height.
Alabama	Valley Head	1,031
Alaska	St. Elias	19,500
Arizona	Humphrey's Peak	12,562
Arkansas	Bentonville	1,790
California	Mount Whitney	14,898
Colorado	Blanca Peak	14,464
Connecticut	Norfolk	1,200
Dakota	Harney's Peak	9,700
Delaware	Dupont	282
Dist. of Columbia	Soldiers' Home	339
Florida	Highland	210
Georgia	Sitting Bull Mount	5,046
Idaho	Meade Park	10,541
Illinois	Warren	1,005
Indiana	Bloomingsport	1,225
Indian Territory	Fort Sill	1,190
Iowa	Alta	1,549
Kansas	Carthage	5,000
Kentucky	Pine Knob	1,428
Louisiana	Shreveport	198
Maine	Mount Katahdin	5,200
Maryland	Altamount	2,620
Massachusetts	Mount Boosac	2,510
Michigan	Porcupine Mount	2,023
Minnesota	Woodstock	1,822
Mississippi	Pontotoc Ridge	516
Missouri	Cassville	3,000
Montana	Cabinet	12,187
Nebraska	Fort Gratton	8,325
Nevada	Wheeler's Peak	13,026
New Hampshire	Mt. Washington	6,288
New Jersey	High Knob	1,799
New Mexico	Cerro Blanco	14,269
New York	Mount Marcy	5,379
North Carolina	Clingman's Mount	6,707
Ohio	Silver Creek	1,391
Oregon	Mount Pitt	9,818
Pennsylvania	Avondale	2,821
Rhode Island	Pascoag	396
South Carolina	Rich Mountain	3,560
Tennessee	Clingman's Dome	6,660
Texas	North Franklin Mt.	7,069
Utah	Mount Emmons	13,694
Vermont	Mount Mansfield	4,430
Virginia	White Top	5,630
Washington Ter.	Mount Jefferson	15,300
West Virginia	Bayard	3,140
Wisconsin	Pewauke Lake	1,801
Wyoming	Freemont's Peak	13,790

Charles Bradlaugh.

H. J. M., Crandall, Ind.:

Give a short sketch of the life of Charles Bradlaugh, who was recently admitted as a member of the British House of Commons, after persistent exclusion.

He was born in Hoxton, London, September 26, 1833. Owing to the extreme poverty of his parents he ceased attending school before he was 11 years old. He early developed a taste for politics, for at the age of 15 he appeared as an orator before street audiences during the political turmoils of 1847-48. Studying to fit himself for a Sunday school exhibition before the bishop of London, he became skeptical, and declared his inability to reconcile the 39 articles with the four Gospels. His father, influenced by the clergy, gave him three days in which to change his opinions, on penalty of losing his situation. He accepted the penalty, and quitted the situation and his home forever. For a year he earned an adequate support by selling coal on commission, and then, becoming slightly involved in debt, he enlisted in the service of the East India company, where he remained until a small legacy enabled him to purchase his discharge. He now secured a clerkship in a solicitor's office in London, and entered at once upon his life career of a political and atheistical writer and speaker.

Mr. Bradlaugh's personal popularity is very great. Sir Charles Dilke said of him in 1873, that he had the largest personal following of any man in England. His political status as a member from Northampton was for more than five years one of the most agitating before the British Parliament. At the beginning of the controversy, in 1880, he refused to take the oath of allegiance on the ground that it would not be binding on his conscience. Upon re-election Mr. Bradlaugh changed his ground and offered to take the oath, but the House now refused to receive it. Insisting on entering the House and administering the oath to himself, he was removed by the police. Later, during the last session of Parliament, Mr. Bradlaugh took the counsel of influential men, who advised patience and all would be well. Mr. Gladstone and other eminent leaders having taken his part, his admission became only a matter of time.

The "Center of Population."

W., Toledo, O.:

What is the center of population, and by what method is it ascertained?

The center of population is defined as "the point at which equilibrium would be reached, were the country taken as a plane surface, itself without weight, but capable of sustaining weight and loaded with its inhabitants, in number and position as they are found at the period under consideration, each individual being assumed to be of the same gravity as every other, and consequently to exert pressure on the pivotal point directly proportioned to his distance therefrom." That is to say, it is the center of gravity of the population of the country. In 1880 the center of population was placed at latitude 39 degrees, 04 minutes, 08 seconds, longitude 84 degrees, 39 minutes, 40 seconds, which is in Kentucky, eight miles south by west from the center of the city of Cincinnati, one mile from the south bank of the Ohio river, and one mile and a half southeast from the village of Taylorsville. In 1790 this center was 23 miles east of Baltimore, Md. It has moved westward nearly on the line of the 39th parallel of latitude, 457 miles in 90 years.

How to Make Hard Soap.

C. F., Dowagiac, Mich.:

Will the BLADE please print a recipe for hard soap?

The manner of making the different grades of commercial soap is essentially the same, though different kinds of fat may be used. It is always made on a large scale, in enormous vats or boilers. Several hundred weight of crude soda ash is first dissolved in boiling water in the soap-boiler, which is a huge circular iron vessel holding from five hundred to one thousand gallons, with a steam-pipe in the center. Half the weight of the soda in pure caustic lime is then added and the mixture boiled. When the lime has rendered the soda caustic, the boiling is discontinued. Several hundred weight of tallow is now put into the soap pan, which is a different vessel made of cast iron, to which heat is applied, either by means of a furnace beneath it, or by steam carried by pipes around the bottom of the pan. The latter is the more usual method. The pan usually holds several tons. After the tallow, cut up into pieces, is put into this pan, a quantity of the lye is added, the steam is turned on, and the boiling continued until the lye is thoroughly incorporated with the tallow, and the whole becomes a pasty mass. Several shovelfuls of common salt are now thrown in. This causes the lye to separate, and as the mass cools, the lye, deprived of its soda, is drawn off. Fresh lye is then added and boiled, and this is repeated until the tallow is saturated with the soda, that is, it will not take up any more. Water is now added until the proper consistency is reached. If rosin is to be used, it is now added, and the mass again boiled. It is then run off into frames, or molds, where it is allowed to solidify, and is then cut by wires into bars, dried, and packed in boxes. One ton of yellow soap will require 1,000 pounds of tallow and 350 pounds of resin, with lye sufficient to make the whole a smooth, perfectly homogeneous and saponaceous mass.

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This, repeated daily, with two or three doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, to keep the blood cool, the perspiration pure and unirritating, the bowels open, the liver and kidneys active, will speedily cure

Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Lichen, Pruritus, Scall Head, Dandruff, and every species of Itching, Scaly and Pimply Humors of the Skin and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, when the best physicians and all known remedies fail.

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Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

KIDNEY PAINS, Strains and Weakness instantly relieved by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. New, elegant, infallible.

Sunday Schools.

W. C., Sand Lake, Mich.:

How did Sunday-schools originate?

Robert Raikes, a merchant of Gloucester, England, in 1781, established Sunday-schools for poor children in that town. In 1786 a similar school was opened under the direction of Bishop Asbury in Hanover county, Virginia. It is said, however, that one or two attempts were made to establish schools for the religious instruction of children on the Sabbath day in New England during the 17th century, but there was a prejudice against them, and they were discontinued. There was also a Sunday-school opened for the poor at Ephrata, Pa., under the auspices of the Quakers, in 1740, which was continued till broken up in the exciting times of the Revolutionary war.

"Buddha and Buddhism."

J. A. B., Elkham Grove, Ill.:

In the BLADE of October 28, in the question bureau, I read the article "Buddha and Buddhism." The author assumes that Buddha was a real person, "and that there is a basis of fact under the mass of extravagant fable with which he is surrounded." If you please, Mr. Editor, we will leave the fable and notice the historical facts concerning Buddhism. For the ancient history we must go to China instead of India, or Hindustan. The Chinese are the children of Buddha. Their ancestors came down from Buddha out of heaven, therefore they are the celestials. Confucius, the Chinese philosopher, lived about 500 years B. C., and revised the Chinese laws and religious books and whoever wishes to know more of Buddhism will do well to read the works of Confucius. Whatever mass of extravagant fable there may be concerning the incarnations of deities in Hindustan, or how many children may have been named Buddha, it does not affect the historical fact that the Buddhist religion was brought to Hindustan by Chinese missionaries three hundred years before Christ. They flourished in India until the Mohamedans came from the West and drove them out of the country, and brought the Buddhist temples and pagodas to ruins.

About Electors.

W., Thayer, Ind.:

Please tell what you can of electors—how elected or appointed; whether each party has its own, and if not, how they are appointed between the parties.

Now, the entire answer to this is given in the constitution of the United States, and every school history contains that. Why ask us about it? Each state is entitled to as many electors as the state has senators and representatives in Congress. Thus, Ohio has 21 representatives and senators each state has two senators—no more, no less). Hence Ohio has 23 electors. At a Presidential election each party in Ohio nominate 23 electors. The people vote, and the electoral ticket which receives the most votes is elected. These electors meet at the state capital and vote for President and Vice President. The result of the ballot in every state is sent to Washington, and the candidates having a majority of the entire vote of all the states become President and Vice President.

Our Railway Mileage.

E., Spokane Falls, Wash Ter.:

In your paper of October 7, in reply to J. W. S., in regard to the number of miles of railroad in each state, you credit Washington Territory with 55 miles. Now, as a citizen of this glorious young territory, I rise to protest. Possibly you made a mistake in your figures; I hope you did. There were 120 miles of road in operation in 1873, and there are now over 500 miles with branch roads from the Northern Pacific being pushed forward as fast as possible. Please make this correction for the benefit of others as well as J. W. S.

Miscellaneous.

J. L., Simpson, Neshua, Iowa: Write to Brown, Eager & Hull, Toledo, Ohio.

N. O. B., Yates Center, Kans.: It is unnecessary to capitalize the names of studies in sentences.

G. A. C., Myrtle Creek, Oregon: A letter addressed to T. B. Peterson & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., will reach them. Full description of the Brooklyn bridge was published in this column but a short time ago.

J. M. C., Henrietta, Tex.:

Who was Apostle Paul's mother?

As we remember, the Bible does not tell, and there is no other authority.

K., Alma, Tex.:

Please inform me what is the best system of bookkeeping.

Double entry, by all means.

C. E. J., Osceola, Neb.:

Is there a free thought university in the United States? If so, where is it located, and what is its object and aim?

Not that we are aware of.

Cora Hull, Valley Falls, Kansas: Direct simply to "Postmaster," giving name of city and state. A stamp enclosed or better still a stamped envelope directed to yourself will be more likely to receive prompt attention.

E. T. K., Hutchinson, W, Va.:

Please inform me where I can get a book with the names of mill men and their address.

We do not know. It is possible that there is a directory of all mill-owners, but we think not.

H. F. G., West Hingham, Mass.:

Will you please let me know where I can obtain the book called "Elizabeth, the Exile of Siberia?"

Brown, Eager & Hull, Toledo, can send it to you.

Subscriber (no postoffice):

What must a young man, just of age, do to to vote next fall?

Unless your state has a registry law, there is nothing to do. Go to the polls, and vote; that is all.

N., Cincinnati, O.:

In what year did the first steamboat leave New York for Europe?

The first regular steamship trip across the Atlantic from New York was that of the Sirius, in 1838.

M., Creston, Iowa:

How can I get the report of the national department of Agriculture?

The publications of the various departments at Washington can be procured by addressing your member of Congress.

H., Lizton, Ind.:

1. Was Peter Cooper a Shaker? 2. What progress is being made about aluminum?

1. No. 2. It is now being manufactured at a cost of less than $1 per pound. Previous to the latest discoveries, it cost $10 per pound.

Enal, (no address).

Is there a factory in Cincinnati or Cleveland for the manufacture of rubber boots? Give its capacity and address.

First, we don't know, but we think not. Second, we could not give the address, for that would be advertising it, and we will not do that without pay.

J. R. H., Ducktown, Tenn.:

1. Where can I get Henry Wilson's speeches? 2. What offices has D. R. Locke held? 3. Who founded the BLADE?

1. Write to Brown, Eager & Hull, Toledo. 2. No elective office save alderman from his own ward in Toledo, which he now holds. 3. Hon. A. W. Fairbanks, in 1835.

M. C. L., Fort Monmouth, N. J.:

1. Have persons who have been beheaded shown consciousness? 2. I have been told that persons have spoken after being beheaded. Is this possible?

1. It has been alleged that such has been the case, but on no good authority. The severing of the spinal cord would produce instant insensibility of the brain, because of the nervous shock. 2. This is utterly impossible. Speech is impossible without air being forced from the lungs through the larynx, and with the head cut off this could not be done.

Miss H., Lowell, Kan.:

Will you please publish the two following poems in full: "Cover Them Over" and "The Faded Coat of Blue?" I have tried to obtain them many times and I cannot do it.

We have not the words. If any subscriber will forward them to the Camp Fire, they will be published in that department.

S., Stafford, Kan.:

Can you tell me where I can get a prayer book—Methodist preferred?

Any bookseller will sell you any kind of prayer-book that is published. The Methodist church has none. Probably you mean the "Book of Discipline" of that church. Brown, Eager & Hull, Toledo, will sell it to you.

H., Wrightstown, Wis.:

Will you please explain the difference between the Republican and the Democratic constitution?

We do not know what you mean. The Constitution of the United States is the same, no matter which party is in power. Do you mean the difference between the principles—the platforms—of the two parties?

Carter, Lagrange, Tenn.:

How much coin and paper money is in circulation in the United States?

According to the last report of the Comptroller of the Currency the approximate amount of money in the hands of the people is as follows: Gold $251,476,288; silver, $107,914,611; paper currency, $470,401,878; total, $829,792,777.

Reader, Pittsford, Mich.:

Can you tell me where the —— feed cutters are manufactured, or where I can obtain rawhide rollers for the same?

No, sir. To do so would be to advertise them free of charge, and we cannot do that. If they want to reach the readers of the BLADE, they must advertise in its columns. Read the rules at the head of this department.

Subscriber, Savannah, Mo.

I saw in the BLADE of November 11 a letter signed I. I. C., Summertown, Tenn. Will you please give me his address in full, as I have been thinking of going to Middle Tennessee to seek a home, and desire to get information from that quarter?

We are sorry to say that we cannot give addresses in this column. Real estate agents would take advantage of it to advertise without pay.

D., Bakersville, O.:

1. Who wrote the constitution of the United State? 2. What is meant by *habeas corpus?*

1. It was not written by any one person. It was prepared by a convention made up of delegates from the states. 2. *Habeas corpus* means, literally, "you may have the body." It is a writ, commanding that a person in prison shall be brought personally into court, and cause be shown for his imprisonment. If sufficient cause can not be shown, he is freed.

C. W., Taylorville, Ill.:

Who has the appointing of the Unieed States jurymen?

The marshal of each district.

C. C., Cambridge, O.:

1. Please give me the best instructions for becoming a rapid type-setter. 2. Would a representative have any influence in securing a compositor a situation in the state printing office or other offices?

1. Use no false motions; let the left hand, holding the stick, follow the right, so that the distance to bring the type will be the shortest possible. 2. Yes; but Ohio has no state printing office. The official work is let each year to to the lowest bidder.

Reader (no postoffice):

Please tell me the difference between an Indiana divorce and a divorce given in any other state.

Divorces are granted in Indiana for adultery, impotency, abandonment for two years, cruel and inhuman treatment, habitual drunkenness, failure of husband to make reasonable provision for his family for two years, conviction of an infamous crime. Some states enumerate more and some fewer grounds for divorce, and in Alabama and Maryland divorces can only be granted by the legislature; in all the other states they are made by authorized courts.

G., Hamilton, Dak.:

1. Please tell me what are some good works on tariff and labor. 2. Have two or three English firms control of the iron trade between Great Britain and this country? 3. That is, suppose twenty iron firms in England. Does each firm ship its own goods to this country, or do some larger firms or companies buy and monopolize it, or at least control the trade?

1. Write to Robert T. Porter, Secretary American Protective Tariff League, 23 West Twenty-third street, New York City. 2. No. 3. Each ships his own.

S., Hendricks, Pa.:

1. What is meant by saying that Clay was in the succession? 2. Who was called the "Irish rib?" 3. Who was the rider of the black horse at the battle of Saratoga?

1. That he was the most prominent man of the then dominant party for the Presidential nomination. 2. Don't know, unless the word rib is here used, as it often is, in a ludicrous sense, for "wife," in allusion to Eve's being created from one of Adam's ribs. It would then mean the "Irish wife." 3. Don't remember. If any reader knows, will be glad to publish answer.

M. and C., Rich Hill, Mo.:

1. Does the word "got" exist in the English language as a grammatical expression? 2. Can the verb "get" be declined in any other way than "get, got, got or gotten," and is it correct?

1. Yes. 2. A verb cannot be declined. The "principal parts" of the verb "get" are: present tense, get; past, got; perfect participle, got or gotten. Thus you can say, "The invalid gets tired easily," (present); "I got a letter yesterday," (past); "I have got (or have gotten) the paper you desired." Of course it is correct, when used properly. But why bother us with a question that any grammar can answer?

D. F. R., Camargo, Ills.:

1. When was Australia first colonized by the British? 2. When was platinum first discovered? 3. Please describe the National park of the United States.

1. The settlement of New South Wales was established in 1788, and from this act the other British Australian settlements have been planted. Tasmania assumed an independent existence in 1825, and Queensland in 1859. 2. It was discovered by an assayer of Jamaica in 1741. It is found in small quantities in California and Oregon. 3. The National park has been described but recently in these columns.

W., Albina, O.:

1. Can you tell us through your paper what proportion of the American people are farmers? 2. What portion of the farmers occupy and farm their own lands, and the proportion that farm rented lands? 3. Can you tell us the number of saloons each state and territory has and the probable amount of capital invested in them, and number of men employed by them, as compared with the number employed by the railroads of each state and territory?

1. Roughly speaking, one-half the population of the country lives by agriculture—including farming, fruit-growing, live stock raising, grazing, etc. 2.–3. There are no statistics to show.

J. G. T., Fawn, Kan.:

1. In Whittier's latest poem what is the meaning of *fleur de lis*, and how pronounced? 2. An Englishman asserts that there are a great many American goods that can be bought in England cheaper than in America, shoes being one of the articles. How is this? 3. Give some good method for keeping apples and potatoes over winter.

1. The *fleur de lis* (pronounced fleur de lee) is the golden lily of France, a heraldic device. 2. This is true of a few articles, which, by the aid of machinery invented in America, and improved methods of manufacture, we can make cheaper than they can in England. It is probably true of shoes. 3. Apply to the Farm department.

F. T., Canton, Kans., wants some one to show where any of the apostles ever received a salary for his preaching. It would be impossible in the space at our command to give the names of the different church denominations in the world. They may briefly be divided into the following general classes: Jews, Christians, Mohammedans, Brahminical Hindus, Parsees, and Buddhists, each of which has its various divisions, as, for instance, the Protestant part of christendom is divided into twelve sects, known in tee order of their numerical strength, as the Lutherans, Calvinists, Angelican church, Presbyterians, Baptists, Congregationalists, Methodists, Quakers, Swedenborgians, Moravians, Unitarians and Universalists, while the minor Christian sects are: Brethren, Campbellites, Charistian Chartists, Christian Disciples, Evangelical Union, Free Christian Brethren. Irvingites, Mormons and Sandemanians.

——Cremation seems to be on the increase, as new furnaces are being built in various parts of the country.

A Horrible Form

Of malarial disease is dumb ague. Constant drowsiness, sleep interrupted by a chill, succeeded by a consuming heat, and that by an exhausting sweat. A sensation as of numbness from cold, but no shaking attends it. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters invariably eradicates it, though it is the most obstinate form of miasma-born disease. To conquer it with quinine is as impossible as to batter down Gibraltar with a howitzer. Malarial disorders of every kind are attended with derangement of the liver, a fact evinced by the saffron tint which the skin assumes in such diseases. For this symptom, as well as for its cause, the Bitters is a certain remedy. Constipation, dyspepsia, rheumatism and inactivity of the kidneys and bladder, are also relieved by this fine alterative.

Wholesale Slaughter of Diseased Cattle.

CHICAGO, Nov. 18.—The live stock commissioners have promised to commence slaughtering the quarantined cattle to-day or to-morrow. They will first have the animals valued by three appraisers, who are to be sworn in for the purpose. The owners of the cattle at the distillery sheds have engaged the services of an attorney to present their claims against the state before the commissioners and the legislature. They claim loss on account of the cutting off of their traffic in milk, and for the cattle that have been lost because of compulsory association with the diseased animals.

Preachers Boycotting a Governor.

CONCORD, N. H., Nov. 20.—Gov. Currier's Thanksgiving proclamation is to be boycotted by the ministers throughout the state, because it makes no reference to the Supreme Being. His proclamation last year was also boycotted because it was not sufficiently religious in tone, and made no reference to the churches. The majority of the ministers have decided to observe Pres. Cleveland's proclamation on Thanksgiving day, instead of the governor's.

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Ten years ago my health began to fail. I was troubled with a distressing Cough, Night Sweats, Weakness, and Nervousness. I tried various remedies prescribed by different physicians, but became so weak that I could not go up stairs without stopping to rest. My friends recommended me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I did, and I am now as healthy and strong as ever.—Mrs. E. L. Williams, Alexandria, Minn.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, that it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease. I have also prescribed it as a tonic, as well as an alterative, and must say that I honestly believe it to be the best blood medicine ever compounded.—W. F. Fowler, M. D., D. D. S., Greenville, Tenn.

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It would be impossible for me to describe what I suffered from Indigestion and Headache up to the time I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was under the care of various physicians, and tried a great many kinds of medicines, but never obtained more than temporary relief. After taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for a short time, my headache disappeared, and my stomach performed its duties more perfectly. To-day my health is completely restored.—Mary Harley, Springfield, Mass.

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FROM PITTSBURG TO HEAVEN.

A Young Girl in a Trance Imagines Herself at the Golden Gates.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Nov. 18.—Maggie Beadling, the 17-year-old daughter of James Beadling, a coal-miner at Banksville, three miles from this city, has awakened from a so-called trance which lasted for 26 months, with only two lucid intervals, when the spell was broken. Miss Beadling to-night related her sensations and experience as follows:

When I first lost consciousness it was perfect darkness. I could not see, hear, or feel anything. How long this darkness lasted I cannot remember, but sudddenly it vanished, and in the brightness that followed I saw the forms of two angels, who carried me up on their wings. When we came to the bank of the river they put me down and said, "This is a life-boat." As soon as we stepped into the boat it commenced to move. No one was pushing or pulling it, and there were no oars or anything connected with it. The river was smooth and clear. When we reached the other side the Savior was standing on the shore. We followed Him up a narrow path till we reached the gates of Heaven. I was not allowed to enter the gates, but could see all that was inside. All the angels were in white, had beautiful long wings, and each one had a crown upon the head. The ones I knew looked just like they did on earth. I heard the most beautiful music of harps and voices. I cannot describe the beauties of heaven. It was so happy and bright. I can't tell you what God is like. I was told never to reveal certain things that were shown me. The Lord told me when I came back to earth to tell all the people that my visit to Heaven was the most wonderful miracle he ever performed. He told me I was to write what I had seen and publish a book so the world could know the wonders of heaven. The book is not to be sold to make money. I am to do this in return for what the Lord did for me.

"Would you object to telling of your return to earth?" was asked of the young woman.

"No, I am forbidden to say anything about that," she answered.

"How long were you in this place you call Heaven?"

"It seemed a very short time. I couldn't tell how long."

"Do you mean to say that all the time you were in the trance you couldn't see or hear anything going on around you?"

"Yes, sir, I do. I knew nothing of things on earth. How could I when I was not here?" she asked, then added: "This is all I can tell you."

Miss Beadling seems to be in good health, though somewhat emaciated and expresses a desire to return to Heaven.

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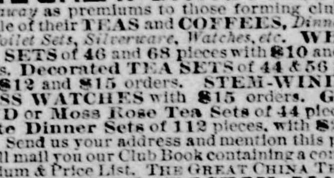

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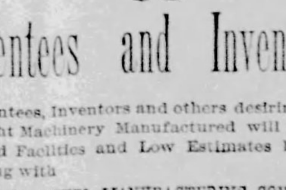

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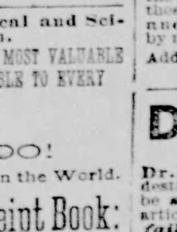

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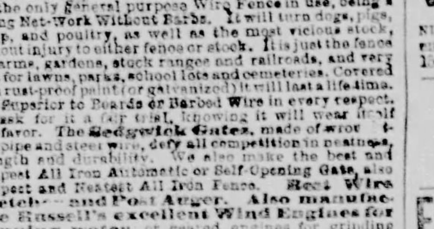
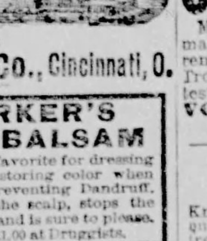


Is the only general purpose Wire Fence in use, being a Strong Net-Work Without Barbs. It will turn dogs, pigs, sheep, and poultry, as well as the most vicious stock, without injury to either fence or stock. It is just the fence for farms, gardens, stock ranges and railroads, and very neat for lawns, parks, school lots and cemeteries. Covered with rust-proof paint (or galvanized) it will last a life time. It is Superior to Boards or Barbed Wire in every respect. We ask for it a fair trial, knowing it will wear itself into favor. The Sedgwick Gates, made of wrought iron pipe and steel wire, defy all competition in neatness, strength and durability. We also make the best and cheapest All Iron Automatic or Self-Opening Gate, also Cheapest and Neatest All Iron Fence. Best Wire Stretcher and Post Auger. Also manufacture Russell's excellent Wind Engines for pumping water, or geared engines for grinding and other light work. For prices and particulars ask hardware dealers, or address, mentioning paper, SEDGWICK BROS. Mf'rs, Richmond, Ind.

GEM OF THE SOUTH FARM MILL THE BEST for CORN and FEED GRINDING IN THE WORLD. GENUINE French Buhr Stones. Can be operated by any farmer. Three sizes, from 2 to 8 Horse Power. Suitable to any Power. Satisfaction guaranteed. Prices low. Descriptive Circular FREE. Mention this paper. Address STRAUB MACHINERY CO., Cincinnati, O.



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DRUNKENNESS Instantly Cured. Dr. Haines' GOLDEN SPECIFIC instantly destroys all appetite for alcoholic liquors. It can be secretly administered in coffee, tea or any article of food, even in liquor itself, with never-failing results. Thousands have been cured, who to-day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. Endorsed by everybody but saloon-keepers. Address in confidence, GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race St., Cincinnati, O.

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CONSUMPTION. I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

MANHOOD RESTORED. A victim of youthful imprudence causing Premature Decay, Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple self-cure, which he will send FREE to his fellow sufferers. Address, C. J. MASON, P. O. Box 3179, New York City.

PENNYROYAL PILLS "CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH." The Original and Only Genuine. Safe and always Reliable. Beware of worthless Imitations. Indispensable to LADIES. Ask your Druggist for "Chichester's English" and take no other, or inclose 4c. (stamps) to us for particulars in letter by return mail. NAME PAPER. Chichester Chemical Co., 2818 Madison Square, Philada., Pa. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Ask for "Chichester's English" Pennyroyal Pills. Take no other.

IS THIS WHAT AILS YOU?

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Do you feel generally miserable, or suffer with a thousand and one indescribable bad feelings, both mental and physical? Among them low spirits, nervousness, weariness, lifelessness, weakness, dizziness, feelings of fullness or bloating after eating, or sense of "goneness" or emptiness of stomach in morning, flesh soft and lacking firmness, headache, blurring of eyesight, speck floating before the eyes, nervous irritability, poor memory, chilliness, alternating with hot flushes, lassitude, throbbing, gurgling or rumbling sensations in bowels, with heat and nipping pains occasionally, palpitation of heart, short breath on exertion, slow circulation of blood, cold feet, pain and oppression in chest and back, pain around the loins, aching and weariness of the lower limbs, drowsiness after meals, but nervous wakefulness at night, languor in the morning and a constant feeling of dread, as if something awful was about to happen.

If you have any or all of these symptoms, send 36 cents to GEO. N. STODDARD, druggist, 1220 Niagara Street, Buffalo, N. Y., who will send you, postpaid, some simple and harmless powders, pleasant to take, and easy directions, which, if you follow, will positively and effectually cure in from one to three weeks' time, no matter how bad you may be. Few have suffered from these causes more than I, and fewer still, at my age (47), are in more perfect health than I am now. The same means will cure you.

The Cincinnati CHRISTIAN STANDARD says: "We have seen testimonials from sufferers, and they all verify the goods results obtained from his simple remedies. We know Mr. Stoddard personally, and can vouch for the truthfulness of his statements. He has been in business in Buffalo for eighteen years, always doing just as he agreed to. Our readers need have no hesitancy in sending him money."

THE CHRISTIAN AT WORK, New York, says: "We are personally acquainted with Mr. Stoddard, and know that any communication to him will receive prompt attention."

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CATARRH cured. Trial package free. CHICAGO MEDICAL ASS'N, Chicago, Ill.

DYSPEPSIA.—Its causes and cure, sent free. By J. H. McAlvin, Lowell, Mass., 14 yrs. City Treas.

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Dr. LaFIEUS' FRENCH MOUSTACHE VIGOR Grows a beard on the smoothest face in 20 days or money refunded. Never fails. Sent on receipt of 50c stamps or silver; 3 packages for $1. Beware of cheap imitations; have no other genuine. Send for circular. Address, T. W. SAXE, box 22, Warsaw, Ind. U. S. A.

NO MORE CATARRH. The Great German Remedy is a positive cure. Free sample package and Book for 10 cents in stamps. E. H. MEDICAL CO., East Hampton, Conn.

FRINK'S RUPTURE REMEDY will quickly cure any case of hernia or rupture. Explanation and testimonials free. Address O. FRINK, 234 Broadway, New York.

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MORPHINE-OPIUM Habit Painlessly Cured at Home. Treatment sent on trial and NO PAY asked until you are benefited. Terms Low. Humane Remedy Co., LaFayette, Ind.

HEALTH RESTORED. Nervous Debility, Early Decay, Loss of Manhood, Wasting Weakness, Failing Body, Mind, &c., quickly and permanently cured. Our brochure containing full information of a remedy which will restore perfect health sent sealed by mail FREE to all afflicted. Address The Clarke Medical Co., East Haddam, Conn.

WEAK MEN! SUFFERING FROM NERVOUS DEBILITY, early decay, loss of vital weakness of body and mind, &c. will send you a valuable treatise for certain restoration to health and manhood FREE of charge; a reliable home cure. Send your address to Greville Remedy, 141 Broadway, N.Y.

TO WEAK MEN suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, lost manhood, etc. I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure, free of charge. Address Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

WANTED MEN NIGHT EMISSIONS quickly and permanently cured. Description of INSTRUMENT, (WORN NIGHTS,) and method of cure sent free in plain sealed envelope. Send stamp to DR. JAMES WILSON, Box 156, Cleveland, Ohio. Mention this paper.

LOST VIGOR Exhausted Vitality, Nervous Debility, and Weaknesses in Men, resulting from Excesses, cured without Stomach Medication by the Marston Bolus. Sealed Book sent for 2 stamps. Marston Remedy Co., 19 Park Place, New York.

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TARRANT'S EXTRACT OF CUBEBS AND COPAIBA Is an old, tried remedy for gonorrhea, gleet and all diseases of the urinary organs. Its neat, portable form, freedom from taste and speedy action (it frequently cures in 3 or 4 days and always in less time than any other preparation), make "Tarrant's Extract" the most desirable remedy ever manufactured. To prevent fraud, see that each package has a red strip across the face of label, with the signature of TARRANT & CO., N.Y., upon it. Price, $1.00. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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A Book that every father should place in his son's hands and read himself with the utmost care. Gives all the symptoms and terrible results of Disease due to Early Vice and Ignorance. Husbands and Heads of Families need it. Testimonials from eminent London Doctors. (Prof. Jean Civiale.) (Of Paris France.) FRENCH HOSPITAL TREATMENT For Drains, Decay, Weakness, Lost Vitality, Etc. Send only sealed. Free Consultation. From 9 A. M., to 5 P. M. CIVIALE AGENCY, 174 Fulton St., New York.

The Old Doctor NERVOUS DEBILITY MALE or FEMALE WEAKNESS AND DECAY. A life experience. Remarkable and quick cures. Trial packages. Consultation and Books by mail FREE. Address Dr. WARD & CO., LOUISIANA, MO.

Electric Belt Free To introduce it and obtain agents we will for the next sixty days give away, free of charge, in each county in the U. S. a limited number of our German Electro Galvanic Suspensory Belts, Price $5; a positive and unfailing cure for Nervous Debility, Varicocele, Emissions, Impotency &c. $500.00 Reward paid if every Belt we manufacture does not generate a genuine electric current. Address at once ELECTRIC BELT AGENCY, P. O. Box 178, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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TO THE FRIENDS OF THE BLADE.

We call especial attention to the advertisement on the fifth page announcing the giving away, this winter, of something over $2,000 in premiums for raising clubs for the WEEKLY BLADE. No more liberal offer was ever made by any newspaper, and it should result in an enormous increase in the circulation of the BLADE—the Old Reliable Family Newspaper. Some one is going to get a $650 Piano, somebody is going to get a first-class Cabinet Organ, some one will get a first-class Singer Sewing Machine, and scores will receive other premiums, every one of which is of positive value. In addition to these extra premiums, every one who interests him, or her, self in the matter gets very liberal pay for what they do, whether they secure a premium or not.

Now what you want to do is to get our terms to agents, and get to work. Those who already have them, should commence on receipt of this number of the paper.

The awards of these extra Premiums will be made May first. The field is open to everybody, men, women and children, and the rewards are rich. A $650 Piano is not picked up every day, nor is any other of the beautiful articles we propose to give away. Begin your work now.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THERE was, during the past week, a gain in activity, though not a very large one. The dry goods trade has been somewhat sluggish, but the iron and steel trade has suffered no diminution of volume; there is greater activity than at any time during the past season, and prices are proportionately firmer. The demand for wheat at the Minnesota mills is greater than supply, and flour is selling well, with stiffening prices. The strike which has just been ended at Chicago did not attract the wide attention which it would have done a year ago, thus indicating a general improvement in business and industrial prosperity. The money market shows little change, and but a moderate amount seems to be available for time loans. Gold continues to arrive from Europe in moderate sums. Unemployed funds are no longer a burden to the banks, rates are well maintained and the whole market is steady.

HENRY CLEWS & Co.'s circular of November 19, makes an interesting prediction regarding the wheat market—that confidence and courage will soon be inspired in it, similar to that now existing in American stocks; that wheat has seen its lowest price, and that "it is but a question of but a few days when it must respond to the condition of our national prosperity."

THE number of failures reported during the past week for the United States and Canada is 242, against 231 last week and 180 the previous week, the increase being chiefly in the West and South.

THOSE who know Sec. MANNING's condition believe that he will finally resign his position at the head of the Treasury at no very distant date. It is thought that he desires to finish his annual report, and perhaps get through the short session of Congress, but he has never regained the good health he enjoyed before his illness, and his present condition is far from robust. Even the President's desire to keep his cabinet intact to the end of his term will hardly prevent his resignation.

WE present to-day a concise summary of the very lengthy annual report of the Postmaster General, giving every point of interest.

CERTAIN idiotic Anglomaniacs of New York city, toadies by birth and servile fools by nature, have started a movement looking to the celebration in this country of the fiftieth anniversary of Queen VICTORIA's accession to the throne. "It's English, you know!"

WE are glad to be able to commend one feature that is strongly urged by Sec. BAYARD in his forthcoming annual report—that the salaries of all commercial agents and consuls which do not exceed $1,000 shall be raised to $2,000, and that all fees collected shall be turned into the treasury. He desires to fill these offices with American citizens instead of resident foreigners, as he has been obliged to do in many cases on account of the smallness of the salary.

MENIFEE county, Kentucky, comes to the front with a political outrage worthy of the palmy days of the Ku-Klux Klan. Rev. LEWIS HUGHES, an old and highly respected resident of that county, voted the Republican ticket on November 2—the first vote he ever cast for that party. On its becoming known, a gang of Bourbon brutes went to his house and, although he was in bed sick at the time, tied him so he could not offer any resistance, and beat him with hickory switches till life seemed extinct. Before leaving one of the members of the party came into the house and beat the victim with a hand-spike, breaking his jawbone, fracturing his skull, and treating him in a most barbarous manner.

THE report of Third Assistant Postmaster General HAZEN says that the number of letters sent annually has largely increased, and that two cent postage has about crowded out the unsealed circular. The postal card is likewise falling into disuse. In 1883, when two cent postage was introduced, 380,000,000 cards were used; in 1885, the number had dropped to 360,-000,000.

THE actual value of the silver in the standard dollar, at the present rate for silver—46 11-16 pence per ounce in London—is 77.76 cents.

THE first Confederate monument ever erected on the field of Gettysburg, was placed in position on the 6th inst. It is of Richmond granite, and marks the position of the Second Maryland Infantry, which was stationed at the foot of Culp's hill, on the Confederate left, and which also participated in the famous charge made on the Federal troops stationed on Culp's hill on the fateful evening of July 2, 1863. The monument will be dedicated on November 19.

THE present House of Representatives is felt to be a "hopeless case" by the friends of labor who desire legislation in the interests of the wage-workers, because there are so many free traders in it—men, too, who will be relegated to private life after the close of the coming session. It is intimated that, therefore, an attempt is being made to induce Pres. CLEVELAND to call an extra session of the Fiftieth Congress as soon after March 4 next as possible. They say that both trades' unions and the Knights of Labor are interested in the plan, and that its object will be the passage of important labor legislation.

ON Sunday, at Fairview, Ky., the dedicatory services of Bethel Baptist church were held. This new church edifice is erected upon the spot whereon stood the house in which JEFF DAVIS was born, nearly 79 years ago. That venerable arch traitor was present, and in a short speech tendered the building to the congregation for "the worship of the Triune God." The dedicatory sermon was delivered by Rev. C. H. STRICKLAND, D. D., of Nashville. That portion of the church property which belonged to DAVIS was presented by him to the congregation, as was also a solid silver communion service.

THE official vote of California shows several odd features. While BARTLETT, the Democratic candidate for governor, is elected by 632 plurality, and the Democrats will control the new legislature by ten majority on joint ballot, the Republicans have, nevertheless, chosen four of the six members of Congress.

THE recount of ballots in New Jersey gives a legislature composed of 39 Republicans, 39 Democrats and 2 labor representatives. The Senatorial struggle promises to be very lively this winter.

CONGRESS meets one week from next Monday, and the members are already gathering at Washington.

THE anti-saloon Republicans of New York will hold a two days' state convention on November 30 and 31.

HAD Mr. ARTHUR been the nominee of his party, and been elected (as many of his friends believe he would have been), there would have been a change in the Presidential office, and another Vice President would have been added to the list of those who have succeeded to supreme honors.

OF the present House, 119 members, or more than one-third, will not have seats in the next. Of the new members who will sit in the Fiftieth Congress 81 are Democrats and 38 Republicans. The committee on Rivers and Harbors loses its chairman and six of its members. The other important committees also lose largely.

THERE is a Representative-elect to the Fiftieth Congress from California, named BIGGS, who is said to have pledged himself to work for a pension for JEFF DAVIS. He is big by name, but he will have to be very much bigger to accomplish such a task as that.

NINETY-TWO fourth class postoffices have been abolished because there were no candidates for postmasters.

CHOLERA has broken out in Buenos Ayres, South America, This seems to be a new center of infection, and it may be well for the United States to take early measures to prevent the disease reaching our ports.

COMMODORE BENHAM, of the Third Lighthouse district, has been ordered to take steps for the lighting of the Bartholdi statue as soon as possible.

R. B. HAYES is now the only living ex-President of the United States.

GEN. KAULBARS has been recalled from Bulgaria, and all of the Russian consuls in that country and in Eastern Roumelia were ordered to leave last week. It is declared officially that the cause of this action upon the part of the Russian government was the continued insults to Russian subjects and persons under Russian protection, and that even after the notification to the Bulgarian minister of Foreign Affairs that this step would be taken if any further ourage occurred, a Russia cavass was maltreated at Philipopolis, being finally brought to the Russian consulate insensible. Satisfaction was refused, and the threat previously made was carried out. It is not likely, however, that Russia considers that she has in any way relinquished her rights in Bulgaria, but she has now placed herself where she can have a pretext for occupying Bulgaria by force if she should deem it a politic thing to do. What will be her next step remains to be seen. Meanwhile Gen. KAULBARS has placed the Russian subjects remaining in Bulgaria under the protection of the French consuls.

THE withdrawal of Gen. KAULBARS leaves nothing to prevent an early assembling of the conference for the purpose of fixing a candidate for the Bulgarian throne, to establish harmony, and maintain the lines of the Berlin treaty. It is understood that negotiations have been opened with the King of Denmark to ascertain his precise objections to the acceptance of the throne by his son Prince WALDEMAR. The project is said to have been not exactly unacceptable, but inopportune, that the Czar informed him that his going was only delayed for certain reasons, but would be approved after a time. The putting forward of Prince NICHOLAS of Mingrelia, is only a blind, as it is well known that he would not be accepted either by the Bulgarians or the Powers. As things look now, it is quite possible that WALDEMAR will finally be the successor of ALEXANDER.

TROUBLE is brewing again in Ireland, as has been predicted for November. A serious matter concerns the employment of the military for evictions. The sheriffs and police have been beaten off several times a week, and the Loyalists are now demanding that the law shall be carried through. This places the Government in a serious dilemma, since bad landlords are demanding protection as well as the good ones, and the result will probably be a vigorous growth of the no-rent policy. As a whole, however, the Conservative Ministry has made a very good record and that the Tories are confident of their ground is made evident by the ostentatious dispensing with the services of Sir ROBERT HAMILTON, the Under Secretary, who was a strong supporter of Mr. GLADSTONE.

A SIGNIFICANT token of coming political activity in Great Britain is Mr. GLADSTONE's acquiescence in the movement for church disestablishment in Wales. A year ago he discouraged any movement of this kind in England and Scotland, upon the ground that it was premature, and his refusal to allow it a place in the canvass brought the Liberal party in the lead. Now, however, he approves of it in Wales in a modified form, and doubtless, will go a step farther next year in regard to Scotland. His object is, no doubt, to give the country new issues to think of, and to sweep away the strong lines of separation between the Liberals and the Liberal-Unionists. If the Irish question remains the principal and only radical measure urged by the Liberal party its influence will be greatly weakened, and no one understands this better than MR. GLADSTONE.

THE announcement by Count KALNOKY that a minister was to be appointed from this country to Austria is declared to be premature by a prominent official of the State department.

CREMATION has been legalized in New South Wales by an act of the legislature, and crematories are to be established, under certain conditions.

A GREAT ice cavern is reported to have been discovered on the southern slope of the Dachstein, a lofty mountain in lower Austria.

THE German police raided a secret meeting of socialists at Frankfort on the 15th inst., and seized documents and lists of members.

THE MADDENING RUM-THIRST—A LIFE RUINED.

There is not a day in which the telegraphic columns of the daily press do not contain cases of murder and other crimes, of which Rum is the exciting cause. These lamentable examples are so common that they hardly excite remark. But there was one case of attempted murder in Brooklyn, N. Y., a few days ago, that perforce arrested the attention of every reader. The brief facts of the telegraphic account were these:

On Sunday evening, November 14, the night clerk of a Brooklyn drug store was aroused, after midnight, by some one at the door. He arose from bed and went to attend to the call. The man demanding admittance was Dr. EDWARD BLAKENY. He made a savage assault upon the clerk with a knife, inflicting a severe wound, and, leaving the young man senseless and bleeding upon the floor—dead, as he supposed—he rushed to the rear of the store, with whose internal arrangements he was familiar, and seizing a jug of whisky kept there for medical uses, drank nearly a quart of the infernal fluid. Hugging the vessel in his arms, he staggered forth into the night, drinking as he went, and wandered about the streets in his stocking feet. A policeman, seeing the door open, entered and found the wounded clerk upon the floor. The young man was taken to the hospital, where he related the circumstances. BLAKENY was found lying in the street, dead drunk, and battered and bruised by falling upon the stones. He was taken to prison, where he is held on a charge of attempted murder, upon which he will be tried as soon as his intended victim recovers sufficiently to appear against him.

The life story of Dr. BLAKENY is one that can be studied with profit by every one, especially by every young man. Some years ago he came from Europe to Brooklyn, a poor young man, but with talent and energy. So great was his skill that he rapidly secured an enviable reputation in his profession. The road to wealth was open to him, for he speedily secured a lucrative practice. His personal qualities were such as to command public confidence, and to gather about him a wide circle of friends. No man, starting out in life, ever conquered more rapidly the obstacles in his way, and reached more quickly the straight road to fame and fortune.

But he was one of those men who "occasionally take a drink." He took a glass of wine to refresh himself after a difficult operation, or a laborious round of visits. He drank with his friends, out of conviviality. It was all in good fellowship; the wine stimulated his faculties, and gave vivid expression to his brilliant conversation. He had hosts of friends; men were proud to be numbered among the intimates of the rising and talented young physician. So it went on—not long in actual space of time—until the drink habit was fastened upon him; that raging, burning, horrible thirst for Rum, which has drawn uncounted thousands down to death, which is the nearest human realization of the pangs of eternal damnation, became his master.

Rum soon began "at times to get the better of Dr. BLAKENY;" that is, in plain English, he got drunk at intervals—intervals which steadily shortened their duration, and the drunken fits rapidly became more frequent. Then the kindest offices of considerate and hopeful friends were enlisted to rescue him as he tottered amid the ruins of his own manhood. The leading medical practitioners of the city of Brooklyn could testify how often they have taken him by the hand when he was prostrated, both literally and metaphorically, and raised him to his feet, surrounding him with kindness, seeking to aid him with counsel, bearing with his follies and mania, and not shrinking even from his degradation, in the hope of rehabilitating him. At times he gave signs that such consideration was not lost. He would suspend his orgies, sincerely try to reform his habits and give promise of redemption, or at least of amendment.

But when the Rum fiend has his clutches upon a man he does not tamely yield up his dominion. Apparently in the very tide of a successful rehabilitation of his life, Dr. BLAKENY would secretly yield to the irresistible cravings of that damning thirst, even while pledging himself to reform and proclaiming his salvation from Rum. Then the treacherous and abominable influences, from which he would not or could not release himself, would drag him down to their level, and in a day the work of months would vanish in a terrific debauch. Home, hope, employment and self-respect were swallowed up in the maelstrom of appetite. The intoxicants which were at first an incident, then a tonic, then a necessary motive power to his mind, became his master and he their abject slave. Lower and lower in the scale he sunk until his reeling form on the streets of Brooklyn daily excited the pity of the gentle and the ribaldry of the vile.

What days were not spent in Rum-holes were spent in jails. What nights were not passed on ash heaps, under carts or in alley-ways were passed in station-houses. The friends of other and better days had exhausted the resources of appeal, aid and remonstrance, only to be cursed by him in his insensate fury, and the dregs of society drew back from him as he settled down to a condition below even them. The biography of his life became but a record of commitments and recommitments to jail, and his kindred asked of the world only the one kindness of forgetting the sundered ties that had bound him to them, ties which in his furious passage downward he had snapped forever.

The telegraphic report summarized at the beginning of this article marks the depth to which Dr. BLAKENY has fallen, and shows the terrible mastery which the drink habit has over humanity. An outcast, without home or friends or money, spurned by the keepers of the Rum-holes because he could not pay for their vile liquors, he attempted deliberately to commit murder in order to obtain more of the infernal stuff to which he owes his downfall. The officers of the law who sought him found him in a drunken stupor. He had satisfied the insatiate demands of his thirst by crime. He had found forgetfulness in drink. He was a spectacle horrible to behold, the ruins of a body and a soul, but his craving had been appeased and he had drowned the fires of hell within him for the time. As to reach a capacity for the crime that he had committed, he had before destroyed every vestige of manhood, sacrificing self, family, friendships and all the fair chances and gentle aids and holy hopes of life, so murder seemed but a trivial incident to him in the path he resolved to hew between the bottle and his desire. The skill he was once so swift and effective to exert, others must exercise to save the life of his victim. The law again holds him in its grasp; not this time merely as a helpless and hapless drunkard, but as a criminal attempting murder to achieve Rum.

Gaze backward over that ruined life. The depth to which Dr. BLAKENY has fallen is terrible, measured from the social and professional height of his starting point, but he traversed it quickly. It took him very few years, but his downward progress was by logical and progressive steps. His path is strewn with shames and disasters and memories of lost and perished hopes. The one compensation which it yields is the record of the efforts of friends and kindred to reclaim him. Though the efforts have failed, they attest the fact that all was done for him that love and kindness, patience, faith and forbearance could do, albeit in vain. The band of honorable physicians who tried to save Dr. BLAKENY have no reproachful memory of an attempt neglected, to nettle their sorrow over his fall. They can pity him; they can magnanimously overlook the abuse with which he has repaid kindness; they can do and will do what they can to care for those whom he has cast off; but him they must leave to the law, in the hope that the sentence his crime must earn and which he must expiate may at least mark a period in which he can be saved from himself.

The path he has travelled has been trod before by myriads, and to-day there are thousands and tens of thousands taking the first steps in that road to poverty, misery, ruin and despair. Is there no help for mankind? Shall the gates that lead to death stand yawning forever, that the unheeding multitudes may cross the threshold without let or hindrance? Is there no remedy by which the state can save her young men, the future hope of the nation, from the danger of a living death like the life-picture given above?

There is but one remedy: it is, to prohibit the manufacture and sale of these liquid poisons. A man will never fall a victim to that awful thirst, which like the horse leech's daughters, eternally cries, "Give, give!" if the saloons, those breathing-holes of hell, are closed by the strong hand of the law. Such cases as that of Dr. BLAKENY but emphasize the need of Prohibition. Every man who has a son should be willing, if he has one spark of parental love, after reading the story of this talented man's downfall, to join heart and hand in the mighty effort to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

OUR GREAT PREMIUMS.

There is going to be sharp competition for our premiums. Every mail brings us notices of intending competitors who send long lists of names to whom to send specimens to help them in their work. It is not singular, for these premiums were never equalled by any newspaper. Just think of it. A piano, a cabinet organ, sewing machines, and other articles of value. Compete for these premiums. If you don't win one you still get better pay for your work than you can in any other way, for whether you secure a premium or not you get your commission all the same.

MORAL LEPROSY.

The divorce suits now pending in London between Sir COLIN CAMPBELL and his wife will shake English society to its foundations if they are ever allowed to come to trial. Lady CAMPBELL's petition alleges adultery with her own maid as cause for the divorce she asks; while her husband alleges the same cause, and names the Duke of MARLBOROUGH, Capt. SHAW, Col. BUTLER, Dr. BIRD, and others, as co-respondents. The list of witnesses is very large, and embraces the Duke of ARGYLL, the Marquis of LORNE, (the Queen's son-in-law), and scores of other distinguished people.

The allegations as to misconduct are revolting in the extreme, and form a fitting pendant for the disgusting revelations of unchastity made by the *Pall Mall Gazette* a year or more since. If we are to judge of the morals of England from these and other revelations of the divorce courts during the past few years, the English people must be sinking into a state of immorality as terrible as was that of the decadence of the Roman Empire. In fact, all civilizations of the past have shown a descent into this sort of infamy during their decay. Assyria, Babylonia, Egypt, Greece, Rome, each grew great and wealthy; wealth led to self-indulgence, and the people, lapped in silken luxury, descended to the lowest moral depths. The foundations of the nation were sapped, and ruin came. It is not too much to say that England is following the same road to degradation and downfall—though we should be inclined to say that with her the path she is traveling will take her through a revolution like that of France a century ago. The nation will be born again, instead of being destroyed.

But how is it with ourselves? "Westward the star of empire takes its way," wrote Bishop BERKELEY some two centuries ago, and we are experiencing the truth of the saying. But in the track of empire follows decay and ruin. Is it coming to England—shall it reach us next? There are signs in our social relations that are portentous. The statement was frequently made, when the civilized world was shocked at the revelations of English social depravity made by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that New York and other of our large cities were just as bad in this respect as London. The leprosy of immorality is spreading as our people grow in wealth. Here is a field that can only be reached by the churches. Will they be equal to the task of checking the spread of this moral plague, and of cleansing the infected portions of our social fabric?

SPECIMEN COPIES.

Send us, please, the name and address of every friend you have in the world, to whom we may send specimen copies of the WEEKLEY BLADE. It makes no difference where they are located, north, south, east or west, for the BLADE circulates in every state and territory, and, by the way it is the only paper that does. Send in the names and do your friends a favor. You can get a great many addresses on a postal card.

A SUGGESTIVE COMPARISON.

Among the regular issues of consular reports by the government is one devoted to the subject of labor in foreign countries. From its showings is made up the following table, giving the rate of wages in various industries in Great Britain, which are compared with the ruling rate of wages for the same labor in New York and Chicago—the latter column being prepared by the Chicago *Tribune*. It is well worth study on the part of our American workingmen:

	England and Wales.	New York.	Chicago.
Bricklayers	$7 56	$20 00	$24 00
Hodcarriers	4 94	11 00	10 50
Masons	7 68	18 00	24 00
Carpenters	7 66	14 00	16 50
Brickmakers	7 00	10 00	17 40
Butchers	5 50	8 00	16 50
Cigarmakers	6 07	11 15	18 00
Coopers	7 50	12 00	12 00
Street Railways	6 09	11 00	13 50
Printers	7 17	13 00	18 00
Laborers	4 70	9 00	10 50

There could be no clearer proof that the effect of protection in the United States is to keep wages all along the labor line up to a much higher standard than that prevailing in Great Britain. Nearly all of the occupations enumerated are outside of protected industries; but their wages are kept up to a corresponding level. Break down the tariff, and the rate of wages must necessarily fall for the men engaged in such industries, and that fall will extend to all other kinds of labor.

Another fact that will bear serious thought is that the difference in the mode of living is as wide as that in the rate of wages. The industrious workingman of America has far better food and in greater variety; better clothing, better houses, more furniture and home comforts, than has his English brother. We commend the table to the intelligent consideration of every friend of labor.

THE Southern Democratic newspaper press is filled with alarm at the prospect of having Virginia, West Virginia, and North Carolina join the Republican column in 1888. The Augusta, Georgia, *Chronicle* says:

> Virginia, West Virginia and North Carolina appear to be in a very shaky condition from a Democratic standpoint. This rude reminder may be sufficient to warn the party that there is danger ahead in 1888.

OUR INTERNAL REVENUE SYSTEM.

Commissioner MILLER, the head of the Internal Revenue bureau, in his annual report, gives facts and figures that are more than usually suggestive at this time. We reproduce the figures of his totals:

The total receipts from all sources for the year ended June 30 were $116,902,-869 against $112,421,121 in 1885, and the indications point to an increase in the collections during the current year. The aggregate amount of taxes collected from tobacco was $27,907,362. There was an increase in the number of cigars and cigarettes manufactured of 433,507,247, and in manufactured tobacco of 10,798,266 pounds.

The number of distilleries registered during the year was 6,242, and the number operated 6,034, and of these 5,075 were fruit distilleries. The total spirit producing capacity of grain and molasses distilleries in operation September 1, 1886, was 188,747 gallons per day against 282,-828 a day September 1, 1880, showing certainly a large falling off in manufacture. This falling off, which will be welcomed by temperance men as an encouraging sign of progress, is further evidence by the fact that the quantity of grain used in the production of spirits during the war was 19,195,332 bushels, or 2,005,861 bushels less than the average for the last nine years. The quantity of distilled spirits in the United States, October 1, 1886, except that in bonded warehouses, is 98,936,651 gallons.

This internal revenue tax law has always been a somewhat unpopular measure. When it extended to incomes, a stamp tax on legal instruments, proprietary articles, etc., it was intolerably vexatious, and nothing but the exigencies of the situation, when money to carry on the war was a prime necessity, could have reconciled the people to it. The system requires a governmental inquisitiveness into the details of private business which is necessarily obnoxious to the parties concerned. It has bred a spy system, and the greater number of scandals involving federal officials have been in connection with the internal revenue machinery—as witness the St. Louis whisky ring frauds, and others.

The question arises, would it not be better to abolish this tax, and the costly machinery for its collection, with the swarm of subordinates in places where the temptations to fraud are great, and at salaries which are not large enough to remove them from all indifference to the seductive influences of a private precuniary share in the results of frauds at which they can connive? This is a debatable query, and there are strong arguments on both sides. In the face of the fact that at the present rate of paying off the debt, the "call" three per cents. will all be exhausted within the next year, and that there are no other bonds subject to call for several years, the abolition of this tax has been suggested as a ready means of preventing the accummulation of a surplus in the treasury, and this matter will undoubtedly be one which will receive the attention of Congress.

RENEW YOUR SUBSCRIPTIONS.

At this time of the year there are a large number of subscriptions expiring. Please renew in time to prevent loss of numbers. A complete file of the BLADE will be worth large money ten years from now, and beside saves us a great deal of expense and trouble. We especially ask those who came on for a trial trip during the summer, whose three months are about out, to renew for a year and secure the best paper in the world. Renew in time, and don't wait till your subscription has expired.

ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN'S VIEWS ON HENRY GEORGE.

On last Sunday the pastoral letter of the venerable Archbishop CORRIGAN was read from the pulpits of all the Catholic churches of New York city. A portion of the document discussed the doctrine of HENRY GEORGE, that land should bear the entire burden of taxation, and expresses such reasonable views that we reproduce the extract:

> Undoubtedly God made the earth for the use of all mankind; but whether the possession thereof was to be in common, or by individual ownership, was left for reason to determine. Such determination—judging from the facts of history, the sanction of law, from the teaching of the wisest and the actions of the best and bravest of mankind—has been, and is, that man can, by lawful acts, become possessed of the right of ownership in property, and not merely in its use. The reason is because a man is strictly entitled to that of what he is the producing cause, to the improvement he brings about in it, and the enjoyment of both. But it is clear that in a farm, for instance, which one has by patient toil improved in value, in a block of marble, out of which one has chiselled a perfect statue, he cannot fully enjoy the improvement he has caused unless he has also the right to own the subject thus improved. He has a strict right—and evil are the laws and systems which ignore it—either to ownership and enjoyment, or to a full compensation for the improvement which is his.

A SPECIAL has been sent to a number of Northern papers from Sharon, Georgia, regarding the discovery of a wonderful pit of miry clay near that place, which, it is alleged, will cure instantly all cases of rheumatism. A number of cases are detailed in which persons who have been victims to chronic rheumatism for years—so severely afflicted, in fact, that they used crutches or were bed-ridden—had their affected limbs smeared over with the wonderful mud, and forthwith were able to walk at once. Unfortunately for humanity, these stories at once stamp the story as a falsehood. When a person is crippled from rheumatism, as these people are said to have been, the affected muscles and tendons have undergone changes which are often permanent, or which it would take a long period for the natural processes of nutrition in the body to restore to their normal size, were the disease utterly removed. It would be just as credible had the writer said that a well man, on bathing his right arm in the mud, found it to have been lengthened two inches. It is cruel to impose such idle tales upon the community.

OF the state Congressional delegations in the House the Republicans have a majority in twenty-two and the Democrats in sixteen. In the event of the election of a President by the House of Representatives, the vote is by states, and the states vote by majorities, and the Republicans would elect. The New York *Sun* says on this head:

> If the election of a President in 1888 should be thrown into the House of Representatives, the Democrats could not elect their man. They have elected a majority in the delegations from only sixteen states. In the election of a President by the House the constitution provides that each state shall cast a single vote for the candidate who shall be the choice of a majority of the Representatives from that state. Twenty states, a majority of the thirty-eight, are required to elect a President.
>
> A third party movement in 1888 might defeat the Democratic party.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, SR., died Sunday morning in Boston, at the advanced age of 86 years. He was the son of Pres. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, a law student in the office of DANIEL WEBSTER, and was admitted to the bar in 1828. He was a representative in the Massachusetts legislature in 1831-34, and senator, 1835-37. He was the Free Soil candidate for the Vice Presidency in 1848, and served in the National House of Representatives in 1859-61, being then appointed our minister to England by Pres. LINCOLN, which he held until 1868—filling with credit this most trying position during the entire time of the rebellion.

WRITE at once for our especial terms to Agents. We are paying very liberally for work for the BLADE this year. One person at each postoffice can make a nice thing taking care of the BLADE's circulation, this winter. We want a tremendous increase, and we are willing to pay liberally for it.

RANDALL, 11,279 majority; he is a protectionist. Where are there free trade majorities that can balance this?

CHESTER ALLAN ARTHUR.

CHESTER A. ARTHUR, twenty-first President of the United States, died at his home in New York this morning, aged one month and thirteen days over 56 years. His career is another exemplification of the fact that, under our free form of popular government, the lowliest may, with intelligence, industry and energy, reach the highest position in the gift of the people. Of Irish descent, and the son of a poor Baptist clergyman in Vermont, Mr. ARTHUR made a name for himself in the legal and political worlds, and achieved the Vice Presidency through the vote of the people; thence succeeding to the office of Chief Magistrate on the death of the lamented GARFIELD, September 19, 1881.

Young ARTHUR determined to have a thorough education, and supported himself through a considerable part of his college career by teaching. After graduation, he followed the teacher's profession while studying law, and finally entered upon legal practice in the city of New York. Early in his legal career he took the side of freedom in the slavery struggle, and in 1852 was associated in the defense of eight slaves who had been arrested under the provisions of the infamous fugitive slave law, but liberated by Judge PAINE, of New York. Then in 1856 he was engaged in the case of LIZZIE JENNINGS, a colored girl who had been ejected from a street car in New York, on account of her color, after paying her fare, recovering $500 damages for her.

Politically, Mr. ARTHUR was a HENRY CLAY Whig, and after the dissolution of that party he was one of the founders of the Republican party of New York, being a delegate to the convention which organized it. With a taste for military affairs, in 1860 he was appointed Engineer-in-chief on Gov. E. D. MORGAN's staff, and afterward Inspector General and then Quartermaster General, which latter post he filled with signal ability. He was the only person not a governor of a state who took part in the famous secret meeting of the "war governors" of the loyal states in 1862.

In 1865, at the close of the war, he resumed his law practice, and became widely known by his prominence in New York city politics. In November, 1871, he was appointed collector of the port of New York by Pres. GRANT, and re-appointed in 1875. In 1877, Pres. HAYES promulgated his famous civil service order prohibiting federal officials from taking active part in political management. At that time Mr. ARTHUR was chairman of the New York City Republican Central committee, and A. B. CORNELL, chairman of he Republican State Central committee, was Naval Officer. As both did not comply with HAYES's order by resigning their political positions, they were suspended by the President in July, 1878—after a previous effort to remove ARTHUR, which failed through the Senate refusing to confirm the successor appointed by HAYES.

The removal of Mr. ARTHUR was a matter which caused much discussion at the time. Two special committees investigated the affairs of the collector's office, and reported that there was not the slightest official dereliction on his part. On the contrary, his course was found worthy of the highest praise. Both the President and the secretary of the Treasury acknowledged the purity of his official acts, and the only reason for his removal was his disregard of the HAYES civil service order.

Mr. ARTHUR resumed his law practice, and continued to be one of the Republican leaders of the Empire State. He strongly supported GRANT for the Presidential nomination of 1880, in conjunction with Sen. CONKLING. He was put upon the ticket with GARFIELD, to enlist the hearty support of the Grant Republicans of New York. During the struggle between GARFIELD and CONKLING, Mr. ARTHUR took no part; but after the resignation of CONKLING and PLATT, he actively endeavored to have them re-elected, until the lamentable shooting of GARFIELD. During the latter's long illness, he took no part whatever in political affairs, and his conduct during that time commended him to the nation at large.

After his succession to the Presidency, his course was marked with much wisdom and judgment. He made an excellent chief magistrate, and his administration was one of the purest in our history. In spite of the fact that the people of the nation have, as a rule, always had a mistrust of "accidental" Presidents — that is, of Presidential incumbents who succeeded to the office through the deaths of the men elected thereto—his conduct was such as to render him very popular, and he would have been the nominee of his party in 1884, had not the people's feeling for BLAINE been so enthusiastic and wide-spread. It was not that the Republican party loved ARTHUR less, but that its members loved BLAINE more.

A safe, strong, conservative man, Mr. ARTHUR was worthy of every honor which fell to his lot, and discharged every public trust with fidelity. Like many of his predecessors, he was President at a time during which there was no great exigency to call forth his greatest powers, and no opportunity to prove himself equal to the mastery of the gravest complications at home and abroad. Nevertheless, he made for himself an enduring name in our history, and the nation is the poorer for his loss.

THE BLADE SEWING MACHINE.

If you contemplate purchasing a Sewing Machine this winter, order the Blade Machine, at once, that you may be sure of getting it in time. It gives absolute satisfaction, and we sell it for $18, with the WEEKLY BLADE, one year. It is the best and cheapest reliable Machine on the market. Order at once, and save money.

THERE is much talk in Washington political circles of a reopening of the PAYNE bribery business in the Senate. Gen. BOYNTON, in a recent letter to the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*, says that the General Assembly of Ohio will miss an opportunity as well as neglect a duty if it does not again force the Payne case upon the attention of the Senate and of the country. He reports a general expectation at Washing that this will be done, and a rumored desire on the part of some Republican senators who opposed investigation last session that it should be done. "A rapid and sharp rehearing at Columbus," he says, "conducted with proper reference to the difficulties which the last report encountered here, will meet with a very different reception."

AS MEAN a piece of political iniquity as the Southern Bourbons ever did was the deliberate swindling of ROBERT SMALLS ou of his seat from the Seeenth South Carolina district. The Democratic managers some time ago decided to confine the colored voters to one Congressional district, so far as voting for Congressmen was concerned. By a gerrymander, which was so evident as to be the laughing stock of the nation, a district was formed which it was admitted contained a Republican majority of 25,000 votes. The intention at the time was undoubtedly to leave the district to the colored voters. But at the recent election the Hon. WILLIAM ELLIOTT appeared as the Democratic candidate, and when the returns were made it was found that by the skillful manipulation of the Democratic election officers, SMALLS had been counted out, although he undoubtedly received a large majority of the votes.

THE RANDALL presidential boom is growing in strength in the Democratic ranks especially in the South. Free trade foolishness has had its day.

WHY PRES. CLEVELAND REINSTATED U. S. ATTORNEY BENTON.

The matter of the reinstatement of United States District Attorney BENTON, of Missouri, by the President, after his removal for "pernicious activity" in politics, has not received the attention its importance demands—possibly through the facts in the case not being clearly understood by the people, and consequently the point not being recognized that in this reinstatement CLEVELAND has negatived his previous utterances on the matter of civil service reform, and yielded completely to the spoilsmen. A resume of the facts in the case may be interesting:

MACÆNAS E. BENTON is the federal attorney for the Western district of Missouri. He was suspended therefrom just prior to the recent elections, on the ground that he had violated the President's order and had made campaign speeches at numerous places in that state during the recent campaign. Under date of November 10, Mr. BENTON wrote to Attorney-General GARLAND, explaining that he agreed to make campaign speeches at the earnest solicitation of Messrs. DOCKEREY, CRAVENS and others, candidates for Congress, and the Democratic state central committee, and with the knowledge of Sens. COCKERELL and VEST; that he arranged the dates of the speeches to in no way conflict with his engagements for the government, and that when in one or two instances he found that his business would be interfered with, he got other speakers to fill his appointments. In conclusion he said:

> I relied on the following clauses of the President's letter of July 19 in making the engagements to speak: "Industrial interests and activity in political affairs are by no means condemned. Office-holders are neither disfranchised nor forbidden the exercise of political privileges, but their privileges are not enlarged, nor is their duty to party increased to pernicious activity by office-holding." If the making of political speeches is the cause of my suspension, I can make no defence, but, if it is inferred that I neglected my official duties by so doing, I am not guilty and ask the fullest scrutiny into the facts. I respectfully ask that this communication be referred to the President, with such recommendation as you deem just. I have but to add that I had no idea that making political speeches would be taken to be a violation of the President's letter of July 19, 1886.

On November 17, Pres. CLEVELAND replied, explaining that, by his previous order forbidding activity on the part of federal office-holders, he

> Did not intend to condemn the making of political speeches by a federal official to his neighbors and friends, nor at any time and place where it was merely incidental, if the speech itself was decent and fair,

And then proceeded to reiterate some of the sounding "reform" clap-trap that has characterized his previous utterances on the subject. He closes his letter by accepting Mr. BENTON's statement, that he did not permit campaign engagements to interfere with the performance of official duty, and reinstated him in the office from which he had been suspended.

But now comes the statement of the reasons which led Mr. CLEVELAND to condone so flagrant a breach of his order—for breach it is, in spite of the smoothing over which has been done. The Washington correspondent of the New York *World*, which is good Democratic authority, declares that no sooner was the Missouri election over then Sen. VEST made his appearance in Washington determined on a speedy settlement of this BENTON matter, and proceeded to lay before the President arguments designed to be forcible. The President was shown:

First, that upon BENTON's reinstatement depended the vote of the Missouri delegation in the Democratic convention of 1888;

Second, that unless he was reinstated war would be made on the administration's Postmaster General for his speeches and "pernicious activity" in the recent campaign in Wisconsin;

Third, that the entire Missouri delegation in both branches of Congress were prepared to make BENTON's case its own;

And fourth, that no successor to BENTON could be confirmed by the Senate.

Missouri is a Democratic state. Its vote is of large importance in a National convention, and its electoral vote of perhaps still more consequence in a presidential campaign. It is not to be wondered at that Pres. CLEVELAND, anxious for renomination, was impressed with the very forcible arguments of Sen. Vest, and should have surrendered. It is his excuse for such surrender that is weak. It is a lame attempt to cover up an act that no one recognizes more clearly than himself is utterly inconsistent with his professions. The spoilsmen have come to the front; why not have admitted it?

The order against federal officials taking an active part in politics was intended to prevent their exerting the powerful influence attaching to their positions in the political field. That BENTON did this is proved from his own admissions. CLEVELAND has played the hypocrite in the matter, and the people should know it.

TO THOSE NOT SUBSCRIBERS WHO RECEIVE THIS NUMBER OF THE BLADE.

A great many people, who are not subscribers will receive this number of the BLADE. We ask of all such a careful examination, and a just comparison with any other paper printed. And then, if it pleases you, as it will, remit your subscription at once, and secure its weekly visits. $1.00 a year, 30 cents for three months. You will never regret it.

BULGARIA'S NEW RULER.

The ruler-elect of Bulgaria, Prince NICHOLAS of Mingrelia, holds the rank of colonel and aide-de-camp to the Emperor of Russia. He married in 1874 the Princess MARIE, daughter of ALEXANDER ADLERBERG, General and Minister of the Imperial court of Russia, and of the Countess CATHERINE, *nee* PALTAVZOV, maid of honor of the Empress. Mingrelia is a part of the Government of Kootais, in Russian Transcaucasia, and inhabited by an extremely handsome people. The Prince resides at Zoobdidee, and there is no doubt the inhabitants thereof are enthusiastic over the honor that has came to their illustrious fellow-Zoobdidean.

OUR Democratic friends have assumed that the election of Judge PECKHAM in New York state shows Democratic satisfaction with the Cleveland administration. This is an unauthorized assumption, at variance with the facts. PECKHAM would have been defeated had it not been for the fact that he was on the Labor ticket in New York city, with GEORGE for mayor. An interview with Mr. GEORGE and several of his prominent supporters reveals the fact that they did not intend to endorse the administration by their votes for PECKHAM, and do not wish to be considered an administration party. They deny entirely any intention of voting for Judge PECKHAM for the purpose of endorsing CLEVELAND. From this point of the view the victory for PECKHAM assumes an entirely different appearance from that given it by the Cleveland Democrats generally.

THE director of the mint states in his forthcoming report that the total earnings of the mints in the last fiscal year amounted to $6,032,680, "of which $5,-763,851 consisted of seigniorage on silver dollars." This is a mistake, so far as calling the profit on coining silver dollars "seigniorage." A mint seigniorage is a charge for coining metal for private parties, and there have been no silver dollars coined for private parties by the United States mints in fifteen years. The government has been making money by purchasing 76 to 80 cents' worth of silver and making it into a coin which it pays out for a dollar. This profit, $5,763,851, represents the excess of the coinage above the bullion value on $30,028,347 of silver coins made, of which $29,838,905 was in the form of standard dollars.

CURRENT EVENTS.

A BABY at Madison, Ind., was killed by a parrot. The infant's skull was cut through by the bird's beak.

THE official vote on the head of the state ticket in Missouri shows a Democratic plurality of 50,655.

GEN. CADENA, candidate against Gen. Diaz, for the Presidency of Mexico in 1883, has been assassinated.

MRS. ANN POPE, widow of Gen. John Pope, who died in Nashville, left nearly all of her estate of $30,000 to Presbyterian churches.

CHARLES HERRICK, who built the first city water works Chicago ever had, died at Racine, Wis., where he has resided since 1842, aged 72.

IT is announced that Sir Robert Hamilton will resign as under secretary for Ireland at the end of this month. The resignation is not voluntary.

THE retirement of Gen. Kaulbars from Bulgaria is spoken of in all European capitals as the retreat of Russia before the combined forces of Europe.

CONGRESSMAN LIBBY, of Virginia, is reported as saying in New York that he believed the Solid South was at last broken by the recent elections.

THE board of managers of the Ohio Penitentiary has discharged fifteen guards, the number of prisoners being two hundred less than six months ago.

ACCORDING to official returns of the election in Pennsylvania, Beaver leads Black 42,850 votes, and has a clear majority of 5,593 over all other candidates.

THE fact that the Russians in Bulgaria have been placed under French protection is regarded in European capitals as signifying that the triple alliance is dead.

THE nail manufacturers of the West held a meeting at Pittsburg and decided to advance nails to the $2.25 card, which is an advance of 5 cents per keg on the old card.

A DISPATCH from Mandalay says that the Shan country is the scene of much fighting and anarchy, and that friendly natives are appealing to the British for assistance,

EDGAR LOMBARD, of the firm of A. C. Lombard & Sons, Boston commission merchants, committed suicide by inhaling gas through a rubber tube, Ill-health.

AT Lowell, Mass., the jury brought in a verdict in favor of Moen, defendant, for $96,-522, being the amount of Wilson's notes for $70,000 held by Moen, with interest.

THE will of Juan Petro Terry, a Cuban, who died in Paris, was filed in New York, leaving the bulk of a $6,000,000 estate to an unborn child, and the remainder to his widow.

IT is officially declared that Rosari, in the Argentine Republic, is infested with cholera. Several points in the country along the Rio De La Plata are suspected to be also infected.

THE Civil Service commission has decided by a vote of two to one to investigate the charges against Postmaster Harrity, of Philadelphia, and Philadelphia board of examiners.

IT is asserted that Count Kalnolly's second decisive statement concerning the close nature of the Austro-German alliance was directly suggested by Prince Bismarck as a hint to Russia.

JOHN T. MONCRIEF, of Greenfield, Ind., has just been allowed a pension of $72 per month, the back pension amounting to $12,244.14. This is the largest pension ever granted by the United States.

IN the Seventh South Carolina Congressional District, with a Republican majority of 25,000, returns were fraudulently thrown out and manipulated to give the Democratic candidate 770 majority.

IT is now positively known that Col. R. G. Ingersoll has been retained in behalf of the condemned anarchists, and will appear for them to argue and appeal before the Supreme court in March next.

A TOTAL of $13,444,733 was disbursed to the United States army during the fiscal year. Of this amount, $5,275,449 was disbursed in the field, requiring the pay officers to travel 234,040 miles.

THE total expenditure during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1886, upon new public buildings in the United States aggregated $2,-082,447, and the expense of repairs, etc., upon old buildings was $147,754.

JOHN MCINTOSH KELL, who was chief executive of the Confederate cruiser Alabama, has been appointed adjutant general by Gov. Gordon, of Georgia. Mr. Kell has been living in retirement in Georgia since the war.

THE business failures occurring throughout the country during the last seven days number for the United States 207 and for Canada 35, as compared with a total of 231 last week and 186 the week previous to the last.

SECOND Comptroller Maynard has decided that a soldier who, after having served two years, deserted some months after the close of the war, but who subsequently received an honorable discharge, is entitled to a bounty of $50.

THOUSANDS of claims have been staked out in the Indian Territory below Caldwell, Kan., where rich silver deposits are supposed to exist. A company of soldiers have been ordered to Caldwell to keep prospectors out of the territory.

ONE hundred Cossacks have been lost while endeavoring to quell the revolt of a tribe in Caucasia, which the authorities tried to force into military service. Anxiety is felt in Russia lest the movement spread among other tribes.

A FEATURE of ex-Pres. Arthur's funeral was the presence there of his most prominent opponents in politics, both within his party and in the Democracy. It was the subject of comment in the throngs that gathered in the hotel corridors after the services at the church.

THE officers of the Prussian army have appointed a committee to arrange for the celebration of the 80th anniversary of Emperor William's entry into the army. According to the custom of the Prussian Princes, he entered the army when ten years old, in January, 1807.

A FEW days before his death, in conversation with Aqueduct Commissioner Fish, who had called to see him, ex-Pres. Arthur made the following despairing remark: "After all, life is not worth living for, and I might as well give up the struggle for it now as at any other time, and submit to the inevitable."

A REPORT of the Ontario Bureau of Industries shows that the wheat yield of the Province of Ontario for the past season was 3,500,000 bushels less than the average of the past five years. Barley, 50,000 bushels less; oats, 3,-500,000 more; peas, 3,000,000 bushels more, and corn, 1,000,000 bushels less.

THE suit of the government against Gen. Badeau was begun Wednesday in the United States court in New York, to recover $10,506 that the general is alleged to have received for fees while he was consul general at London. Gen. Badeau testified that the amount was received entirely outside of his official capacity.

THE following was the visible supply of grain on November 20, as compiled by the New York Exchange: Wheat, 59,551,351 bushels; increase, 1,228,803 bushels. Corn, 12,289,408 bushels; decrease, 807,505. Oats, 5,650,746 bushels; increase, 1,140 bushels. Rye, 409,625 bushels; decrease, 50,106 bushels. Barley, 2,666,673 bushels; increase, 69,255 bushels.

THE suit brought by the government against Gen. Adam Badeau, to recover $10,506 alleged to have been received by him for national fees while acting as United States consul general at London, was dismissed by Judge Brown, in the United States Circuit court, who held that the payments were made voluntarily to Gen. Badeau while he was acting in a non-official character.

THE Masonic Relief association, in session at St. Louis, elected the following officers; President, Martin Collins, of St. Louis; first vice president, John R. Pope, of New York; second vice president, J. R. Robinson, of Toronto, Ont.; treasurer, William Dedinato, of New York; advisory board, M. J. Higgins, of Milwaukee; L. C. Williamson and H. R. Mitchell, of Toronto, Ont. Toronto was chosen as the place of the next meeting.

GEN. KAULBARS, before leaving Sofia, asked the German consul to protect Russian subjects. The consul, after consulting his government, replied that he was willing to protect genuine Russians, but not Montengrins or Bulgarians. This implies Germany's censure of Russia's protection of the Zankoff and other conspirators. The Czar instructed Gen. Kaulbars to confide Russian subjects to the care of France.

THE wheat crop of the Red River valley proves to be larger than the estimates. The elevators and warehouses along the line of the Manitoba road are full to overflowing, and in some of the towns the farmers pile the sacks out of doors, as the railroad is unable to furnish cars fast enough to haul it to market. The Manitoba road has 4,900 cars, but many of them are tied up at Duluth, owing to the lack of facilities there to handle the grain. The railroads say the movement of grain from the Red River valley is unprecedented.

SPECIAL TERMS TO AGENTS.

If you want to make your winter's pocket money write us for our special terms to agents. We shall pay more liberally for work for the BLADE this winter than any paper in the country. Drop a postal card asking for terms, and it will pay you.

THE GRAIN GROPS.

Elsewhere, we publish a summary of the special crop report of Messrs. C. A. KING & Co., of this city, who, during the past four days, have received 1,200 reports from grain dealers and millers, covering nearly every important wheat county in Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kansas and Missouri. These reports show that the wheat acreage sown this fall is a trifle larger in Ohio, Illinois, Indiana and Missouri. Kansas shows a slight decrease, and Michigan no change. The outlook for the growing crop is very favorable, and many of the reports say, "never better." Nearly half of the last crop remains in the interior, country mills and warehouses averaging over half full. Michigan has the largest reserves. Ohio next, while Indiana and Missouri have marketed more freely. Nearly half the reports say that farmers are disposed to crib their corn; over one third say they have none to spare, and the remainder are disposed to sell now.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

To-day is Thanksgiving Day, and certainly the people of our favored land have abundant reasons to return thanks to the Giver of all good. The year has been one of peace, prosperity and plenty; the bounteous earth right royally repaid the husbandman for his arduous toil, and his barns and storehouses are groaning with their hoards of golden grain. Pestilence and disease have not reached our borders, and in all respects the nation is richer and happier than it was a year ago. The long stagnation in industrial circles is passing away, and we can all look forward with confidence to the coming twelvemonth, with the assurance that, so far as human foresight is trustworthy, we shall have better conditions prevailing than for several years past.

Thanksgiving Day, as it is at present, like many other institutions, is the result of a growth and progressive development. It is not something which was made to order, or which was born full grown. The account which has come down to us of the first Thanksgiving occasion on the continent, is a somewhat pathetic one, and yet that feast of the Pilgrim fathers, by which, in the autumn of 1621, they celebrated at Plymouth the ingathering of their first harvest, had in it at least the germs of some of the elements which enter into the spirit and observance of the modern Thanksgiving day. The harvest which was then gathered was a small one, but after the terrible sufferings of the year it was deemed to indicate a prosperous beginning of the husbandry of the colony. An autumnal season of Thanksgiving was determined upon, and while the religious element was by no means lacking in its observance, no one can read Gov. WINSLOW's account of it without being impressed with the fact that the leading idea of the festival was literally that of a feast.

The Thanksgiving observances of the Massachusetts Bay colonists were occasional, and in these the religious idea is dominant. To just what extent feasting was indulged in at first is not known; indeed, it is hardly probable that the idea of a feast entered into the day, until the Pilgrim harvest festival was added to the Puritan idea of rendering thanksgiving and praise to an immanent and personal Providence. The first regularly appointed Thanksgiving day in the Massachusetts Bay colony is usually alluded to as that which was held February 22, 1631, on the arrival of the ship Lyon with provisions for the colony, but PRINCE in his annals gives an account of a Thanksgiving day still earlier. Between July 1 and 11 in 1630 there arrived from England a fleet of ten ships bringing large additions to the colony, and among them the settlers of the town of Boston. Such an arrival must have been an occasion of great rejoicing to the colony, and was the cause of the first Thanksgiving day in Massachusetts Bay colony.

The second observance of the day in the colony was that usually spoken of as the first. It was to commemorate deliverance from famine. The winter of 1630-31 was a severe one, and much suffering was endured because of lack of provisions. The ship Lynn, under command of WILLIAM PEARCE, had been dispatched to England for food. As the winter came on there was much suffering. All through January there was a constant lookout for the return of the ship. A day had been appointed for a general humiliation "to seek the Lord by fasting and prayer," when at the last moment in the very hour of their despair the vessel was descried entering Boston harbor, laden with provisions for them all. A day of thanksgiving was held, by order of the governor, on February 22.

Hence it will be seen that different ideas dominated the Thanksgiving days in the two colonies of Massachusetts Bay and Plymouth. In the former the idea was almost wholly religious; in Plymouth it was a harvest festival, a time of feasting and remembering the poor. It was not until the two ideas were blended that the real Thanksgiving Day was born. By the latter part of the century, between 1680 and 1688, the day had become an established institution.

Up to the period of the rebellion Thanksgiving day was observed by only a part of the states. The civil war nationalized the day, and it is interesting to notice that the same sense of Divine immanence which led to its establishment led to its nationalization. The first great national Thanksgiving day was called forth by special events, as was the first observance in the Massachusetts Bay colony. In each case there was a recognition of a divine deliverance. It was in the opening days of July, in 1863, that Vicksburg at last fell, the costly victory at Gettysburg was won, and light began to dawn through the darkness. The opening words of the proclamation issued July 15, by ABRAHAM LINCOLN, designating August 4 as a day of "thanksgiving, praise and prayer," voiced a national sentiment.

This occasion has been regarded as the first step toward the nationalization of the day, especially as it was followed that same year by a proclamation making the time-honored New England last Thursday in November a national day, and the custom has been since continued. But it must not be forgotten that during the revolution Thanksgiving day was a national institution, being annually recommended by Congress. After the General Thanksgiving for peace, however, in 1784, there was no national setting apart of a day for this purpose until LINCOLN's proclamations of 1862 and 1863, except twice during the administration of WASHINGTON, the first time in 1789, in recognition of the adoption of the constitution, and this by request of Congress, and the second time in 1795 on account of the suppression of insurrection; and once during the administration of MADISON when, by request of Congress, a day of thanksgiving was officially recommended in April, 1815, on account of the return of peace.

A Lieutenant Fatally Wounded on the Eve of His Marriage.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., Nov. 18.—Lieut. James S. Pettitt, first cavalry, stationed at Fort Leavenworth, was to have been married yesterday to Miss Bessie Sharpe, daughter of Maj. Sharpe, of the paymaster's department. Tuesday night he assisted in decorating the church where the ceremony was to take place, and started home alone at a late hour. On the corner of Broadway and Henry streets he was suddenly confronted by a footpad, who ordered him to throw up his hands.

The lieutenant at once grappled with the robber, who speedily discovered that the young soldier was too much for him. The man suddenly drew a revolver and shot Pettit in the breast. The wounded man fell to the sidewalk, and the robber hurriedly rifled his victim's pockets, and after which he escaped. The lieutenant was found in a few minutes by some passers-by. He was conveyed to the residence of Maj. Sharpe. His wound is pronounced dangerous, and the wedding has been indefinitely postponed.

Rheumatics Read and Heed.

MR. R. K. HELPHENSTINE.

I am extremely thankful to inform you that Durang's Rheumatic Remedy has cured me of an obstinate attack of rheumatism after all other means and remedies had failed. In the rapid progress of medical science nothing has been discovered which possesses such marvelous curative effects as your Durang's Rheumatic Remedy. I've known some of the most intractable cases cured by the use of a single bottle.

Wishing you great success, I remain ever your grateful friend,

J. PEMBERTON, M. D.,
Atlanta, Ga.

We will state that the writer of the above is one of the most thorough gentlemen in the state of Georgia, and his word in Atlanta is as good as gold.—*Ed. Sunday Herald, Washington, D. C.*

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RAMBLER'S NOTE BOOK.

A Summer Vacation in Norway—A Day at Soholt—A Disagreeable Feature of Norwegian Inn Life—A Word About the Climate—Love for Americans.

SIXTH NOTE.

A stone's throw from the wharf where we landed after our delightful day among the cascades and waterfalls of the Geiranger fjord, was a long low building where we sought entertainment for the night. The proprietor of the place, whose name was so full of letters "j" and "y," that it will not be attempted here, had returned some time before from a long sojourn in America where he had made considerable money and had become thoroughly imbued with American ideas as to progress and improvement. This manifested itself in a new addition to his hotel. He put on another story and fitted it up for sleeping rooms. But with all of his American push and enterprise he could not forget one very important tradition of his native land. His beds were all small and very short.

"I'll be dashed if I like this sort of a thing!" exclaimed Gordon, as we met for breakfast the next morning, after having waited half an hour for him. "Now, I'll leave it to either of you if I can, with any possible degree of fairness, be called a grumbler——"

"No, you don't grumble very much, Gordon," interrupted Adams. "You don't grumble very much, but you have a very emphatic way of letting people know when you are not exactly satisfied with anything."

"Satisfied! Great Scott! It's all very well for you short men to talk about being satisfied here in Norway. But put yourself in my place, and see how well satisfied you would be. Last night, thoroughly tired out and exhausted by gazing at the beauty of nature all day long—without a single glance into the interior of a *samlag*—Oh, would that I could get just one good, long brandy and soda—just one."

"But what has brandy and soda to do with your dissatisfaction—next time you had better bring some along with you."

"Indeed I will, and thanks awfully for the suggestion. But to resume. Thoroughly wearied I undressed last night and threw myself in bed in search of much needed repose. That is to say, I threw part of myself in, for that confounded bed was so short that I couldn't get my whole body in all at one time. I'm only six feet in my stockings and it does seem to me that they might make their beds long enough to accommodate a man of my size."

"Well, it was unfortunate, Gordon, but be patient and we will see if a longer bed cannot be found for you."

"Patient? If the length of the bed were the only thing, I would be patient, for by lying crosswise and letting my feet dangle frace fully over the side of the bed, I might be enabled to get some sleep."

"But to what else can you object. The linen was immaculate and the appointments of the room struck me as being very comfortable for such a primitive place as this."

"I have nothing to say on that score, but still I am not happy. You see this infernal Norwegian has just finished this part of the house—"

"And finished it very creditably, say I," put in Adams.

"And he varnished his beds, and put them up before the varnish was dry. Result, when I tried to get up this morning I couldn't—simply couldn't. Both feet stuck fast to the footboard of that freshly varnished bed. Couldn't budge."

"Oh come now, Gordon. I say, old man, that's just too bad, you know."

"Fact, 'pon my honor. Fortunately my boots were within reaching distance and I fired them at the door and made such a deuce of a racket that finally a tow headed peasant boy who does duty as maid of all work, come and poured hot water on my feet till the varnish softened a bit and then I managed to escape, leaving part of the skin of the soles of my feet as a cheerful memento of my first night in Soholt. Marvelous country this. Let's go to breakfast."

So far as Soholt was concerned, this last remark of Gordon's was very true. We spent the entire day exploring this quaint old town, whose main street lies parallel to the fjord, which here makes a bold sweep, curving round from east to west. We started down the street past modest little dwellings covered with roses and climbing plants, along the smooth, hard road, across a little rustic bridge that spanned a little arm of the fjord and entered the cemetery, whose church, or rather the cross-surmounted spire, we had seen above the trees as we came up to the wharf the evening before.

No gaudy monuments were there, fashioned by cunning workmen, to perpetuate the memory of wealthy, influential citizens. Simple wooden crosses, with a short inscription, giving the name and date of birth and death, were all that marked the last resting place of these sturdy Norwegians. All, did I say? Nay, there were beds of flowers and simple plants, which, watered by the tears of sincere mourners, told the loving story of remembrance and faith.

The Norwegians, rough and uncouth as they were in the olden days, are now a kindly tender-hearted people, quiet and simple in their tastes, but industrious and frugal almost beyond belief. They are fond of flowers and birds and pets of all kinds, and there is noticeable among the children an inborn love for dumb animals, that to the visitor seems strange indeed. Everywhere one sees on houses and in trees little boxes put up for the protection of the birds from the inclemency of the winter weather, while in the country, poles are erected at frequent intervals, bearing on the top a sheaf of wheat so that the birds may have food during the long winter season.

Though the winter season is long, it is not so severe as might be imagined, judging by its extreme northern location. The gulf stream which makes England habitable, so tempers the air that the harbor at Bergen is less often frozen than the Seine at Paris. This moderate temperature combined with the long days when the sun has full power, makes the cultivated portions of Norway so fertile. It is given as "a curious fact that the vegetable products of temperate Europe can be grown in Norway within a short distance of mountain sides where Artic or Alpine flowers alone can bloom. Again, patches of corn may be seen almost within a stone's throw of the lower glaciers—notably in the valley down which the Buerbrae, near Odde, is gradually descending."

Until one gets accustomed to them, the long days in Norway are exceedingly unpleasant. While we were in Soholt, in the middle of July, it was light enough at half-past ten at night to see to write a letter out in the open air. It did not get really dark all night long, and by three in the morning the birds were singing away as joyously as they do at home at six o'clock. At first it was difficult to get to sleep at a seasonable hour, but in a short time the strangeness of the thing wore off and we could sleep as well as though we had been at home. The Norwegians are so accustomed to it that they can go to sleep at any time, anywhere. It is not an uncommon sight to see a party of harvesters in the field lie down in the sweet smelling hay and sleep the noon hour away.

The landlord of our inn was a very intelligent fellow, who was very enthusiastic about America and things American. He told me that Norwegians were all particularly fond of the land across the sea, which they regarded as the great haven of peace and plenty.

"Why did you come back?" I inquired.

"You see it was this way," was the reply. "I went over to the United States and lived there fourteen years. Well, in that time I observed a great many new things and I took advantage of them. In other words, I became Americanized. I laid by a little money and wanted more. One day it struck me that I could make a good thing by coming back to Soholt and running this hotel with American ideas back of me."

"Are you succeeding?"

"Capitally. The number of tourists to Norway from America is increasing every year, and I am conducting this place so as to attract their attention. My neighbors were greatly alarmed at the changes and innovations I have made. But I don't care. They are in keeping with the American style of doing the same thing and I know I will succeed."

"Why didn't you tell your neighbors that these changes were American, then they would not have marvelled so?"

"That's exactly what I did, and though at first they shook their heads and expressed doubts, they are now beginnning to admit that I was right in patterning after the business methods of the United States."

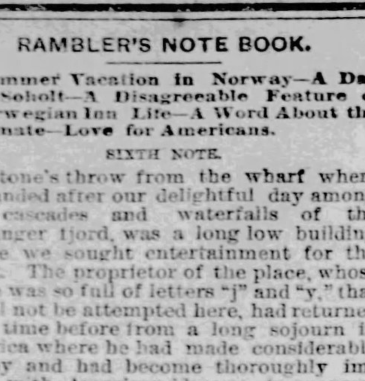
I was tempted to tell him Gordon's experience with his short bed, but I didn't.

ROBINSON LOCKE.

Luck of a Portuguese from Fayal.

NEW BEDFORD, Nov. 15.—*(Special)*—A Portuguese from Fayal bought a ticket of The Louisiana State Lottery, and after carrying it in his pocket for fourteen months, gave it to a fellow countryman who has been in America only a few weeks. The latter investigated, and found that the ticket had drawn $15,000. The money arrived in this city to-day, and the Portuguese will sail in a few days for Fayal.—*New York Tribune's Special, Nov. 16th.*

A young man from Fayal, who has been in San Francisco five weeks, has drawn $15,000 in a lottery, and will go home in the barkentine "Moses B. Tower," to sail this week. The ticket had been purchased for $1.10, and held fifteen months by a Portuguese in California, who got tired of it and presented it to the fortunate man. The money has arrived in this city, and Messrs. Loum Snow & Son, agents of the barkentine, have deposited it in a bank for safety. The owner of it takes it very coolly, and does not wish to have his name printed.—*New Bedford (Mass.) Standard, Nov. 16.*



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FOR GRAVEL

and Stone in the Bladder. Mr. D. H. Hoag, of Lebanon Springs, N. Y., says: I had Stone in the Bladder and Gravel in the Kidneys. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy disintegrated the Stone and delivered me from it. I am now well. If I had not taken this medicine just when I did I should long ago have been six feet under the sod. "Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy cured me of Stone in the Bladder."—S. W. Hicks, Pleasant Valley, N. Y. $1; 6 for $5.

Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

Send 2-cent stamp to Dr. Kennedy, for his book on Kidney, Liver and Blood disorders. Mention this paper.

SEDGWICK'S SCRAPE.

He Had Made Up His Mind to Deny the Whole Affair.

EL PASO, Tex., Nov. 19.—A prominent member of the American Colony of the City of Mexico said here that just before leaving Mexico Minister Jackson gave him the following account of the interview between Jackson and Sedgwick:

The day after Sedgwick's alleged escapade he came into Jackson's office and said: "General, have you heard stories about me?"

Jackson replied: "Mr. Sedgwick, I am very sorry to say I have."

"Will you call at my hotel to show people that these reports have not estranged us?" asked the envoy.

"Mr. Sedgwick, I can not do so," replied Jackson. "I sympathize with you deeply in this thing, but I can not compromise my official position. I advise you to make a clean breast of it and admit your fault. I believe people will be charitable with you."

Sedgwick brought his hand down with a violent gesture and replied: "I have made up my mind to deny the whole affair and call it a lie."

The Famous Moxie in a New Role.

After scaring the liquor dealers and tonic venders with its ability to stop the tobacco and liquor appetite, and curing nervous debility so quickly, the Old Doctor has hit upon a new, and we predict a very popular idea. He concentrates the Moxie so as to get as much of its properties as possible, medicates it with a simple remedy that will stop a cold under the most severe exposure, and its use does not render you more liable to take cold afterwards. A few lozengers will break up a recent cold in a few hours. This is ground that ought to have been covered before by some one. Colds cause most of the deaths. After three weeks on the market, they have become so popular the orders exceed a ton a day. Everybody in the East now carries a Moxie Lozenge in his pocket for emergencies. The apothecaries sell a package of 36 for 10 cents, or 13 cents by mail.

TOWNSEND'S WHEREABOUTS.

Why a Requisition Was Not Honored by the Governor of Georgia.

ATLANTA, GA., Nov. 18.—One of the first documents received by Gov. Gordon after his inauguration was a demand from the governor of Florida for the surrender of Dick Townsend. Townsend had murdered a contractor in Florida. Previous to that he had murdered two men. For these crimes the governor of Georgia honored the warrant of the governor of Florida for the surrender of Townsend last December.

Townsend having been located in Valdesta, this state, Sheriff Epperson, of Florida, stormed the cabin in which Townsend had taken refuge, on Christmas night. As he burst open the door his heart was pierced by a bullet from Townsend's revolver. For this crime the latter was detained in Georgia, convicted, and hanged last July. Since then the governor of Florida has been awaiting an answer to his demand, and recently renewed it, as stated above. The document was referred to the sheriff of the county where the hanging took place, and he has returned it with the information that he "is ignorant of Townsend's present whereabouts." The correspondence will be forwarded to Florida.

Wonderful Bargains in Guns and Revolvers.

Double Breech-loaders, $10 to $50. Double Muzzle-loaders, $5 to $30. Single Breech-loading Rifles and Shotguns, $4 to $20. Revolvers, $1 to $20. Repeating Rifles, $10 to $20. For catalogue, terms, price list, send stamp to Great Western Gun Works Co., Pittsburg, Pa.

DEVOURED BY WOLVES.

Two Missouri Boys Killed By a Pack of Wolves.

DEXTER, MO., Nov. 18.—Last Monday morning Willie Myers, aged 16, and Johnny Flynn, 15 years of age, sons of neighboring farmers, left their homes to gather hickory nuts. They did not return Monday night, and yesterday a party was organized to search for the lads. Late last night the remains of Willie Myers were discovered in a wild and lonely ravine, ten miles from here. Nothing but his clothing and a few bones were found, and an investigation showed that he had been devoured by wolves. No trace of young Flynn has yet been discovered.

Both Stoddard and Bellinger counties are over-run with wolves, and it is believed the lads were chased by a pack after dark and separated in their flight. There is very little hope of finding Flynn, but the search is being pushed with vigor. A pack of wolves were seen near Bloomfield last week, and were very bold.

—Farms on James River, Va., for ten dollars a month. Send for illustrated circulars and maps. J. F. Mancha, Claremont, Va.

A Frenchman Shipping Arms to Ireland.

LONDON, Nov. 16.—A Frenchman has been engaged in shipping arms to County Kerry, Ireland, where he sold them to moonlighters. A London firm suspected the business he was carrying on and informed the police, who seized some parcels which the Frenchman had ordered to be shipped to Ireland, and opened them, when they were found to contain arms.

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We have arranged to club the BLADE with either of the following publications for the prices annexed (postage prepaid):

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New York Ledger	3 00	3 25
Prairie Farmer	2 00	2 10
Scientific American	3 00	3 60
Waverly Magazine	4 00	4 50
Chicago Advance	2 50	3 00
Am. Bee Journal	1 00	1 85
Rural New Yorker (with seeds)	2 00	2 75
MONTHLIES.		
Wide Awake	3 00	3 25
St. Nicholas	3 00	3 50
American Agriculturist	1 50	2 05
Ladies' Floral Cabinet	1 25	2 05
Phrenological Journal	2 00	2 50
Our Little Ones	1 50	2 10
Arthur's Home Magazine	2 00	2 30
Atlantic Monthly	4 00	4 20
Brainard's Musical World	1 50	2 05
Leslie's Popular Monthly	3 00	3 40
Leslie's Sunday Magazine	2 50	3 00
Harper's Monthly	4 00	4 05
Godey's Lady Book	2 00	2 55
Peterson's Magazine	2 00	2 40
The Century	4 00	4 50
Harper's Young People	2 00	2 65

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100 "	300	30,000
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For the largest number of subscribers sent us by any one person between the date of this issue and the First of May, 1887, A FIRST CLASS STANDARD PIANO, worth	$650 00
To the one sending us the next largest number, A CABINET ORGAN, worth	300 00
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To the raisers of the next 25 largest, each A BLADE SEWING MACHINE, worth each	18 00
To the raisers of the next 50 largest clubs a choice of books, either "Andersonville" or "Nasby in Exile," worth each	3 50
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To the raisers of the next 100 largest clubs a choice of the books "Social Etiquette," or "Health and Beauty," worth each	1 00
To the raisers of the next 100 largest clubs, a copy of the magnificent steel engraving, "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," worth $10 each, but sold by us at	1 00

Now, mind you, here are 328 premiums to be given 328 people, no matter how few subscribers they send in. We shall keep an accurate record of the names sent in by the contestants, and on the first day of May, 1887, the premiums will be awarded from our books. And please remember this: If you are going to send any clubs at all, you may as well try to reach one of these premiums. You get the commissions you are entitled to, in accordance with our terms to agents, which have been sent all who applied for them, just the same. These premiums are over and above commissions, and have nothing to do with them. If you send ten subscribers you retain your commission just the same, paying you for your work, anyhow, and if the ten should entitle you to one of these premiums you get the premium in addition to your commissions. Now note

CONDITIONS:

Those intending to contest for these premiums should so state in each letter containing names and remittances, and the number of subscribers they have sent, that they may know, as well as ourselves, how many they are getting.

These premiums are awarded for yearly subscribers, but in the competition four three months subscribers will be allowed to count for one yearly, and two six months for one yearly. In these cases our three and six months rates must be observed.

If you send single names your commissions to be retained will be at the rate made known in our postal card to agents. When you remit in clubs of ten your commission will be larger, as stated in our terms.

We will not accept checks upon country banks, as it costs a heavy percentage to collect. Currency in registered letters, drafts on New York or Chicago, postal orders and postal notes are what we take. Never send postage stamps if you can help it.

These premiums will not be allowed the regular Subscription agencies. They are only for those who make an effort to earn them by extending the circulation of the paper.

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Any one who has a little time to spend in the day time or evening—school-teachers, farmers' wives or daughters, boys or girls, mechanics' wives or daughters, any one who has a little energy, and some acquaintance in a neighborhood. THE WEEKLY BLADE is the easiest paper in the world to canvass for. It is the handsomest, best-printed, best-edited, largest, and best paper in the world. Everybody knows of it, it needs no talking about, no introduction, but if any one wants a paper and knows the difference between a good and bad article they will take the BLADE at once. It has the largest circulation of any Family Newspaper in the United States, which it has attained solely on its merits.

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Will be sent to you in any number that you want. You should have specimens to show, as the showing of a specimen to a newspaper reader settles it. Send for as many as you can use, and they will be promptly mailed to you.

IN CONCLUSION.

Go to work now at once, and earn one of these premiums. Of course only a few can secure the big premiums, but if you don't get any, you will get good pay for what work you do. At least one person at every postoffice can make a very acceptable addition to their pocket-money this winter by canvassing for the BLADE, the old, reliable family paper of the United States. And it is not going to take very much work to secure the big premiums, or one of the smaller ones anyhow.

What we are after is a circulation of 200,000 before May 1, 1887, and we are willing and anxious to pay for the work of getting it. Those who want to participate in this work will get all the aid from us that they want.

Get at the work at once. Address

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Since the introduction of the Blade Machine, less than nine months ago several thousands have been placed in as many homes. That they have given perfect satisfaction the following testimonials, which are only two out o thousnnds, abundantly show:

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It has been some time since I received my machine. Had most of my sewing done before it came; so I have been using it but little. An agent called one day since I have had it; he wished to look at it; he did and pronounced it a good machine; but he called it a bogus machine because the patent had run out. I like it very well. It did not work just right at first but is all right now. MRS. G. SNEDAKER.

COLDRELL, Kas., July 23, 1886.
Received machine next day after writing you to trace. It was on the road about 30 days. It came in good shape. My wife is well pleased with it. M. F. MCFADDEN.

SENECAVILLE, O., Aug. 2, 1886.
The Blade Sewing Machine ordered of you June 7, came to hand the last of June or first of July in good condition; have been using it more or less ever since; it runs light and easy, works well on any and all fabrics either light or heavy. I have used the Wheeler & Wilson, Grover & Baker, Howe, Singer and Domestic, and I like the Blade Machine better than any of them. A month's use has convinced me that it is all the manufacturers claim for it. Others here talk of purchasing the Blade Machine. SIBYLLA NEYMAN.

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The machine has come all right. Like it, too. MRS. L. W. HANDY.

Excellence is of course the first point, but price is almost as important What good is the best machine if it is out of reach of the people? The Blade Machine was made to break the prices of this indispensible household adjunct. All of the monopoly machines sold through agents cost you from $35 upward. We sell direct to the people, a better machine, betrer finished and better in principle, for less than half. We give you the Blade Sewing Machine for $18, and send you the Weekly Blade one year.

If you want a machine order it at once. There will be a rush for it next month, and you should get in your order at once.

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To the 500 subscribers first answering correctly, on or before January 1st, 1887, our simple Bible question, "Where in the Bible is First Found the Word "HUSBAND" we will donate the following rewards:

1—Cash Present in Gold	$2,500	9—Cash Present in Gold	200	Ring	$100
2—Cash Present in Gold	2,000	10—Cash Present in Gold	100	17—One Breechloading Shotgun	70
3—Cash Present in Gold	1,500	11—One Upright Piano, val	500		
4—Cash Present in Gold	1,200	12—One Fine Top Buggy	200	18—One Ladies' Gold Watch	50
5—Cash Present in Gold	1,000	13—One Cabinet Organ	150		
6—Cash Present in Gold	600	14—One Diamond Breastpin	100	19—One Ladies' Pair Bracelets	50
7—Cash Present in Gold	500	15—One Set Furniture	$120		
8—Cash Present in Gold	$400	16—One Solitaire Diamond		20—One Sewing Machine	50

To the next 20, each a Solid Gold Watch, worth $100 each. To the next 50, each a Solid Silver Watch, worth $25 each. To the next 100, each an Elegant Photograph Album, worth $5 each. To the next 125, each a Solid Gold Ring, worth $2 each. To the next 185, an Elegant Book, each worth $1.50. If a competitor should fail on the first he will stand a chance for one of our

MIDDLE REWARDS.

To the 158 persons whose names come in the middle, counting from number one to the last received, we will donate the following rewards:

First Cash Present in Gold	$725	Fifth Cash Present in Gold	$100
Second Cash Present in Gold	500	Sixth Cash Present in Gold	75
Third Cash Present in Gold	250	Seventh Cash Present in Gold	50
Fourth Cash Present in Gold	175	Eighth Cash Present in Gold	25

To the next 30, each $10 in cash. To the next 20, each $5 in cash. To the next 20, each $2.50 in cash. To the next75, each $2 in cash.

LAST REWARDS.

To those who are too late for any of the above rewards a special opportunity still remains. To the 353 persons whose names come in last we will donate the following rewards: To the last name on the list, $500 in cash. To the next to the last name we will give $300 cash. To the third name from last we will give $200 in cash. To the next 50, each $10 in cash. To the next 100, each $5 in cash. To the next 200, each $2.50 in cash.

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☞Each competitor must in every case send **$2.00** for one year's subscription to THE POPULAR MONTHLY, with their answer. ☞No answer will be recorded unless accompanied by the cash, for which we will send, postpaid, our splendid Magazine, and TEN of the **40** books listed below. Present subscribers can compete by paying for another year or for a friend. The regular subscription price of our elegant Magazine is only $2 a year, so

U PAY NOTHING FOR COMPETING

for the above presents. The presents will be sent to the successful ones, and their names published in our February issue of THE POPALUR MONTHLY. Don't delay. The Magazine is worth much more than the money, (and **10** books free) by answering quickly you may secure one of the larger prizes. This is the Fourteenth Competition of THE POPULAR MONTHLY, all having given the utmost satisfaction.

Every parent should encourage children to enter this contest. Besides familiarizing themselves with the Bible they secure a highly-deserving Family Magazine, (with **10** books free) and also a chance for one of the rewards. We refer to over 28,000 subscribers. We enter every letter in the order received, and number the names as recorded in our subscription books; hence there can be no mistakes. If you do not get one of the largest you may get one of the smaller rewards, and thus be amply repaid. If you don't get anything but our Magazine (and **10** books free), you will be satisfied, as it has no equal at the price. No answers recorded bearing postmark date later than Jan. 1st, 1887. Send before that date. Send money by new postal note, money order or registered letter.

☞The following is a partial list of the names of those who were awarded presents in our January, 1886, and March, 1886, Bible Competitions, viz: 1. Chas. Fishwick, Atchison, Kas., $2,500; 2. Kate Bradford, Morrisonville, Ralls County, Mo., $1,500; 3. Mrs. M. C. Heard, Little Rock, Ark., $1,200; 4. Bud Martin, Esq., Frog Level, La., $600; 5. Benj. Avery, Esq., Garland, Ark., $500; 6. Mrs. Wm. Coleman, Kansas City, Mo., $400; 7. Miss Annie Johnson, Queen City, Tex., $200; 8. Frederick Kimber, Onondaga Valley, N. Y., $100; 9. Mrs. Geo. E. Simms, Helena, Ark., Grand Upright Piano, $500; 10. Miss L. Stewart, 344 State street, Chicago, Ill., Top Buggy, $260; 11. Geo. E. Haymes, Atlanta, Texas, Cabinet Organ, $150; 12. Miss Annie Goode, Calhoun, Ark., Diamond Breastpin, $100; 13. Manuel Grandy, Esq., Cicero, N. Y., Set of Furniture, $120; 14. Chas. Johnson, Rockford, Ill., Solitaire Diamond Ring, $100; 15. A. E. Bean, Esq., Kansas City, Mo., Breech-loading Shotgun; 16. S. P. Brown, Esq., Chicago, Ills., Ladies' Gold Watch $50; 17. Miss Ida Jones, 1634 Broadway, Kansas City, Mo., Pair Gold Braclets, $50; 18. Mrs. J. B. Hichcock, 1123 Tremont avenue, Davenport, Iowa, one "White" Sewing Machine, $50.

Write to ANY OF THESE PARTIES if you want any further proof,

Or, to Mr. B. Dixon, Magnolia, Ark., who was awarded $1,000 in one of our Bible contests; also to Miss Dora Crawford, Atlanta, Texas, who was awarded $1,200. If you send a 2-cent stamp, we will send a list of over 1,500 who were awarded presents ranging from $1 to $2,000. The following receipt speaks for itself:

ATCHISON, KAS., January 19, 1886.
Popular Monthly Co., Kansas City, Mo.
GENTS: A thousand thanks for your promptness in sending the Twenty-Five Hundred Dollars in gold, by which I am happily surprised to know that I was the lucky one to first answer your Bible question of where Gold is first mentioned. You can publish this receipt if you choose. Your Magazine is well worth the little money asked for it.
Yours truly, CHAS. W. FISHWICK.

The Kansas City Times says: "THE POPULAR MONTHLY is indeed the best low-priced Magazine published. It is composed of popular contributions, such as people read with pleasure. The poetry and short stories are better than found in older magazines. Its publishers are reliable, and will do all they promise."

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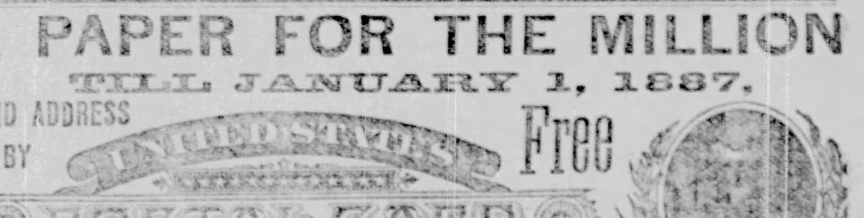

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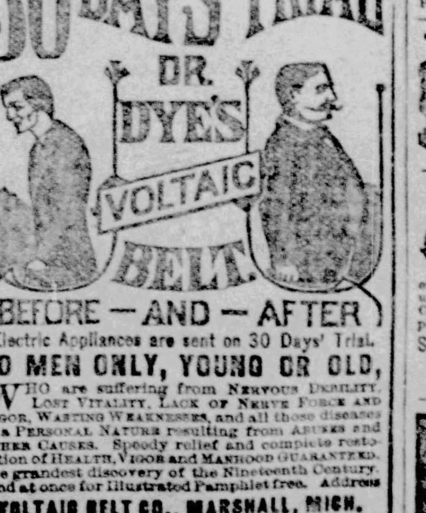

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MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR

HOME TALKS.

WHAT IS HOSPITALITY?

"So saying, with despatchful looks, in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent."

The eye never falls upon these lines without a brain picture at once forming of the busy housewife, who has welcomed the incoming guests, and then, her mind full of the problem how best to speed the passing hours so as to give the greatest pleasure, hurries away to contemplate possibilities. If the visit is to be only a few hours in length, these possibilities usually have entire reference to the state of the larder, the number and richness of the viands which can be prepared in the given time being the most important consideration. We have not yet reached that stage of civilization which places the satisfaction of the mental and moral nature above the pampering of the physical through the stomach, and, therefore, the background of the picture is always the kitchen and the cooking stove. If I should dip my brush into paint of the color that is true to life, the hostess would be next visible with flushed face, eyes in which she vainly tries to keep the pleasant sparkle in advance of the weariness, tense lines about the mouth made by the endeavors to preserve self-control, and in nine cases out of ten a nervousness that prevents any enjoyment of the conversation going on around the table. Of course, I am speaking now of the great class of home keepers with small or moderate incomes, and with one or two servants, or none at all.

To me, there is something very absurd in the conception of a hospitality that sends a hostess away from her guests to bake and brew, to boil and stew, the greater part of the time they are in the house, giving them nothing of herself, but setting them down to an array of good things which will tempt them to intemperance in eating, no matter what the after consequences may be. In some cases the feeling that prompted this profusion is a generous one, springing solely from a desire to give pleasure and deeming that the surest way. Many times it comes from a love of display, a determination not to fall behind others in a lavishness that is either thought to be a leading part of hospitality, or is designed to impress the guests with respect for the entertainers' style of living.

The gist of the matter to me lies just here. There is something in the world worth living for besides eating. At the same time good food, prepared in a wholesome and attractive manner is a necessity for the health of the body, and too much attention, bestowed in a proper way, cannot be given to it. This does not, however, lie in an ostentation for guests, nor in a devotion that excludes all other things. Ample means and efficient service are a reason for a generous table, but when it becomes a tax which is burdensome, a more simple way is the true one. It is with this as with dress and house furnishing—it should accord with the circumstances at all seasons, whether guests are present or only the family are gathered around the board.

I know that something can be said about doing honor to the stranger that is within the gates by placing before him the best which the house affords. Very much depends upon the definition of "best." I do not think it can be defined as simply the richest food in its greatest variety. In its real sense, it comprehends much more. It includes the hearty welcome, the endeavor to interest and amuse in the way most potential with the visitor, a courteous attention to his taste and a waiving of self-inclinations. Then with a table set with care and taste, clean and well-ordered, with food which is palatable and wholesome, abundant, but not lavish, only one whose whole happiness lies in the gratification of his appetite could be less than satisfied.

An overloaded table is always a vulgarity. Time and occasion must necessarily limit or extend the bill-of-fare, but good taste and judgment will know wheer to draw the line. The trouble is that people allow these to be influenced by the fear of what others may say, whose idea of hospitality has its beginning and ending in what is to be passed into the stomach.

I can think now of two women, ladies both are in thought and intent. Go into the pleasant, cozy, but not in any way elegant home of the one unexpectedly at meal time, and there is a cordial, wholeheartedness in your welcome that at once puts to flight any thought of being an unexpected and therefore an unwelcome guest. The hostess is absent from the room only long enough to order an extra place arranged at the table, which you find neat and well ordered. You are conscious that everything is going on as usual, that the palatable food placed before you was prepared for the family. The face of your smiling hostess shows that she is not "put out," but is genuinely pleased to have you there. The variety of edibles may be small but they are so flavored with a warm and refined hospitality which to use the words of a recent writer, has "the flow of a mountain spring, not that of a forcing pump," that you eat with relish and miss nothing.

An unexpected visit to the other is not fraught with the same degree of pleasure. She bids you welcome, but a troubled look comes into the face, and by and by an absent expression creeps in as she listens to your words. Either one of two things is sure to follow: If some other of the family is present to entertain you, she leaves the room, is gone until you are summoned to the table, when her flushed face shows that she has been making unwonted exertions and you feel as if you cannot forgive yourself for causing this strain of mind and body. Otherwise, you are doomed to a series of apologies which produces the uncomfortable conviction that your hostess has been "put out" by your coming. There is far more elegance of surroundings in this last home, and I must add, far less real comfort.

When the two entertain invited guests there is just as wide a difference in their mode of procedure. The first makes everything light, and bright and cheery. Her table is prettily arranged, and attention is paid to the little niceties that add variety and pleasure to the cultivated eye. Enough thought has been given to make an attractive whole to the most refined, and to give the entertainment an individuality of its own, but there is not the slightest attempt at display. They who look alone to the variety and richness of the edibles are sure to be surprised at the limited array, but what there is, is the very best of its kind, and I never heard a guest complain of a lack of enjoyment upon such occasions.

Let the other undertake even the smallest of entertainments, and what a commotion is there, my countrymen! The household is thrown into confusion. There is running here and there. There is beating, stirring, pounding, chopping and persistent baking. The result is more than abundance; it seems to me ostentation. The feast is presided over by not exactly "a roasted hostess," but a very weary one, too weary to enter with spirit into the occasion One half only of the hospitable duty is discharged; the finer part is left untouched, that of enabling them to obtain mental entertainment. It is not expected that all women will be like Madame DE MAINTENON, of whom it is related that once, during dinner, a servant stepped to her side, and said, "Please, Madame, one anecdote more, for there is no roast to-day," but she can or should be able to see that the ball of conversation is kept rolling, and she can only do this when she has a mind at ease and a body which is not utterly exhausted.

For people in moderate circumstances, the ability to dispense a kindly hospitality at all times is only possible by avoiding anything approaching display in table matters. Any other way of procedure in these days of indifferent service makes of the mistress a slave. I do not mean that there should be lack of care, or niggardliness. These ought not to form part of the daily living of the family at any time, but no housekeeper should let the presence of an unexpected guest change all of her arrangements, or render her uncomfortable because she has not more to offer. It is the hearty welcome that counts, combined with the fine tact that makes the incomer feel that her place has been waiting for her, and is not yet to be made at the expense of the comfort of the whole family.

There is one thing more which I want to say, and I hope I will not be misunderstood. The thought of a sort of a universal hospitality which is conveyed by the homely old expression that the latch string is always out is a very agreeable one, but I question whether the reality in those days, enables any one to live in the right way, or to do justice to themselves or friends. Not long since I heard a lady say that she had been three days in trying to write a letter, but could not because her hours of leisure from necessary duties had been monopolized by transient visitors.

"Were they people you cared for?" I asked.

"Not at all," was the answer. "We exchange infrequent calls, and meet occasionally at a party, and that is all. But they are nice people and you must know them if you want to be in society."

I said no more but thought much. It would be a sorry thing if social amenities were not kept up, but when society is made the god before which all else goes down, it is time for it to be dethroned. Everybody needs friends, and all have a duty to the community of which they form a part, but mere social observances should not, as it often does, be allowed to wrest away all the sacredness of home life, monopolizing every leisure hour and leaving absolutely nothing for quiet self-enjoyment and improvement. Perhaps, as a looker-on, I do not appreciate the difficulty of drawing the line, but that it should, in many cases be drawn, there is no question

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Banner Match Safe.—*Materials.*—A piece of sash ribbon of any bright color, twice as long as wide; a little birch-bark canoe; two pieces of velvet ribbon, two inches wide of some dark contrasting color to the sash ribbon, and each as long as the latter is wide; a very small banner rod; two yards of cord to hang it up by. A piece of sandpaper. Fringe one end of ribbon one and one-half inches deep and sew the other end to the rod. Above the fringe put one band of velvet on with a fancy stitch upon the upper edge. Fasten the birch canoe on with bows of narrow satin ribbon, on the upper part of the banner. Just below it put two pieces of elastic cord near the edges of the ribbon and opposite to each other. Through them draw the sand paper which can be changed when worn out. Sew the other piece of velvet ribbon on with a fancy stitch over its upper edge, and so it will fall over the sand paper. Fasten a ribbon loop to it at the center to lift it up by. The bark canoe can be made if one is where they cannot be bought.—ED.

Ball Pincushion.—Materials, one ounce of single zephyr, clouded or in two colors, some pieces of coarse twine and Canton flannel, and a darning needle. Cut six pieces of Canton flannel, oval shaped, tapering to a point at each end. Sew together, leaving a small opening. Stuff with any suitable material; old woolen rags cut in tiny pieces make good filling. When very solid sew the opening, and fasten one end of the twine to the end of the ball, and wrap it firmly around on the seams only, and fasten crossings and ends. Now thread the darning needle with zephyr; secure it on one end, and run the needle under one piece of twine. Draw the zephyr through and run the needle under the same twine again, then under the next twine, then the next, and keep turning the ball and working around till the Canton flannel ball is completely covered with zephyr. Finish with cords and balls to suspend by. Cords of zephyr twisted and trebled, not doubled, are very pretty.—ANNIE MAY, Milford, N. H.

Tissue Paper Lamp Shade.—So many ladies wrote me in regard to lamp mats of tissue paper, I will now give directions for a lamp shade made of the same article, which is just lovely. I was really surprised at the beauty of one which I made for a friend last year. For the foundation cut out a round piece of pasteboard, and cover this on the back with tissue paper, bringing the paper a little way over the front side and lightly gumming down the edges. Cut out about thirty leaves of tissue paper, and folding each one in the middle, crumple its edges between the fingers; then placing it over a knife blade, crimp it up tightly through the middle. Unfold it and pull it out a little to a pretty shape. Then gum these leaves by the stem and lightly around the pasteboard center, following with one inside row and then another.

For the centre of the flower, cut four long strips of tissue paper an inch wide, and fringe them all along one side. Then roll them up and gum them into the flower, fringe side up. Fasten a strong wire in the back bent like a hook at the tops by which to suspend the flower from the lamp chimney or porcelain shade. My shade was made of yellow and brown, to represent a sunflower. Imported tissue paper must be used for this as well as the lamp mats. These shades can be made in ten minutes by a little child, and will prove a very acceptable present to mamma, auntie, or any one to whom you may wish to make a present.—ANNIE MAY, Milford, N. H.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit p, purl or seam p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st., crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t. treble; sh c. short crochet.

Maderia Lace—Cast on 38 stitches. 1st. Row—s 1—n—o 2—n—k 8 (o—n) 7 t—k 1—n—o 2—n—k 6. 2d row, and every even row should be knit plain, making 2 sts out of o 2 by k 1—p 1. 3d row—s 1—k 11 (o—n)6t—k 2—n—o 2—n—k 3—n—o 2—n—k 1. 5th row—s 1—n—o 2—n—k 6 (o—n) 6t—k 1—n—o 2—n—k 9—y 1. 7th row—s 1—k 9(o—n)5t—k 2—n—o 2—n—k 9—o 2—n—k 1. 9th row—s 1—n—o 2—n—k 4 (o—n) 4t—k 2—n—o 2—n—k 15—p1. 11th row—s 1—k 7 (o—n) 3t—k 2—n—o 2—n—k 11—o 2—n—k 3—o 2—n—k 1. 13th row—s 1—n—o 2—n—k 2 (o—n) 2t—k 2—n o 2—n—k 13—o 2—n—n—o 2—n—k 4—p 1. 15th row—s1—k 5—o—n—k 2—n—o 2—n—k 17—n—o 2—n—k 2—n—o 2—n—k 1. 17th row—s 1—n—o 2—n—k 2 (o—n) 2t—k 2—n—o 2—n—k 12—n—o 2—n—n—o 2—n—k 4—p 1. 19th row—s 1—k 7 (o—n) 3t—k 2—n—o 2—n—k 11—n—o 2—n—k 2—n—o 2—n—k 1. 21st row—s 1—n—o 2—n—k 7 (o—n) 4t—k 2—n—o 2—n—k 12—n—k 2—n—p 1. 23d row—s 1—k 9 (o—n) 5t—k 2—n—o 2—n—k 9—n—o 2—n—k 1. 25th row—s 1—n—o 2—n—k 6 (o—n)6t—k 1—n o 2—n—k 11—p 1. 27th row—s 1—k 11 (o—n) 6t—k 2—n—o 2—n—k 4—k 2 tog—o 2—n—k 1. 29th row—s 1—n—o 2—n—k 8 (o—n) 7t—k 2—n—o 2—n—k 3—n—k1. 31st row—s 1—k 13(o—n)7 times—n—k 1—n—o 2—n—o 2—n—k 1. This makes a pretty lace by purling the even rows, knitting the 2d loop of "over twice." 8 means slip.

Diamond Edge—1st row—k 3—n—o—n—k 1—o—k 1. 2d row—(k 1—p 1) 3t—k 4. 3d row—k 2—n—o—n—o—k 3—o—k 1. 4th row—k 1—p 1—k 3—p 1—k 1—p 1—k 3. 5th row—k 1—n—o—n—o—k 5—o—k 1. 6th row—k 1—p 1—k 5—p 1—k 1—p 1—k 2. 7th row—k 3—o—n—o—n—k 1—n—o—n. 8th row—k 1—p 1—k 3—p 1—k 1—p 1—k 3. 9th row—k 4—o—n—o—k 3 tog—o—n. 10th row—k 1—p 1—k 1—p 1—k 1—p 1 k 4. 11th row—k 5—o—k 3 tog—o—n. 12th row—k 1—p 1—k 1—p 1—k5. Repeat from beginning. MRS. J. C. MEINS, The Dalles, Oregon.

Correspondence.

THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN.—No. 5.—Yes, the woman who could travel, by public conveyance, with the care of little children, in peace and safety, was an educated woman. Knowledge is power we are told, and, when rightly applied, it will enable its possessor to perform seeming impossibilities.

The woman who attended church at the cost of a life was ignorant and thoughtless. She never noticed her babe from the time that she left home until she reached her destination, and then only at the request of some acquaintances, who wished to see the child. You will wonder that a mother could be guilty of such want of thought in regard to her missing babe, but it is true. The probabilities are that the child was smothered by the wraps.

Mothers have need of a good stock of information. If there is a class of persons on the face of the globe that can dispense with practical information and perform the duties assigned in a proper manner, mothers form no part of that class. Of all persons in the world the mothers have most need of available knowledge. Often the thought of the unlearned Indian woman of the Western wilds, who "cradles her infant on the wind-rocked tree," brings to me a feeling of sadness, and a young man of my acquaintance utterly refused to read the book entitled "Women of the Orient," in which is told the heathen customs of mothers who have never seen a Bible nor heard the tones of a church bell, because it made him sad. It cast over his buoyant spirit a mantle of gloom. The world is opening its eyes to the fact, after its sleep of ages,

"After the long, dark night of years,"

that a solid, scholastic education should be given to woman.

Woman has the molding of the infant minds of statesmen, scientists, the world's ruling spirits, and yet the world has ever been against her, and its treatment of her ever arbitrary and unjust. Yet, despite the naarow-minded, time-worn prejudices, old as the oldest sin of which we have any record, with which woman has had to deal, and which she of necessity must overcome, there have been educated women in every age since the world's infancy; and in every generation their have been learned and useful men who were ready to attest to the truth that there success in life was entirely due to the influence of their mothers. The world has known many truly great women, many efficient mothers who could say unabashed and without fear, "I have finished, O Lord, the work which Thou gavest me to do." The man who has known a mother's unselfish love can neither outtravel nor outlive her influence. His may forget all else of holy ties and sacred loves, but not the mother at whose side he lisped his infant prayers. His last thought, when the angel of death is waving his shadowy wing above him, shutting away the scenes of earth, will be of that mother. The mission of the mother is a high and holy mission. The babe is a new creature, undefiled by sin, and she should do all that lies in her power, and call on God for aid, to keep its soul garments unsullied and spotless, for His sake, who said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Jesus of Nazareth has a claim upon the children of this earth, where He was once a child. Parents are expected to exercise authority over their children, and to care for them. There is no law but the law of love to compel them to do so, but in the hearts of the cultivated and refined that is all-potent. The guardianship of children is a sacred trust that cannot be abused with impunity. They should not be permitted to form any habit that may prove detrimental to mind or body. No error should be inculcated, and no fault should be allowed to pass unnoticed and unreproved, and you should do it all and not delegate your rights to another.—MOSS ROSE.

MORE ABOUT OUIDA—No. 1.—Your paper has been our favorite for good sentiment and working for the best interests of humanity, but "Ouida on Women," in September 9, is so shameless for a woman concerning her sex, so unjust and untrue, that we can not refrain from asking you to allow us, in behalf of woman, to give an opinion also.

"Ouida" must judge woman from her own despotic nature—but thank Providence all women are not such.

Firstly that as a rule or even frequently "we see a woman expecting from her son the purity of manners of a maiden, and making no account because she ignores them entirely" is absolutely false. Never knew or heard of such a case, but hundreds decidedly the reverse. One of the greatest sources of evil and prime causes of society embracing the libertine and spurning with contempt his victim is, that there are women something like "Ouida," who close their eyes to the impurity and licentiousness of men, while they would bring out every weakness of women and wish humanity to believe all women would abuse their positions, as she is laboring to do.

We have not words to express contempt for any one who, for a little vain plaudit or notoriety, would thus sell out.

Having three small children to support, and but little time to read and learn much of the great Ouida, we cannot say, and yet did we really know, our contempt might be tempered with more sympathy; for the uncalled for slanderings of her sex savors of the soured. Like the Ohio well of vinegar, there may have been great internal commotion, and poor Ouida may have seen the "green-eyed monster," and yet personal sourness is no excuse for wholesale slandering.

If mothers, and women in general, would "expect of sons more of that maiden purity," a much more elevated state of affairs would exist than does at present, where a man's iniquities are thought of so little import that the seducer can be boosted into the highest office of the land, and ministers of the gospel be common adulterers, and yet be lauded by great portions of the church while the victims of their vile schemes be irrevocably branded with disgrace, merely because unfortunate enough to be born women.

That "women in matters of national and universal import would disregard or ignore all facts of which she chose to take no note;" that "there is no proof in the presumption that science would in educating her, strengthen her rearing powers and widen her mind into the acceptance of true liberty;" that "science never yet has shown any true liberty itself;" that "woman is the enemy of freedom;" that "to give her power and she is at once despotic," has in the whole series of assertions but one favorable argument, and that is that Ouida is herself a woman, but has—it may be—in her hatred for herself forgotten all sense of chivalry and turns her tirade on the helpless rather than the strong.

Again—"The enormous pretensions to the monopoly of a man's life which women put forward in marriage are born of the desire to tyrannize." Is this just? There are plenty of honorable men who will say No! Men who have wives constantly devoted to home and family, whose tired, sad faces speak volumes of self-sacrifice, who never get time to read the absurd abuse of the great Ouida, mothers whose lives of unselfish devotion and acts of love are in memory as the thoughts of an angel instead of a tyrant, whose deeds of kindness—unknown to the world—buried in the family circle, speak to memories of those families more pathetic than poet's pen, and grander than any oratorical eloquence. "Tyrant," indeed! How much oftener do we see the woman toiling for the children she loves while the father is away squandering what by right of human nature—to all who have a human nature—belongs to his children—yes, squandering his earnings o'er the gambling table, not overdrawn when I say, even her money—her's by earning or inheritance at the gambling table, at the drunkard's bar, making of himself a loathsome brute then goes home, and, with cursing and abuse, dishonors the name of father, and, with insult added to injury, disgraces the name of husband. Even in such cases, which are not occasional but multitudinous, more often would we see the woman's tears of sorrow for the lost love and degraded manhood than any act of self aggrandizing tyranny.

It might not be so with "Ouida," but, sad to say, it is too fatally true with many women. Again, "The rage and amazement displayed when a man is inconstant."

How strange! Are "Ouida's" views of man so low that she would not expect of him the same that she would be herself, or would "Ouida" have such little honor in herself that she would expect, as her just deserts, dishonor in return?

"A very clever woman never blames a man for inconstancy to her." What sort of a degraded being would she have a woman be? There *are* very clever women who should not blame him. "Ouida" may respect them. We do not; but agree with Solomon, "A virtuous woman is above rubies," and the better the quality and the more the quantity, the better the world. She says it all "depends upon the quality." According to her theory the quality would be a degraded slave, subject to man's bidding, satisfied with his attention for the honor, content with his caprice or sensuality, a thing of inconstancy and dishonor, for the soul of honor despises dishonor, especially in one beloved. But her theory would uproot the germ of sacred love and in its place plant promiscuous sensuality. When justice takes the place of public prejudice, as it now does with honest, sensible women, man must be willing to give what he in return demands. Where is an honorable man who would not have rage and amazement at inconstancy of the wife to whom he had loved and to whom he had been true? Were he indifferent the world would justly say he was either a fool or destitute of appreciation of honor.—ANNA H. CARPENTER.

MR. TIMOTHY TIM AND HIS TWO BANKS.—Mr. Timothy Tim, in the BLADE HOUSEHOLD, discourseth in this wise: He is very much disgusted as he takes up different papers, at seeing wives seeking employment that will bring them a little money, so that they may not be obliged to ask their husbands for every cent. Now, Mr. Timothy Tim discovereth that there is a better way. He says that Mrs. Timothy Tim and himself are co-partners in the bank of Timothy Tim & Co. Mr. Timothy Tim started out with the intimation that this bank of Timothy Tim & Co. is organized on the plan of other banking laws having a cashier, treasury, etc., and all that Mrs. Timothy Tim has to do is to present her check and draw her dividends, —but Lo! and behold! Mr. Timothy Tim says because he has the right to be a man he claims the right to be treasurer, cashier and proprietor, and there are no checks to this bank for Mrs. Timothy to present. So Mrs. Timothy Tim must ask Mr. Timothy for money—and Mr. Timothy Tim, we think you went up like a rocket, but you came down like a stick. Now, Mrs. Timothy Tim is a lady possessing a very delicate sense of honor and justice, and after waiting for her banker to present her share of the dividends for a long time, until her necessities overcame her delicacy, she asked him for money, and Mr. Timothy Tim did not tell her how much there was in the bank belonging to her—he did not hand her the purse and tell her to take what there was in the purse, and if it was not enough, he would get more. O no! He takes out his purse and says I will divide. So he opens his purse a little wary, puts his index finger into it, moves the silver about, mentally compounding for his cigars, club dinner, and hands her a bright silver dollar—and now he is in a hurry. He puts up his lips for that sweet "kiss that a woman has a right to have," and is gone, and Mrs. Timothy Tim at this first sounding of her husband's honor is greatly distressed, and baptizes her chagrin with a flood of tears. But necessities crowd. She will ask once more. So after a time she asked again, and Mr. Timothy Tim says, "My dear, you must not think I am made of money. What did you do with the dollar I gave you the other day?" So that broke the bank of Timothy Tim & Co., and now if Mr. Timothy Tim should come home some day unexpectedly he may find Mrs. Timothy Tim in the garret with a frame and a rug attached punching rags through canvas for the rug factory, so she will not be obliged to ask her husband for every cent.—X.

Inquiries.

Will some of the HOUSEHOLD please give a remedy for tetter on the head af about twelve years' standing?—M. J. S.

In Saturday's issue, October 9, "Sunflower" gives a recipe of red clover and sycamore as a cure for scrofula. Will "Sunflower" please tell if the leaves or blossoms of the clover are used? Also what part of the sycamore?—MRS. E. A. TOWNSEND.

Will you publish a simple knitted or crocheted pattern of a hood for a girl aged 20? Also a simple pattern of a scarf for a school girl? Please put as plain as possible.—PEARL.

Will some one tell me what makes my bird tear the paper I put in his cage? He tears it all up in little pieces. I bought him for a singer. He is fifteen months old. He does not sing all the time like most singers. I am so tried with him. Let me know soon.—M. E. AKE.

I would like directions for knitting hoods for ladies, also for tidies.—JULIA YOUNG.

If the lady asking for directions for making hair chains would like directions for making hair flowers, I can send them. I have not directions for making hair chains.—MRS. B. F. SMITH.

Will some one please tell me where I shall write to ascertain the liability of the firms that send out fancy work?—SUBSCRIBER.

Write to Woman's Educational and Industrial Union, 74 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.—ED.

Will some one tell us through the columns of the HOUSEHOLD Department whether there is any way of coloring one part of a garment that has faded, without coloring the whole garment? For instance, a coat that is perfectly good with the exception of being faded across the back and shoulders. Could it be sponged over the faded parts with some good dying material?—J. O. H.

Someone asks about salicylic acid for canning fruit. A first-class druggist tells me an ounce cannot be used to the gallon of fruit. I tried preserves with half the usual amount of sugar, and a half-teaspoonful of salicylic acid in powder form, to one gallon, with good results. Its use has been prohibited in France, as it has a tendency to break down the blood vessels. When too much is used it will produce a peculiar sensation in the throat.

Now that Lillian has corrected her statement as to the amount of acid used in preserving fruit, will she be kind enough to tell how to mix it with the fruit, and when, and if the fruit has to be prepared just the same as though we did not intend using the powder, but were going to scald and put it up air tight?—A SUBSCRIBER.

I wish some one would give directions for knitting a kitty hood for a child two years of age?—MRS. KITTIE DENNIS.

Answers to Inquiries.

If "Flora" will wet the edge of undercrust with water, then pinch down upper crust good the juice cannot escape.—P.

If Mrs. M. R. S., Daniga, Kans., of August 26 BLADE, will address me, I would like to correspond with her, and perhaps I can aid her in her trouble.—MRS. M. J. SECKENBY, Garden, Ala.

If the lady living in Kalamazoo who wishes to know about the "Shut In Society" will write to Miss Jennie Cassiday, Chestnut street, Cincinnati, she will, I think, be able to get all necessary information.—A. L. NILMARTH.

To "Mamie Dayton" I will say: Starch your black lawn in sweet skim milk, and iron on wrong side. That is the way mother does it, and mine looks as nice as new.—KATE R.

Mrs. J. B., Pittsfield, Mass.: Either of the books, "Health and Beauty," or "Social Etiquette" would make a pretty and useful present to your daughter for Christmas. Each costs a dollar, and by enclosing that sum to the Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, O., the one ordered will be sent postpaid.—ED.

I see an inquiry in the HOUSEHOLD from E. Dacota T., asking for a description for a furnace to burn hay in. I do not know anything about Russian ovens, but will describe a hay stove or drum that my husband likes very much and intends to make us one just like it for next winter. The material will cost about five dollars and can either be made smaller or larger to suit. 1st. Take a piece of sheet iron about five feet high and as large around as you wish; rivet the sides together, and get it as tight as possible. For the top, take a piece and make it funnel-shaped, the top of the funnel large enough to admit the stovepipe, which must extend down in half an inch or so. The bottom of the funnel should fit tightly over the drum so as to exclude all air. For the bottom take a piece of sheet iron and cut it round. Take an extra piece, cut and crimp and rivet to both bottom and side. It is regulated by a damper in the stove pipe right above the funnel. When the drum needs filling lift the funnel up high enough to take the drum out, have a wire detached to the funnel, and hang up. Fill the drum with hay, and tramp down. Bring in and light from top. It will burn from four to eight hours, according to the way it is regulated. By filling just before going to bed, it will burn all night and keep the room comfortable. It is also advisable to have a sink, with a hollow in the center, in case of burning hay mixed with snow, so as to catch the water. The reason of the stovepipe going in, in place of over, is to let the steam escape. Hoping that this may be of some use to "E." Dakota, I will close, and if he wishes to try one, be sure to follow every particular, and I am sure he will not be disappointed.—EMMA LINDEN.

Recipes.

Hot Water Sponge Cake.—Two cupfuls sugar; 2 cupfuls flour; 4 eggs; 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder, not heaping and mixed with the flour; 1 teaspoonful lemon extract; ½ cupful boiling water. Add this last. The cake may seem too thin, but will come all right from the oven.—MRS. L. T. HAYNES.

A Good Apple Pudding.—Take 1 cupful sugar, lump butter the size of an egg, 2 eggs, 1 cupful sweet milk, sift 1 tablespoonful of baking powder in the flour, and stir thick as for common cake. Have ready two pie tins half full of sliced apple, over which spread the batter. Serve with milk.—E. RUE.

Pork and Eggs.—Brown ½ doz. ordinary slices of salt pork, take up and lay on deep platter and cut into 2-inch squares; then from your frying pan drain through a strainer into your dish of cake or pie-shortening all the oil that fried out of pork. (Never waste a spoonful of sweet pork grease.) This leaves your pan with the salt and meat juice crusted over the surface. Have at this point 3 eggs beaten lightly and stirred into 2 cupfuls of sweet milk; set the pan back on the stove, and as soon as hot again, pour your milk and eggs in, stirring briskly; as soon as it "creams" pour over your pork. Serve this with baked, boiled potatoes or Saratoga chips, as preferred. In no easier way will the same number of eggs and a bit of salt pork make a satisfactory meal for six or seven persons. To pour the eggs and milk into the pork fat will render the dish unplatable and unhealthy.—ED.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

RIDGEWAY, IA. Aggie Hoyt, Lottie Martin, Clara Kratz, Susie Millington, Anna Albers, Allie Hoyt, Frank Martin, Sarah Kratz, S Millington, Edward Westby.

SABETHA, KAN. Sylvester Ukele, Jacob Snyder, A W Stumff, Frank Wharton, Geo Campbell, Mary A McCarty, Katie Wharton, AnnaDiffend'rf'r, Annie White, Daniel Snyder, E T Ukele, Theresa White, Minnie Campbell.

GIBSON, ILL. John Woolsey, WesleyTowns'nd, Marion Woolsey, Geo Woolsey, Elmer Woolsey, Belle Woolsey, Gracie Simkins.

EWING, NEB. M W Reynolds, BessieL Reynolds, May Cramer, Stella Henderson, Eva Henderson, Nellie Coe, Lulu Coe, Leta Gaver, May Clapp, Mary Kohl, Garrie Cortelyou, J V Z Cortelyou, Cassie Cortelyou, Freddie Beck, Chas VanOrsdel, Josie VanOrsdel, Cecil S Austin, Leila T Austin.

LLOYDSVILLE, W. VA. Omie Lloyd, Alice Westfall, Emma Westfall, Zettie Lloyd, Samantha Lloyd, Rhoda Lloyd, Bertha Hopkins, Esther Lloyd, Bird Shaver, W G Lloyd, C S Westfall, H A Lloyd, Judd Lloyd, John H Westfall, Wilb'rtSkidmore, Preston L Foster, Jas H Westfall, Emery A Lloyd.

WALNUT, IA. Mabel Bruce, Chas Bigelow, Geo Clammer, Addie Cleveland, Delia Cade, Maggie Foote, Laura Hillman, Jas Hillman, Keeler Hillman, Jessie Hillman, JuilaHuchendorf, Laura Schofield, Noel Spencer, Jennie McGimsey, Amelia Keppe, James Thomson, Nellie Ware, Nettie Ware.

NORFOLK, NEB. Chas E Hazen, Bessie L Kidder, Etta Smith, Mary E Powell, Mary E Kidder, Stella E Hazen, Sadie L Smith, Orrie M Powell, Gracia P Kidder, M C Hazen, Willie H Smith, Roscoe Smith, Frank W Smith, Geo O Smith, Arthur O Hazen, Sadie M Powell, Jas W Powell, Nettie Ward, Alice Bross, Winnie Cobb.

WESTFIELD, IND. F W Williams, Fred C Hiatt, Alden H Baker, Fred L Pettijohn, Mert L Hiatt, Karl Brown, Howard Herr, Robt Pettijohn, Roy Sherrick, Lew S Williams, Harry Bowman, Raymond Brown, R A Funderburg, Elmer Hayworth, Geo Meikel, W Brown, EmHetherington, Em Funderburg, AliceHetheri'gtn, Mabel C Lindley, Georgia Hiatt, John Hiatt, Clare J Jackson, Frank Fisher, TillyFunderburg, Otto Davis, Bea Williams, Maudie Baker, Lena Howe, Walter Phelps, Ethel Clark.

GREEN BRIER, TENN. Dora Foreman, Cora M Phelps, Helen Hulsey, Laura Bloodw'th, Geo Stanley, Henry Hulsey, Geo Crutcher, Robt Webster, Eddie L Burch, Dora A Hulsey, John Patton, Jas Hulsey, Maggie Webster, Jimmy Ely, Willie Willis, Delphia Briggs, Ella Cannon, Marion Dorris, Eddie Hinkle, Rosie Bedwell, Maggie Stanley, Nancy Gunn, Mattie Ayres, Ida Webster, Delphia Foreman, Sarah Dorris.

SPENCERVILLE, CAL. R A L Shetterly, Mary Shetterly, Viola Shetterly, Belle Nichols, Lizzie Nichols, Happy Denton, Mamie Reed, Annie Casey.

SPRAGUE, W. T. J H Chandler, Ida E Chandler, A J Chandler, Clar'ce Chandler, Clinton Beeler, Ethel Beeler, Stella Beeler, George Ryker, Bertha Ryker, John Lashier, Willie Lashier, Edgar Brewer, Jesse Newman, Harry Campbell, Frankie Bell, N E Zufkin, Other Jones, May Chandler, Willie Cody, Rollin Green, Alice Cody, Wilbert Huse, Maggie Smallw'd, Griffin Jones, Cliff Bartol, Nellie Raridon, Rob Raridon, Spence Devemsk, C Hood, Hattie Green, S Ebell, B Ebell, Rosa Ebell, W Moore, O Pool, W Hiscott.

BLAINESVILL, NEB. W L Hart, Ida Goodrich, Geo F Herlan, Lola Goodrich, Lily Roberts, Myrtie Roberts, Ida Hart, Warren Bellie, Henry Herlan, Geo Wenzell, Winna Herlan, Stella Wenzell, Anna Herlan.

RUSSELL, IA. Renal Platts, Joshua Marshall, Holl Hatcher, Charley Murray, Lavilla Lenis, Mertie White, Ollie Scott, Vernie Wallace, Hal Hatcher, Charley Cook, Ethel Cook, Gertie Murray, Maggie Boggess, Kate Marshall, Jessie Plotts, Ona Wilson, Effie Souder, Mertie Cook, Carrie Stearns, Vere Cotter, Allie Goodwin, Grace Pope.

MACKSBURG, OR. Edwin Morris, Sarah Pope, Chester Hodges, G W S Scramlin, Kate Weism'ndel, Hallie Smith, Elva Gribble, Otis Morris, Elmer Gribble, Herschel Mack, Rosalie Smith, Oscar Noyer, Katie Gribble, Josie May, Walter Gribble, Celestia Riggs.

Names this week, 256. Total, 15,566.

THE LAND OF THUS-AND-SO.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

"How would Willie like to go
To the land of Thus-and-So?
Everything is proper there—
All the children comb their hair
Smoother than the fur of cats
Or the nap of high silk hats;
Every face is clean and white
As a lily washed in light;
Never vaguest soil or speck
Found on forehead, throat or neck;
Every little crimpled ear,
In and out, as pure and clear
As the cherry-blossom's blow
In the land of Thus-and-So.

"Little boys that never fall
Down the stairs, or cry at all—
Doing nothing to repent,
Watchful and obedient;
Never hungry nor in haste—
Tidy shoestrings always laced;
Never button rudely torn
From its fellows all unworn;
Knickerbockers always new—
Ribbon-tie and collar, too;
Little watches, worn like men,
Only always half-past ten—
Just precisely right, you know,
For the land of Thus-and-So!

"And the little babies there
Give no one the slightest care—
Nurse has not a thing to do
But be happy and say 'Boo!'
While mamma just nods and knows
Nothing but to doze and doze;
Never litter round the grate;
Never lunch or dinner late;
Never any household din
Peals without or rings within—
Baby coos or laughing calls,
On the stairs or through the halls—
Just great Hushes to and fro
Pace the land of Thus-and-So!
O the land of Thus-and-So!
Isn't it delightful, though?"

"Yes," lisped Willie, answering me
Somewhat slow and doubtfully—
"Must be awful nice—but I
Ruther wait till by and by
'Fore I get there—may be when
I'll be dead I'll go there then—
But.." the troubled little face
Closer pressed in my embrace—
"Let's don't never ever go
To the land of Thus-and-So!"

WHAT TONY DID.

"Have you seen the Freshman?"

"Which?"

"There is but one you could see."

"Humpty Dumpty? Oh, he pervades the place. The trees in the campus shrank into bushes when he came into it."

The students who were going up to chapel in groups were calling to each other, joking as usual. But there was but one subject to-day for their jokes. "Have you seen the Babe?" "Tom Thumb," "Bulgy"—they had a dozen nicknames for this unfortunate Freshman, who had arrived the previous night, and had been seen at the hotel by some of them.

He was not at chapel, however, so that the majority of us were disappointed.

I had an errand to Prof. Tyndall's room that morning, and found there a very meek, anxious little woman, who had brought her son up to college.

She was speaking as I entered.

"You understand, professor, he is my only child. I am a widow. He is all I have."

"I do understand, madam," said the good old professor, gently, "and all that I can do to make him a useful man shall be done, rest assured. But in the end, it depends on the lad himself."

"Oh, Tony's willing! He does his best. But we're very poor. It has been hard work for years to raise the money for him to come here, and now I want him to learn everything right away: Greek and Latin and mathematics and arithmetic and history and——"

"Is your son a good arithmetician. Or has he a talent for languages, or *belles lettres*, or what has he an inclination for?"

"Oh, nothing at at all, sir, unless it is his meals. He's very fond of dinner, especially when there's pot-pie. But as for books, he dosen't hanker for any of them. That's the reason I brought him here."

"I should like to see the boy," said the worried professor.

"He's just outside. But you'll be gentle with him?" she said, anxiously, pausing at the door, the knob in her hand. "He's a mere boy, a perfect child. Come in, Tony, dear!"

The professor looked away to hide a smile as the tiny little woman came up, leading an immensely overgrown youth as she would a baby.

"This is Tony, sir. That is his pet name, but Anthony Briggs Brashier is his full name."

"Take a seat, Mrs. Brashier," said the professor, placing a chair for the lady. "A few questions, perhaps, will give me an idea of the best course for you to choose. Many of our studies are elective. How far have you gone in Latin?"

Tony's red face was perfectly round, and no older in its lines than that of a boy of six. But there was great anxiety in his eyes, as he said, in a husky whisper, "I never could get beyond the grammar, sir."

"And in Greek?"

Tony shook his head. The examination on every subject brought the same results. The professor frowned. "You are fit only for the Preparatory School, I fear As to mathematics?"

Tony's face lightened. "I don't think I am quite such a dunce in mathematics as in other things I like the study. I have gone through the geometry and alegbra twice."

"Well, well," said the professor, "we shall see. You will undergo a regular examination. If you must enter the Preparatory School, it will make your course a year longer."

"Oh dear, Tony, do try!" almost sobbed his mother. "You know all that depends on your getting through soon. I want him to be a minister, sir. His father was a minister. He'd earn our living that way, and serve God too. I want him to live for the glory of God and the good of the world."

The professor attended her respectfully as she went out. Tony lingered, catching sight of me.

"Are you one of the students?" he said.

"Yes." I had an odd bewilderment as to whether it was a child or a grave, eager man who was talking to me.

"I suppose it's hard work here."

Pretty hard even for a bright fellow," I replied.

"Well, I can't do it. I'm not bright; I'm a regular dunce. I've made up my mind to that." "Except," his queer, dark eyes brightening, "in one or two little things, but they wouldn't count—*here*."

There was little doubt that Tony's estimate of himself was correct. In spite of his knowledge of mathematics, he was so deficient in his other studies that he was put into the Preparatory School, with lads of twelve. There he remained for two long years.

His mother's resolve that he should be a minister was inexorable, and it never occurred to the good-natured lad to oppose it. Hence the energies of his teachers were spent in trying to drive Greek and Latin into his dull brain, which utterly refused to harbor them.

He was fond of good eating, of fishing, jokes, fun of all kinds. His unwieldy body prevented him taking part in athletic sports, but his applause was hearty. No student, even among the Senior's, would play against any other college in base-ball or cricket unless Tony could go to back him. His enthusiastic shouts and yells were contagious.

Of course he was a butt for the whole college. He was "Babe," "Infant" "Humpty Dumpty" still, but every man, from the professors to the newest Freshman, liked Tony. He was good-humored, so sincere, and above all, in such deadly earnest with his work! He began with fresh zeal every morning to score a fresh failure before night.

By dint of pushing he was taken into the Freshman class.

"I doubt if he ever goes further," said Prof. Tyndall to me (I was now a tutor in the lower school), "There's not a mean or vulgar trait in that great body. Under his good-humor, there is a fine, noble nature. But a minister he will never be. Even if he could ever speak in public, he never can take the training."

The half yearly examinations were at hand. Tony broke down again in Latin and Greek. I went to his room that evening, and found him sitting a-straddle of his chair, his chin on the back, staring steadfastly in the fire. Tony's round face was as boyish as ever, but there was an infinite depth of longing and pain in his dark eyes.

"Hard luck, Brashier," I said.

"You don't know the worst. Here is a letter from my mother, counting the time I shall be a minister; doing something for the glory of God's gospel and the good of the world. How can I tell her I am thrown back another year? I ought to be at work now, supporting her."

"I thought you did that now."

"I work as a farm-hand during the summer, and earn enough to help us both; but it is very poorly. Other men of my age would have a profession. She is growing old. She ought to live like a lady."

"Will you persist here?"

"I will stay the four years, as I have promised her."

I could not reach him with any courage or comfort. Tony was treading depths of misery where no man could come nigh to him.

But after that day there was a singular change in him.

He was a regular and attentive in his classes as he had been before; but outside of them he withdrew himself from all his old companions, gave up his fishing and his club. He was seldom seen on the ball or cricket grounds; he scarcely gave himself time for his meals.

His door was always locked, but vague reports crept out that "the Babe" was surrounded by piles of new books, sheets of drawing-paper, pencils, and queer utensils.

By degrees this new order of things became habitual and ceased to provoke remark. There was a gravity and earnestness in Tony never seen before. Sometimes he took a holiday, came to the ball-field, and then his wild "Hurrahs!" drowned all the others.

Time passed. Men who began with Tony were now Seniors. He was only beginning his Sophomore year.

The college stood in the suburbs of a large city, and the boys naturally took a keen interest in all public events. Among these was the erection of a large church which was to be the most stately and beautiful in the city. The money to build and endow it had been left by a man of great wealth who requested that it should be kept free forever for the use of the poor.

All the leading architects submitted plans to the committee. One was chosen, and the work of building was pushed on with energy. It was near the college, and the boys were so interested in the matter that the new church became a place of daily resort, and its massive dome and airy spires rose in the air, each lad felt that he personally had a share in it. Tony especially was in the habit of going daily to the building, and spent hours in watching its rapid growth, and talking to the workmen.

At last it was finished. It was to be consecrated the day before Commencement.

Mrs. Brashier came up to the college that day. Her reports of Tony's progress had been vague. She came, full of despairing fears, to verify them, and made her way at once, as before, to Prof. Tyndall's rooms.

"I have not Tony's confidence any more," she complained. "He writes to me that he is trying faithfully to satisfy my wishes, but that he knows it is useless. He does not go into details."

The professor went into details, ending with, "It is folly to deceive youself, madam. You must see the effort Tony has made to become a minister is useless as he says. Are you not willing even now that he shall take up some other work in life?"

The poor women sobbed miserably. "Oh yes, I'm willing," she gasped at last. "Anything to earn a living! But I did hope he would do some noble work. Where is the poor boy?"

The professor rose quickly, glad to end the interview. "I have no doubt he is with all the college boys at the consecration of the new church. I will go with you there."

The ceremony was partly over when they arrived. The great marble building, with its vast aisles and upspringing arches, stood beautiful as a visible hymn of praise. The religious services were over. The building had been dedicated to worship God. Now the great mass of people stood outside on the green slope of the hill surrounding it, while the executor of the will formally delivered the church into the charge of the trustees who held it for the poor of the city. He told in a few words the story of the will, the sacred purpose to which the church was forever devoted, a temple wherein the poorest of God's creatures should come to worship Him.

Tony's mother was fond of him, and clung to his arm. She was a devout woman. She forgot for the moment her own troubles, her eyes filled, her face shone, as she listened with the great concourse, all of whom were moved and touched.

"There is one thing more to be told," said the speaker, "which makes this noble offering still more worthy. Most of the architects in the city and state submitted anonymously plans for this building. The one chosen was the work of a young man. It is his first work, but it shows a power and skill which ensure him fame and fortune. He refused to accept any reward for it. He offered his first fruit of his undoubted genius to the service of Him who endowed him with it. This man, who more than any of us dedicates this church to-day to glory of God and the good of men, is your friend and neighbor, Anthony Brashier."

There was a moment's amazed silence, and then the air rang with the shouts of the people.

All of the college men crowded round Tony; his mother hung on his arm, atonished, proud, as if half frightened. But he stood looking at the white temple as if in a dream, repeating the speaker's last works under his breath, "To the glory of God and the good of men."

There are many young people who cannot become what their parents plan for them to be in life, but they can become useful in following some special gifts that God has given them. Such may find at the beginning of the school-year an encouragement to best effort in examples like Tony—and they are many.—*Youth's Companion.*

HOPE VILLA, LA., Nov. 1st, 1886.

MESSRS. A. T. SHALLENBERGER & CO.

Rochester, Pa, *Gents.*—I received a sample bottle of your Antidote for Malaria last spring, and have tested it fully in my own case. After failing utterly with quinine, it has cured me permanently, and I would take it before any remedy whatever. There is no unpleasant effect while using, and it leaves none. If you could sell at a lower price, if for introductory purposes only, it would be "bread upon the waters" later, when the world finds it must have it.

Yours very truly,
J. S. WEBSTER.

The Wear of Niagara.

The American association for the Advancement of Science, in session at Buffalo, listened to a paper by Prof. R. S. Woodward, of Washington, on "The Rate of Recession of Niagara Falls." The professor said that the area of the rock worn away at the Horseshoe Falls between the years 1842 and 1875 was 18,500 square feet, equal to .425 acres; between 1875 and 1886, 60,000 square feet, or 1.37 acres. The main length of the contour of the falls is 2,300 feet. The time required to recede one mile, if the rate is 2.4 feet per year, is 2,200 years.—*Building.*

—Bryant & Stratton's College, Buffalo, N. Y., gives instruction *at home* by mail, in Book-keeping, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Shorthand, etc. Send for circulars.

The Sunday School.

Worshiping God and the Lamb.

LESSON 10, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1886.

Golden Text—Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the thone, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.—Rev. 5: 13.

LESSON TEXT.

Rev. 5: 1-14.

1. And I saw in the right hand of him that sat on the throne, a book written within, and on the back side, sealed with seven seals.
2. And I saw a strong angel, proclaiming with a loud voice, Who is worthy to open the book, and to loose the seals thereof?
3. And no man in heaven, nor in earth, neither under the earth, was able to open the book, neither to look thereon.
4. And I wept much, because no man was found worthy to open and to read the book, neither to look thereon.
5. And one of the elders saith unto me, Weep not; behold the Lion of the tribe of Juda, the Root of David, hath prevailed to open the book, and to loose the seven seals thereof.
6) And I beheld, and lo, in the midst of the throne of the four beasts, and in the elders, stood a Lamb as it had been slain, having seven horns and seven eyes, which are the seven Spirits of God sent forth into all the earth.
7. And he came and took the book out of the right hand of him that sat upon the throne.
8. And when he had taken the book, the four beasts and four and twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps and golden vials full of odors, which are the prayers of the saints.
9. And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof; for thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation;
10. And hast made us unto our God kings and priests; and we shall reign upon the earth.
11. And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the beasts, and the elders, and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and tens of thousands.
12. Saying with a loud voice, Worthy is Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing.
13. And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever.
14. And the four beasts said, Amen. And the four and twenty elders fell down and worshipped him that liveth forever and ever.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

Him that sat on the throne (v. 1.) It is a great comfort to know that there is a throne in heaven, and that One sits on that throne. When things in this world seem to be all in confusion; when we can see no plan in the progress of events; when it looks as if the right were at a disadvantage against the wrong; when it appears as if the best persons had the hardest time in life: when perplexity is in our midst about what is, in contrast with what ought to be, then there is rest in the thought that in heaven there is a knowledge of and a power over all these things; that there is a throne of dominion, and an overseeing Ruler there. It not enough to know that there is order in the universe; that there is a prevailing law of nature; we need to be assured—as we are—that there is a personal God; that God is; that God rules; and that God is "a rewarder of them that diligently seek him."

Who is worthy to open the book? (v. 2.) Did you never have a person come to you—it may be a servant, or a child, or a comrade, with a sealed letter from home, asking you to open and read it, because its receiver was unable to read? Of what use were all the loving measures of that letter, or its counsels and warnings, or its words of information, to him for whom it was designed, until he could find some one competent and willing to read them to him? If indeed he were surrounded by the ignorant, how that person would go from one to another, asking hopelessly, "Who is worthy to open this letter and to read its writing to me?" Or, have you never been asked by a child to read to him out of a book he brings to you, that he may know the meaning of its pictures which have taken his eye? Or, again, have you not turned the pages of some attractive appearing volume in a foreign tongue, wishing that some one was at hand to read them to you? What is written, may or may not, be of service to him who longs for instruction. This is as true of the Book of God as of any writing of minor importance. Peculiarly is it true of the closing book of the canon. You can read it, is true; but reading a book is not understanding it. Understandest thou what thou readest?" "How can I, except some man should guide me?" Who is able to open to you and to me the Book of Revelation? We are face to face with that question to-day.

And I wept much. One of the elders saith, Weep not (vs. 4, 5.) There is a great deal of unnecessary weeping in this world; and it seems that even glimpses of heaven do not always put a stop to it. We weep over emergencies which are always provided for. We weep over difficulties which exist only in our imaginings. We weep that God does not do for us what he is already doing. We weep for a blessing that is even now within our grasp. Our very weeping blinds our eyes against the good things provided for us, and shuts from our sight the grand events of God's providence over which we ought to be rejoicing. What are you weeping for? Are you sure that the thing you mourn as lost is not safer than before? Are you sure that the cause of your tears is not rather a cause of glad smiles? Dry your tears and look up! There is less reason for your weeping than you have supposed.

Golden bowls full of incense, which are the prayers of the saints (v. 8.) Jesus urged his disciples to lay up treasures in heaven Here we have an intimation of the kind of treasures which are valued there. Heaven's perfumery; distilled prayers! The faith-filled prayers of God's children are so precious that none of them are lost. They are kept to make heaven fragrant. Prayers out of a crushed and aching heart; the prayers which seemed of no effect; the earnest, loving prayers of father or mother, of wife, or sister, of husband or brother, of child or friend, of teacher or pastor,—all are preserved. Their choicest essence are extracted by Him who presents them as his own. They are kept to God's honor and praise. They are kept a memorial of the trustful saint who offered them We all want to do something which will be remembered. We all want to have accumulations, to be rejoiced over by and by. To this end, what is surer than praying? Work may fail of its purpose. Study may prove only a weariness of the flesh. Prayer will not be lost. It will reach heaven. It will be counted among heaven's treasures. Let us pray.

Madest them to be a kingdom and priests (v. 10.) If a childless king were to advertise for an heir, there would be no lack of applicants for the position. He might not find it so easy to get men of royal blood from other lands to come and be his servants. If a call came to a group of theological students for a volunteer to take charge of a cathedral church with all its honors and emoluments. there is but little doubt that some of them would be ready for the service. It is certain that a summons to a hopeful mission field would be responded to with like alacrity? Christ is a king. All the churches of earth are at his disposal; the temple of heaven is his also. Christ's followers shall have a kingdom, and shall be priests unto God; but not yet; they must serve at the footstool before they rule on the throne; they must be as doorkeepers in the house of the Lord before they stand in glory in the holy of holies. All our hope of royal and priestly honors rests on our humility and willing service in the days of our preparation and trial—when the King comes.

Ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands (v. 11.) It is of no use trying to count up the Lord's servants, or the Lord's agencies. There were at least seven thousand as many good men in Israel, in the days of Elijah, as the inspired man of God supposed; and no one has ever come nearer than Elijah to the full measure of the men and the things at God's disposal in an emergency. Perhaps you think there is no such faith on earth now as in the days of Abraham; no such courage in God's cause as in David's time: no such devotion or holiness as in the early Christian church. Perhaps you are afraid that popular skepticism is sweeping everything before it; or that political corruption prevails unchecked in high places; or that there is no such reverence for authority, no such understanding of doctrine, no such stability of character, in the rising generation, as in the days of long ago. Nonsense! The number of those who worship God, and trust him, and serve him, and glorify him, even now, is "ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands;" and there are a great many more that also. You have a deal more of Bible arithmetic to learn before you can safely apply your mathematics to the friends and the forces of the Divine government.—*H. Clay Trumbull in Sunday School Times.*

—For 20 years Henry F. Balcom, of Shirley, Mass., suffered with rheumatism. He found no relief till he took Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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For Infants and Invalids

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

The President is hard at work on his annual message.

The official census of Prussia shows a population of 28,318,458 persons.

Enough people have gone into Kansas within a year to found a city the size of Baltimore.

A girl employed in a Neenah (Wis.) paper mill found two $100 bills sewed up in an old corset.

The wife and daughter of the once famous tenor, Brignoli, are living in New York in poverty.

John S. Mosby is a slight, bent, blonde man, with a cold gray eye containing no more expression than a boy's marble.

The Young Men's Christian Association of Minneapolis, after a rather warm debate, decided against inviting Sam Jones to visit the city.

Col. P. Donan recently brought to New Orleans from Honduras an opal which is said to be the second largest in the world. It is as big as a hen's egg.

Sam Allertson, one of the biggest cattle dealers in Chicago, says there is more profit in selling beef in home markets than in shipping it to Europe.

Robert Treat Paine is building a number of small dwelling houses in Boston, which he intends to sell at cost to deserving people of moderate means.

Sen. Jones, of Nevada, has met with another extraordinary streak of luck in striking a gold mine in Alaska. Prospectors say it is the richest mine ever discovered.

William Henry Smith, the general manager of the Associated Press, has come back from Europe firmly convinced that there is to be a European war at no distant day.

Unquenchable fire is eating its way through hundreds of acres of coal in Westmoreland county, Pa., the flames having started some time ago in the shaft of the H. C. Frick Coke company. By reason of the fire some 800 men are out of work and the coke company is losing $2,400 a day.

Decline of Man.

Mental or organic weakness, nervous debility and kindred delicate diseases, however induced, speedily and permanently cured. For large illustrated book of particulars enclose 10 cents in stamps and address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

HER HUSBAND.

A Wife Who Thought Herself Too Literary for Him.

It is amusing and sometimes disgusting to hear some women talk of relatives or friends as not being "congenial." A wife who makes such a declaration about her husband shows not only poor taste, but a lack of discretion and good sense, that is ominous for the future. The degree of congeniality is never increased by such unwifely indiscretions.

"My husband's a real good man, a provider, stiddy as a clock, and all that, but in some things we ain't a bit congenial," said a garrulous woman to a friend.

"Upon what do you disagree?" was asked.

"Well, mostly about our reading."

"Why, how so?"

"Well, the fact is, I'm too literary for John."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, John ain't a bit literary. Now I always did run to literaryness. I just believe I could write."

"Did you ever try?"

"Yes; I've wrote two or three poems. They rhyme right straight through. But John he just laughs at me. He says a woman with four children and only a poor carpenter for a husband ain't got time to write poetry or be literary. There isn't the first literary streak in that man. Now, I'm the greatest reader."

"Does your husband dislike books?"

"Oh, he likes to read the papers and says he thinks it's his duty as a voter to keep informed in politics; and he reads about the labor question, and he's got some old histories and a book called 'Macaulay's Essays' that he's forever reading. But when it comes to being literary, John ain't there."

"What do you read?"

"Oh, I read every scrap of poetry in the newspapers I can pick up, and I often have four novels on hand at a time. I am reading one now called 'Millicent, the Mad, Mad Maid of the Mist,' and I take four splendid story papers and borrow two more. I s'pose mebbe I'd be happier if I wasn't so literary, but I can't help it.

"And, of course, John can't appreciate my tastes and my kind of reading. He ain't literary enough for it. And so we ain't a bit congenial. And I sometimes think it would of been better for John if he'd married a woman less literary than me. It's dreadful to be so literary when your husband ain't a bit that way."

Yes—dreadful for the husband.

—The true secret of success is merit. This is so with Red Star Cough Cure, a purely vegetable compound, entirely free from opiates, poisons and narcotics, and which has received the public endorsement of physicians and chemists everywhere. Twenty-five cents.

WHY THEY SMILE.

Joel Chandler Harris (Uncle Remus) is said to be worth $100,000.

Eli Perkins is said to have accumulated $150,000 by strict attention to the truth.

Col. John A. Cockerill gets the largest salary of any managing editor in the country.

Poor and aged, mournful Bill Nye can claim $100,000 as his own when he is in the claiming humor.

Robert J. Burdette has saved about $30,000 out of his lectures and newspaper work, and is not working hard now.

James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier Poet, is said to be making money fast, but is not yet rich. He is young, however.

Joseph B. McCullagh, though small in size, is the richest of our managing editors. He was once a war correspondent only.

Mark Twain is worth a few cents more than when he made Virginia City his home; $1,200,000 are the figures representing possessions.

E. P. Bailey, the Danbury *News* man, did not last long as a humorist. His work is scarcely noticed now, but he has about $75,000 laid up against a rainy day.

George W. Peck, of *Peck's Sun*, can estimate his wealth at $150,000. And yet there are many men not old, who can remember when he worked on Pomeroy's *Democrat*, and had no money to spare.

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The Farm.

Information Wanted.

A Reader, Chester, Iowa: Your horse is evidently affected with diabetes. Castration should have been done at an earlier age, but we think this has nothing to do with your horse's ailment. Change his diet entirely and give him a pint of linseed oil and a tablespoonful of baking soda to drink. Then give this, and we think he will come around all right: Iodine, 20 grains; iodide of potassium, 1 drachm; carbonate of soda, 4 drachms. This dose to be given three times a day, two days apart for four doses.—Ed.

S. P. B.—For the knots on your cow's leg, apply this to them: Bin-iodide of mercury, 1 drachm; lard, 2 ounces. A piece the size of a hulled walnut to be rubbed into the swellings every day.—Ed.

J. F. Radman, King City, Mo.: We would not advise any attempt to apply anything to the large sacks under your horse's jaw. The knife should be used as soon as they can be made to point. For this purpose apply flaxseed meal poultices. If this will not bring them out promptly, apply a blister, as powdered cantharides, one ounce; lard oil, six ounces. The horse must be fed an extra good nourishment.—Ed.]

J. B. R., Hartford, Conn.: "As good a tonic ball as you can use for your horse is: Ginger, two drachms; gentian, one drachm; peruvian bark, half an ounce; fenugreek, one-fourth ounce. Mix and form a ball.—Ed.]

Swelled Leg.—What can I do to take the swelling from my colt's leg. He was cut about two months since on a scythe half way between the fetlock and knee joint on front part of hind leg, and it is swelled some and leaves a small bunch on it. Please answer through the Blade and oblige—Subscriber, West Union, Neb. [If the part has healed, take half an ounce of powdered flies and put in half a pint of alcohol; steep for two weeks and then apply. It will cause a watery discharge. Afterward, wash with soap and warm water and grease with sheep's tallow. Put half an ounce of saltpetre in drinking water twice a day for about three days.—Ed.]

Chronic Cough.—I have a span of horses about 15 years old; the man who had the use of them three years ago fed dusty hay and grain, and one of them commenced to cough considerably, in fact showed symptoms of heaves. The cough would return occasionally when proper care was not taken in feeding. This fall they were fed some on timothy hay, and both coughed more or less, and about three weeks ago they lost their appetite, coughed considerably, stood with heads down, eyes half closed, the sheath and legs of both badly swelled. Improved some after I cleansed and greased their sheaths. When their appetite returned I prepared a mess of two quarts of oats, four quarts of bran, and a handful of flaxseed for each, scalding the same and keeping it covered from one meal to the other, feeding only night and morning, turning them out to pasture during the daytime.

They are very much better now, eat well, but their legs still swell considerably during the night when in the stable, and the cough troubles yet. I have commenced to work them moderately, feed four quarts to each twice per day when not worked, and three times when worked, with very little hay, but more bright oat straw, moistening everything I feed. They cough when starting to work, when trotting, when drinking, do not run at the nose, and when worked, the swelling of the legs goes down. Please inform me through the Blade as soon as convenient what course I had best pursue, and greatly oblige L. S., Independence, Iowa. [Chronic cough results from different causes, and frequently from an affection of the lungs or air passages. Hay with the least amount of mould in it causes much irritation to an affected horse. Dust oats, or other feed that is not free from dust is bad unless carefully cleaned. In case of chronic cough, all hay and oats should be sprinkled a little with water. In cases where there is irritation of the larynx, a sharp mustard plaster applied to the throat and breast will prove of benefit. We think if you will give the following, good results will follow: Sulphate of copper, digitalis, pulverized squills, nitre and camphor, of each one ounce; to be made into ten powders. Give a powder night and morning. Feed a liberal amount of green food, as carrots, potatoes, turnips, etc. In about ten days after giving the above, administer this: Powdered digitalis, one ounce; sulphate of iron, half an ounce. Mix for one ball and give morning and night, for one day. Give generous and nourishing diet. Regarding their sheaths, syringe with soap and warm water, or a weak carbolic acid solution (one drachm to a quart of water). If there is anything wrong with their sheaths beyond irritation from the natural secretions, you will have to write again.—Ed.

Spavin.—I have a mule that has been lame for a year in his hind leg. The lameness has been slowly increasing for that time. It does not trouble him on a smooth road. In stepping over the wagon tongue, or even a cornstalk a foot from the ground, it is difficult for him to get his foot to the ground again. There is no swelling. His hip is shrinking away; is in fine condition other ways. In standing he rests that leg on the toe. Please let me know through the Farm department of the Blade, what is the disease and how to treat it.—Subscriber, Severance, Kan. [Your mule has, we think, spavin. To treat, pass a seaton under a considerable portion of the skin covering the site of the spavin, and anoint the tape with powdered cantharides, one part; oil of turpentine and Canada balsam, of each eight parts. Digest the cantharide and turpentine together and add the balsam, or shave the part and apply oleate of mercury. The animal must have about six weeks' rest.—Ed.]

L. S. Brooks, Smithboro: From what you say, we judge your horse was troubled with pink-eye, although your description is not as full as we would wish. Recovery should begin four or five days after the horse is attacked, if the animal does get well. For weeks but little work should be given. Since the time you wrote has been more than sufficient to cover the period above named. We can only advise giving the following in a pint of water: Sweet spirits of nitre and solution of acetate of ammonia, of each one ounce; extract of belladonna, half drachm. Give this twice, about five days apart.—Ed.

A subscriber of the Blade writes a letter from Edgerville, O., regarding a lame horse. The writer proves himself to be a most intelligent gentleman and expresses himself in a manner that shows him not only conversant with the English language but has a thorough knowledge of bones, glands, cellular textures, adipose, tissues and mucous membrane. However, the case of the horse is puzzling to him, and not entirely clear to the Blade Farm man; yet all the symptoms combined and carefully weighed, seem to point to navicular disease, which has been discribed and remedies given time and again in the Blade Farm. As we have given directions of our own so often, we shall give the gentleman what somebody else says about it: A well known veterinary says to cure navicular disease, the hoof and around the coronet should be rasped thin a fly blister put around above the coronet or crown of the hoof. This should be done twice a week for four weeks. The veterinary of the *Rural New Yorker*, in answer to a correspondent, recommends the following, of which we approve: Try removal of the shoe and paring of the hoof well, so as to allow pressure on the frog. Cause the animal to stand in a puddle of clay several hours daily, with a poultice on the foot at night. After a week or two, apply a mild blister around the top of the hoof and sides of pasterns, to be repeated as soon as the effect of one blister has passed off. When the soaking of the foot has been discontinued it should be daily anointed with some hoof ointment to prevent excessive drying. Equal parts of tar and vaseline mixed, is excellent for this purpose. A rest of two or three months may be desirable, during which time it may be necessary to blister several times. Feed sparingly on a laxative diet.

We Think Not.—Please inform me through the Blade what insurance companies, if any, that insure growing crops against hail and wind. Please give addresses, if there are any.—W. J. Elliott, Dodge City, Kan. [We do not think there is any such insurance company. There are what are called cyclone insurance companies, but they confine the taking of risks to farm houses, barns and other buildings.—Ed.]

Answers to Inquiries.

Colt Rupture.—Have been a reader of your valuable paper nearly a year. Saw a few weeks ago a remedy for rupture of navel cord in sucking colt. Will say I had one affected in same way as you described, and cured it in same way, viz., by keeping a bandage on him about two months. I put a large one around the colt, with a piece of leather sewed to it of sufficient size to cover the rupture well. Put plenty of elastic to it to let it give. Made a collar and attached it to the bandage between his legs by means of elastic ribbon. The colt's age, five months. The reason I used so much rubber was to hold the bandage firmly, no matter what position the colt was in.—W. H. Dobbis, Tekonsk, Mich.

Weak Ankles.—My colt is a valuable one. Raised it on cow's milk. Lost mare. It is doing well, except it is threatened with weak ankles behind. Feed oats two and a half quarts and hay. Has some exercise each day. Please tell me cause and give remedy, and oblige, W. H. D. [The cause is, we think, that you feed too much grain. Give the colt plenty of exercise, and but little grain.

The Lower Gila Valley—A Little Known but Fertile Section.

Editor Farm:—As many people have written to me regarding this, but little known section, I will endeavor to give information through the Blade farm: The land I speak of is a river bottom of great fertility, situated on the Gila (pronounced Hella) river. The timber is mesquite—two kinds—and cottonwood. The mesquite is better fuel than beech or maple, and is unexcelled for its lasting qualities in the ground. The land is level. There are no mountains near, but there is an upland of "mesa" (table land) from 20 to 60 feet high bordering one side; the river forms the other side. The Southern Pacific railroad runs parallel on the mesa with the valley at a distance of from four to ten miles, Sentinel being the nearest station. This being a new country, as yet unsettled, there are no towns nor churches, and only one small school. Those things will, of course, follow population. The climate is mild and dry and is unquestionably very healthy. There is not sufficient rainfall to raise crops, and irrigation has to be resorted to. The Gila river furnishes enough water for that purpose and it can be got on to the land cheaply. It will probably cost about $400 to wet 160 acres, at Riverside. In California there is land which cost $1,000 per acre to wet. This sum will not have to be paid in cash all at one time, but can be worked out in part, and after a sufficient number are associated in a ditch to form a joint stock company partnership or corporation, they can borrow money at a low rate of interest to complete the ditch. This will give those with small means a chance to meet other necessary expenses. The soil and climate are expressly suited to the cultivation of oranges, lemons, limes, bananas, rasins, grapes, and all other fruits which do so well in California. Grains of all kinds, vegetables, hops, and all things of a kindred nature will do splendidly, but alfalfa will be the great forage crop, and 5 or 6 tons per acre may be cut per year, besides having green pastures all winter. This is done at Phœnix, 100 miles east of here, under less favorable conditions of soil, climate and water than we have. There will always be considerable outside feed for stock on the Mesa and in the lower portion of the valley, which overflows in the winter.

The valley is from one to three miles wide by about ten long; good drinking water is obtained by digging or boring from 10 to 25 feet. Some of the dug wells are slightly brackish but this is obviated by piping down a little farter. The digging is all through sandy loam and no rock or hard-pan is encountered. The expense of clearing the land will be not much more than clearing off a field of cockle burrs or sunflowers would be.

"The Resources of Arizonia" gives the temperature at Fort Yuma for the year '80-'81 as 106 deg. in August as the highest and 32 deg. as the lowest in January. Fort Yuma is 90 miles below here, and is said to be the hottest place on the river. The old settlers say that they have never seen ice thicker than a window pane, and some winters the leaves remained green on the cotton wood trees all winter. There is but little wild grass, but cattle keep fat the entire year on browze, and are never affected with any diseases. Work horses and cows are cheap. Good horse can be bought for from $40 to $75, and a cow and calf for about $30. Building lumber will cost about $30 to $35 per M., but the best and cheapest building material is adobe—unburnt brick. These are made very cheaply, and are laid up with mud. A poor man with a small family can build a house here with his own labor principally, that will not cost him over $20 in cash, that will, in this climate, be more comfortable than the best lumber house he could build in Ohio or Michigan.

There are never any violent storms of wind or hard cyclones and hail storms are unknown, and snow was never known to fall here. In fact many people have camped under a tree the entire year without any great discomfort except an occasional rain. There will not be work for wages until the country begins to fill up. Then, of course, there will be work of all kinds, at California wages, which are for common laborers $1 per day and mechanics in proportion.

Farming may be done at any time of the year. Fruits and vegetables are from a month to six weeks earlier here than in California, and we are two days nearer an Eastern market than Los Angeles. Where there are several wishing to come here, perhaps it would be well for one of them to come and look. There are some warm springs here, which are said to be an infallible cure for rheumatism and other diseases.

I think a man who is industrious and economical can get a start here with $400 or $500, and maintain his family in a plain but substantial manner until he can raise something, which will be as soon as he can get water on his land. There is an abundance of game, such as quail, rabbits, and some deer and antelope. There is also fish in the river.—C. W. Hackett, Sentinel, Maricopa Co., Arizona.

[Mr. Hackett's previous letter appeared in the Blade.—Ed.]

Spoiling a Colt.

Editor Blade Farm:—There is a vast difference between teaching a colt to know its master, and spoiling it by familiarity. Too often the owner of a colt fondles it only to spoil it. Too much kindness cannot be used, but every kind word and every caress should be given with a purpose. It is well to win the confidence and affection of the colt early, but this need not be at the cost of the animal's submission. Never attempt to do anything with a colt that you do not feel reasonably sure of being able to succeed in. Once let the colt understand he has conquered you, or refused to obey your will, and trouble has commenced. The colt will remember. So too, if by firmness you have made the colt to do anything, it feels your mastery, and yields more readily to you at the next trial, and in the end acknowledges submission to your will. The will of the colt, like that of the boy, should be bent, not broken. Bend the will, and the colt, when trained, is valuable, but break the will, and the colt loses confidence in itself and its master. But how can you know whethr the will is bent or broken? To bend the will, work so upon the will of the colt that the very steps you wish taken become the wish of the colt. Whipping will not often do other than tend to break the will. Use the whip little and kindness more, and there will be little trouble in doing what you will with the colt.—J. D. Leisure, Lansing, Mich.

Horticultural Notes.

Carnations are easily rooted from side shoots about two inches long, and this is a favorable time to increase your stock of these beautiful flowers.

Potatoes to be dry, should be raised on a mellow, well-drained soil. We know of no variety that will cook mealy if they have been grown in wet, undrained soil.

Some successful growers plant peach trees between apple trees in the orchard or garden. The peach grows and bears quickly, yielding largely before the apple trees need the space.

To produce the best results in amaryllis culture, the bulbs should be grown in rich, fibrous loam, with one-fourth leaf mould and plenty of well decomposed cow manure.

A New Zealand mushroom, which grows on the trunks of trees, is likely to become an article of exportation to England. It is exported in large quantities to China, where it is used in the preparation of soups.

A hoe for use in a garden requires as much care as a scythe that is used for cutting grass. It should be sharp enough to cut off the roots of all kinds of weeds, and should have so good a polish that it can be moved through the soil without much exhibition of strength.

Too much water causes the roots o primroses to decay; if the leaves are yellow it is an indication that the plant is thirsty. Don't wet the blossoms unless the plant gets frost bitten, when, if sprinkled and kept in a cool, shaded locality for a day or so, it will not seem to be injured.

There may be something in the statement that in some parts of Asia where melons are much grown, growers resort to ripening them in the dark by drawing soil over the melons as they approach maturity. It is well known that some fruits grown in hot-houses are much improved in quality by shading the glass during ripening. This idea is worth a test, on a small scale at least.

Some Folks
have much difficulty in swallowing the huge, old-fashioned pill, but anyone can take Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are composed of highly concentrated vegetable extracts. For diseases of the liver and stomach, sick and bilious headache, etc., they have no equal. Their operation is attended with no discomfort whatever. They are sugar coated and put up in glass vials.

Robert D. Cox, president of the Terre Haute (Ind.) Car Manufacturing company, died suddenly Thursday of apoplexy.

TALMAGE ON YOUTHFUL TRAINING.

How Parents Err in the Early Training of the Little Ones—The Broad and Easy Road to Perdition Which Many Are Traveling.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 21.—The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., preached in the Brooklyn Tabernacle this morning, on the subject: "What is to Become of Our Children?" After expounding from the 49th chapter of Genesis, Jacob's wonderful discrimination of the characteristics of his sons, the preacher took for his text: Genesis xliv., 30: "Seeing that his life is bound up in the lad's life," and delivered the following discourse:

These words were spoken by Judah, as descriptive of the tenderness and affection which Jacob felt towards Benjamin, the youngest son of that patriarchal family; but they are words just as appropriate to many a parent in this house—"since his life is bound up in the lad's life." I have known parents that seemed to have but little interest in their children. A father says: "My son must look out for himself; if he turns out badly I cannot help it. I am not responsible for his behavior. He must take the same risk of life that I took." As well might the shepherd throw a lamb into a den of lions, and then say: "Little lamb, look out for yourself!"

It is generally the case that even the beast look after its young. I have gone through the woods on a summer's day, and I have heard a great outcry in a bird's nest, and I have climbed up to see what was the matter. I found out that the birds were starving, and that the mother bird had gone off, not to come back again. But that is an exception. It is generally the case that the old bird will pick your eyes out rather than let you come nigh its brood. The lion will rend you in twain if you approach too nearly the whelps; the fowl in the barnyard, clumsy-footed, heavy-winged, flies fiercely at you if you come too near the little group; and God intended every father and mother to be the protection and the help of the child. Jesus comes into every dwelling and says to the father or mother; "You have been looking after this child's body and mind; the time has come when you ought to be looking after its immortal soul." I stand before hundreds of people with whom the question morning, noon, and night is: "What is to become of the child? What will be its history? Will it choose paths of virtue or vice? Will it accept Christ or reject him? Where will it spend eternity?"

I read of a vessel that foundered. The boats were launched; many of the passengers struggling in the water. A mother with one hand beat the waves, and with the other hand lifted up her little child towards the life-boat, crying: "Save my child! save my child!" The impassioned outcry of that mother is the prayer of hundreds of Christian people who sit listening this morning while I speak. I propose to show some of the causes of parental anxiety, and then how that anxiety may be alleviated.

I find the first cause of parental anxiety in the inefficiency and imperfection of parents themselves. We have a slight hope, all of us, that our children may escape our faults. We hide our imperfections, and think they will steer clear of them.

Alas, there is a poor prospect of that. There is more probability that they will choose our vices than choose our virtues. There is something like sacredness in parental imperfections when the child looks upon them. The folly of the parents is not so repulsive when the child looks at it. He says: "Father indulges in it, mother indulges in it; it can't be so bad." Your boy, ten years of age, goes up a back street smoking his cigar—an old stump that he found in the street—and a neighbor accosts him and says: "What are doing this for? What would your father say if he knew it?" The boy says: "Oh, father does that himself!" There is not one of us this morning that would deliberately choose that his children should in all things follow his example, and it is the consciousness of imperfection on our part as parents that makes us most anxious for our children.

We are also distressed on account of the unwisdom of our discipline and instruction. It requires a great deal of ingenuity to build a house or fashion a ship; but more ingenuity to build the temple of a child's character, and launch it on the great ocean of time and eternity. Where there is one parent that seems qualified for this work, there seem to be twenty parents who miserably fail. Here is a father who says: "My child shall know nothing but religion; he shall hear nothing but religion; he shall see nothing but religion." The boy is aroused at 6 o'clock in the morning to recite the ten commandments. He is awakened off the sofa on Sunday night to see how much he knows of the Westminster catechism. It is religion morning, noon and night. Passages of Scripture are plastered on the bed-room wall. He looks for the day of the month in a religious almanac. Every minister that comes to the house is told to take the boy aside and talk to him, and tell him what a great sinner he is.

After a while the boy comes to that period of life when he is too old for chastisement, and too young to know and feel the force of moral principle. Father and mother are sitting up for the boy to come home. It is 9 o'clock at night—10 o'clock—it is 12 o'clock—it is 12:30—and they hear the night key jingle in the door. They say he is coming. George goes very softly through the hall, hoping to get up stairs before he is coming. The father says: "George, where have you been?" "Been out." Yes, he has been out, and he has been down, and he is on the broad road to destruction for this life and the world to come. Father says: "There is no use in the ten commandments; the catechism is an utter failure." Ah, my friend, you make a very great mistake. You stuffed that child with religion until he could not digest it: you make that which is a joy in many households an abhorrence in yours. A man in middle life said to me: "I can't become a Christian. In my father's house I got such a prejudice against religion I don't want any of it. My father was one of the best men that ever lived, but he had such severe notions about things, and he rammed religion down my throat, until I don't want any of it, sir." There have been some who have erred in that direction.

There are households whose mother pulls one way and father pulls the other. Father says: "My son, I told you the first time I caught you in a falsehood I would chastise you, and now I am going to do it." Mother says: "Don't; let him off this time." In some families it is all scolding and fretfulness with the child; from Monday morning to Saturday night it is that style of culture. The boy is picked at, and picked at, and picked at. Now, you might better give one sound chastisement, and have done with it, than indulge in this perpetual scolding and fretfulness.

There is more health in one good thunder storm than in three or four days of cold drizzle.

Here is a parent who says: "I will not err on the side that parent has erred in being too strict with his children. I will let mine do as they please. If they want to come into prayers, they can; if they want to play cards they can; they can do anything they please—there shall be no hindrance. Go it! Here are tickets for the opera and theater, son. Take your friends with you. Do whatever you desire." One day a gentleman comes in from the bank to his father's office and says: "They want to see you over to the bank a minute." Father goes into the bank. The cashier says: "Is that your check?" Father looks at it and says: "No, I never gave that check; I never cross a 't' in that way; I never make a curl on a 'y' in that way. It is not my check, that's a forgery. Send for the police." "Ah," says the cashier, "don't be so quick, your son did that." The fact was that the boy had been out in dissipating circles, and the boy felt he must have five hundred dollars to keep himself in that circle. That night the father sits up for the son to come home. It is 1 o'clock before he comes into the hall. He comes in very much flushed, his eye glaring, and his breath offensive. Father says: "My son, how can you do so? I have given you everything you wanted and everything to make you comfortable and happy, and now I find, in my old age, that you are a spendthrift, a libertine, and a drunkard." The sons says: "Now, father, what's the use of your talking that way? You told me I might have a good time and to go it. I have been acting on your suggestion, that's all." And so one parent errs on one side, and another parent errs on the other, and how to strike a happy medium between severity and too great leniency, and train our sons and daughters for usefulness on earth and bliss in heaven, is a question which agitates every Christian household, in my congregation. Where so many good men and women have failed, it is strange that we should sometimes doubt the propriety of our theory and the accuracy of our kind of government.

Again, parental anxiety often arises from an early exhibition of sinfulness in the child. The morning-glories bloom for a little while under the sun, and then they shut up as the heat comes on; but there are flowers along the Amazon that blaze their beauty for weeks at a time; but the short-lived morning-glory fulfils its mission as well as the Victoria Regia. There are some people who take forty, fifty, or sixty years to develop. Then there are little children who fling their beauty on the vision and vanish. They are morning-glories that cannot stand the glare of the hot noon sun of trial. You have all known such little children. They were pale; they were ethereal; there was something very wonderfully deep in the eye: they had a gentle foot and soft hand, and something almost supernatural in their behavior—ready to be wafted away. You had such a one in your household. Gone now! It was too delicate a plant for this rough world. The heavenly gardener saw it and took it in. We make splendid Sunday school books out of such children, but they almost always die. I have noticed that for the most part, the children that live sometimes get cross, and pick up bad words in the street, and quarrel with brother and sister, and prove unmistakably that they are wicked—as the Bible says, going astray from the womb, speaking lies. See the little ones in the Sabbath class, so sunshiny and beatiful, you would think they were always so, but mother, seated a little way off, looks over at these children and thinks of the awful time she had to get them ready.

After the boy or girl comes a little further on in life, the mark of sin upon them is still more evident. The son comes in from a puglistic encounter in the streets, bearing the marks of defeat. The daughter practices positive deception, and the parent says: "What shall I do? I can't always be correcting and scolding, and yet these things must be stopped." It is especially sad if the parent sees his own faults copied by the child. It is very hard work to pull up a nettle that we ourselves planted. We remember that the greatest frauds that ever shook the banking houses of the country, started from a boy's deception a good many years ago; and the gleaming blade of the murderer is only another blade of the knife with which the boy struck at his comrades. The cedar of Lebanon, that wrestles with the blast, started from seed lodged in the side of the mountain, and the most tremendous dishonesties of the world one toddled out from the cradle. All these things make parents anxious.

Anxiety on the part of parents also aries from the consciousness that there are so many temptations thrown all around our young people. It may be almost impossible to take a castle by siege—straightforward siege—but suppose in the night there is a traitor within, and he goes down and draws the bolt and swings open the great door, and then the castle falls immediately. That is the trouble with the hearts of the young; they have foes without and foes within. There are a great many who try to make our young people believe that it is a sign of weakness to be pure. The man will toss his head and take dramatic attitudes and tell of his own indiscretions, and ask the young man if he would not like to do the same. And they call him verdant and they say he is green and unsophisticated, and wonder how he can bear the Puritanical straight-jacket. They tell him he ought to break from his mother's apron strings, and they say: "I will show you all about town. Come with me. You ought to see the world. It won't hurt you. Do as you please, it will be the making of you." After awhile the young man says: "I don't want to be odd, nor can I afford to sacrifice these friends, and I'll go and see for myself." From the gates of hell there goes a shout of victory. Farewell to all innocence—farewell to all early restraints favorable to that innocence which, once gone, never comes back. I heard one of the best men I ever knew, 75 years of age, say: "Sir, God has forgiven me all the sins of my life-time, I know that; but there is one sin I committed at 20 years of age, that I never will forgive myself for. It sometimes comes over me overwhelmingly, and it absolutely blots out my hope of heaven."

Young man, hear it. How many traps there are set for our young people! That is what makes parents so anxious. Here are temptations for every form of dissipation and every stage of it. The young man, when he first goes into dissipation, is very particular where he goes. It must be a fashionable hotel. He could not be tempted into these corner nuisances, with red-stained glass and a mug of beer painted on the sign-board. You ask the young man to go into that place and he would say: "Do you mean to insult me?" No, it must be a marble-floored bar-room. There must be no lustful pictures behind the counter; there must be no drunkard hiccuping while he takes his glass. It must be a place where elegant gentlemen come in and click their cut glass and drink to the announcement of flattering sentiment. But the young man cannot always find that kind of a place; yet he has a thirst and it must be gratified. The down-grade is steeper now, and he is almost at the bottom. Here they sit in an oyster cellar around a card table, wheezing, bloated, and bloodshot, with cards so greasy you can hardly tell who has the best hand. But never mind, they are only playing for drinks. Shuffle away! shuffle away! The landlord stands in his shirtsleeves with hands on his hips, watching the game and waiting for another call to fill up the glasses. It is the hot breath of eternal woe that flushes that young man's cheek. In the jets of gaslight I see the shooting out of the fiery tongue of the worm that never dies. The clock strikes twelve; it is tolling of the bell of eternity at the burial of a soul. Two hours pass on on, and they are all sound asleep in their chairs. Landlord says: "Come, now, wake up; it's time to shut up." They look up and say: "What?" "It's time to shut up." Push them out into the air. They are going home. Let the wife crouch in the corner, and the children hide under the bed. They are going home. What is the history of that young man? He began his dissipation at the Fifth avenue hotel, and completed his damnation in the worst grog shop in Navy street.

But sin even does not stop here. It comes to the door of the drawing-room. There are men of leprous hearts that go into the very best of society. They are so fascinating—they have such a bewitching way of offering their arm. Yet the poison of asps is under their tongue, and their heart is hell. At first their sinful devices are hidden, but after a while they begin to put forth their talons of death. Now they begin to show really what they are. Suddenly—although you could not have expected it, they were so charming in their manner, so fascinating in their address—suddenly a cloud, blacker than was ever woven of midnight or hurricane, drops upon some domestic circle. There is agony in the parental bosom that none but the Lord God Almighty can measure—an agony that wishes that the children of the household had been swallowed by the grave, when it would be only a loss of body instead of a loss of soul. What is the matter with that household? They have not had the front windows open in six months or a year. The mother's hair suddenly turned white; father, hollow-cheeked and bent over prematurely, goes down the street. There has been no death in that family, no loss of property. Has madness seized upon them? No! no! A villain, kid-gloved, patent-leathered, with gold chain and graceful manner, took that cup of domestic bliss, elevated it high in the air until the sunlight struck it, and all the rainbows danced about the brim, and then dashed it down in desolation and woe, until all the harpies of darkness clapped their hands in glee, and all the voices of hell uttered a loud ha! ha! Oh, there are scores and hundreds of homes that have been blasted, and if the awful statistics could be fully set before you, your blood would freeze into a solid cake of ice at the heart. Do you wonder that fathers and mothers are anxious about their children, and that they ask themselves the questions day and night: What is to become of them? What will be their destiny?

I shall devote the rest of my remarks to alleviation of parental anxiety. Let me say to you, as parents, that a great deal of that anxiety will be lifted if you begin early with your children. Tom Paine said: "The first five years of my life I became an infidel." A vessel goes out to sea; it has been five days out; a storm comes on it; it springs a leak; the helm will not work; everything is out of order. What is the matter? The ship is not seaworthy, and never was. It is a poor time to find it out now. Under the fury of the storm the vessel goes down, with 250 passengers, to a watery grave. The time to make the ship seaworthy was in the dry-dock, before it started. Alas, for us if we wait until our children get out into the world before we try to bring upon them the influence of Christ's religion. I tell you, the dry-dock of the Christian home is the place where we are to fit them for usefulness and for heaven. In this world, under the storm of vice and temptation, it will be too late. In the domestic circles you decide whether your child shall be truthful or false—whether it shall be generous or penurious. You can tell by the way a child divides an apple just what its future history will be. You ought to oversee the process. If the child takes nine-tenths of the apple, giving the other tenth to his sister, if he should live to be 100, he will be grasping and want the biggest piece of everything. I stood in a house in one of the Long Island villages, and I saw a beautiful tree, and I said to the owner: "That is a very fine tree, but what a curious crook there is in it?" "Yes," said he, "I planted that tree, and when it was a year old I went to New York and worked as a mechanic for a year or two, and when I came back I found that they had allowed something to stand against the tree, so it has always had that crook." And so I thought it was with the influence upon children. If you allow anything to stand in the way of moral influence against a child on this side or on that side, to the latest day of its life on earth, and through all eternity, it will show the pressure. No wonder Lord Byron was bad. Do you know his mother said to him, when she saw him one day limping across the floor with his unsound foot: "Get out of my way, you lame brat!" What chance for a boy like that?

Two young men come to the door of sin. They consult whether they will go in. The young one goes in and the other retreats. O, you say, the last had better resolution. No, that was not it. The first young man had no early good influence; the last had been piously trained, and when he stood at the door of sin discussing the matter, he looked around as if to see some one, and he felt an invisible hand on his shoulder saying: "Don't go in! don't go in!" Whose hand was it? A mother's hand fifteen years ago gone to dust. A gentleman was telling me of the fact that some years ago there were two young men who stopped at the door of the Park Theater, in New York. The question was whether they should go in. That night there was to be a very immoral play enacted in the Park Theater. One man went in; the other stayed out. The young man who went in went on from sin to sin, and through a crowd of iniquities, and died in the hospital, of delirium tremens. The other young man who retreated, chose Christ, went into the Gospel, and is now one of the most eminent ministers of Christ in this country. And the man who retreated gave as his reason for turning back from Park Theater that night, that there was an early voice within him, saying: "Don't go in! don't go in!" And for that reason, my friends, I believe so much in Bible classes.

But there is something better than the Bible class, and that is the Sunday school class. I like it because it takes children at an earlier point; and the infant class I like still better because it takes children before they begin to walk or to talk straight, and puts them on the road to heaven. You cannot begin too early. You stand on the bank of a river flowing by. You cannot stop that river, but you travel days and days towards the source of it, and you find after awhile where it comes down dropping from the rock, and with your knife you make a course in this or that direction for the dropping to take, and you decide the course of the river. You stand and see your children's character rolling on with great impetuosity and passion, and you cannot affect them. Go up towards the source where the character first starts, and decide that it shall take the right direction, and it will follow the path you give it.

But I want you to remember, O, father! O, mother! that it is what you do that is going to affect your children, and not what you say. You tell your children to become Christians while you are not, and they will not. Do you think Noah's family would have gone into the ark if he had not gone in? They would say: "No, there is something about that boat that is not right; father has not gone in." You cannot push children into the kingdom of God; you have got to pull them in. There has been many a general in a tower or castle looking at his army fighting, but that is not the kind of a man to arouse enthusiasm among his troops. It is a Garibaldi or Napoleon I who leaps into the stirrups, and dashes into the conflict, and has his troops following him with wild huzza. So you cannot stand off in your impenitent state, and tell your children to go ahead into the Christian life, and have them go. You must yourself dash into the Christian conflict; you must lead them and not tell them to go. Do you know that all the instructions you give to your children in a religious direction goes for nothing unless you illustrate it in your own life? The teacher at the school takes a copy-book, writes a specimen of good writing across the top of the page, but he makes a mistake in one letter of the copy. The boy comes along on the next line, copies the top line, and makes the mistake, and if there be fifteen lines on that page they will have the mistake there was in the copy on the top. The father has an error in his life—a very great error. The son comes along and copies it now, to-morrow, next year, copies it to the day of his death. It is what you are, not so much what you teach.

Have a family altar. Let it be a cheerful place, the brightest room in your house. Do not wear your children's knees out with long prayers. Have the whole exercise spirited. If you have a melodeon, or an organ, or a piano in the house, have it open. Then lead in prayers. If you cannot make a prayer of your own, take Matthew Henry's Prayers or the Episcopal Prayer-book. None better than that. Kneel down with your little ones morning and night, and commend them to God. Do you think they will ever get over it? Never! After you are under the sod a good many years, there will be some powerful temptation around that son, but the memory of father and mother at morning and evening prayers will have its effect upon him: it will bring him back from the path of sin and death.

But I want you to make a strict mark, a sharp, plain line between innocent hilarity on the part of your children and a vicious proclivity. Do not think your boys will go to ruin because they make a racket. A glum, unresponsive child makes the worst form of a villain. Children, when they are healthy, always make a racket. I want you, at the very first sign of depravity in a child, to correct it. Do not laugh because it is smart. If you do, you will live to cry because it is malicious. Do not talk of your children's frailties lightly in their presence, thinking they do not understand you; they do understand. Do not talk disparagingly of your child, making him feel that he is a reprobate. Do not say to your little one: "You're the worst child I ever knew." If you do, he will be the worst man you ever knew.

Are your children safe for heaven? You can tell better than any one else. I put to you the question: "Are your children safe for heaven?" I heard of a mother who, when the house was afire, in the excitement of the occasion, got out a great many of the valuable things—many choice articles of furniture—but did not think to ask until too late: "Is my child safe?" It was too late then. The flames had encircled all; the child was gone! O, my dear friends, when sea and land shall burn in the final conflagration, will your children be safe?

I wonder if what I have said this morning has not struck a chord in some one in the audience, who had a good father and mother, but who is not yet a Christian. Is that your history?

Do you know why you came here this morning? God sent you to have that memory revived. Your dear Christian mother how she loved you! You remember when you were sick, how kindly she attended you; the night was not too long, and you never asked her to turn the pillow, but she did it! You remember her prayers also; you remember how some of you—I do not know where the man is in the audience—how some one here broke his mother's heart. You remember her sorrow over your waywardness; you remember the old place where she did you so many kindnesses; the chairs, the table, the door-sill where you played; the tones of her voice. Why you can think them back now. Though they were borne long ago on the air, they come ringing through your soul to-day, calling you by the first name. You are not "Mr." to her; It is just your plain first name. Is not this time when her prayers will be answered? Do you not think that God sent you in to-day to have that memory of her revived? If you should come to Christ this morning, amid all the throngs of Heaven, the gladdest of them would be your Christian parents, who are in glory waiting for your redemption. Angels of God, shout the tidings, the lost has come back again; the dead is alive! Ring all the bells of Heaven at the jubilee! Ring! Ring!

THE SALOON MUST GO.

The Iowa Liquor Law Being Enforced at Sioux City.

Sioux City, Nov. 17.—The saloon injunction cases in this term of court are about finished. One hundred and two permanent injunctions have been granted. A large proportion of the parties enjoined have gone out of business here since the temporary writs were issued, and many have left the city.

In 23 of these cases writs of abatement have just been placed in the sheriff's hands, and it is expected that after he has done his duty in accordance with the orders therein contained, that the open saloon in Sioux City will be a thing of the past.

The saloon men are becoming more and more inclined to obey the injunctions of the court without any hostile demonstrations. Where the parties have gone out of business in good faith, and removed the fixtures, the building will not be closed, but where the opposite is the case, as it is in a number of instances, the penalties of the tax will be applied.

MINNESOTA BLIZZARD.

St. Paul People Scarcely Able to Face the Storm.

St. Paul, Nov. 17.—Snow began falling early yesterday morning, and continued all day, though the snow fall was light. After midnight, last night, however, a genuine blizzard set in, and this morning people found the streets and sidewalks badly blockaded, so that travel was next to impossible.

Reports indicate that the blizzard began in the western part of this state and swept east and south through Wisconsin and Iowa. Railroad travel is greatly impeded, and street cars find it almost impossible to run. The wind is blowing hard, and drifting snow as fast as the streets and walks are cleared. No such storm has occurred so early in the season for years.

News of the Week.

REST COMES AT LAST.

Death of Ex-Pres. Arthur—He Passed Away Quietly this Morning, After Having Apparently Improved in Health—A Sketch of the Life of the Twenty-first President of the United States.

New York, Nov. 18.—The news of the death of ex-Pres. Arthur came as a great surprise, notwithstanding the alarming rumors as to his health during the summer months. The supposed improvement in his condition noted during his stay in New London, Conn., and the apparent confidence expressed by the friends who remained close to him, created the impression that his health had been radically improved, giving him the promise of a renewed lease of life.

His disease was one affecting the kidneys, and those nearest him had no faith in his permanent recovery, but his sudden demise was not spoken of. He began to sink rapidly shortly after midnight, and by 3 o'clock it was known that death was approaching. He passed away without apparent pain.

HOW THE NEWS WAS RECEIVED.

As soon as the news of Mr. Arthur's death was made public many flags on public and private buildings were placed at half mast. Mr. Arthur had lived at 123 Lexington avenue for twenty years or more. A stroke of cerebal apoplexy, suddenly, but not wholly unexpected by the attending physicians terminated his life. The stroke came in his sleep between Tuesday night and Wednesday morning and he did not rally thereafter. His death was as painless as the slow going out of a burned down candle, and for hours before the end came, he was unconscious to his surroundings.

HIS POOR HEALTH.

His son and daughter, his sister; his former law partner, Sherman W. Knowles; and his closest friend, Surrogate Rollins, were at his bedside at the time of his death. All reports to the contrary, Mr. Arthur's health had not improved during his stay in New London six weeks ago, and at his return on October 1 he was no better than when he left the city.

As time passed no permanent improvement came, and the physicians feared some such sudden stroke as the one to which he succumbed. In his enfeebled condition, even a light stroke of apoplexy would prove fatal to the once robust patient.

But with the beginning of the present week a marked change for the better set in. Tuesday the ex-President felt better and stronger than at any time since he was taken sick and commented hopefully upon the fact.

HIS LAST MOMENTS.

It was after midnight when his attendant left him alone in his bedroom, and as nothing was heard of him during the early morning, he was not disturbed until his attendant entered his room at 8 o'clock yesterday morning. He found Mr. Arthur lying on his side breathing heavily, and could not rouse him. The family answered his summons, but failed to elicit any any sign of consciousness or recognition from the ex-president.

In alarm they summoned his physician, Dr. George A. Peters, who has been in attendance upon Mr. Arthur throughout his illness, and who responded promptly, and at once saw that he was suffering from a stroke of cerebral apoplexy. A small blood vessel in the brain had bursted, and paralysis of the right side had ensued from the moment the discovery was made, all hope was known to be vain, but no efforts were spared to bring the patient back to consciousness. They were all alike failures, Mr. Arthur lay motionless and speechless all day. He knew what was going on about him, for he squeezed his doctor's hand and put out his tongue partly when asked to do so, but he never spoke or gave any other sign of consciousness. Last night at 6 o'clock the enfeebled pulse, more difficult respiration, and other signs of physical failure, indicated to the watchful eyes of his physicians that the end was drawing near.

A change for the worse came on rapidly and his sisters and his children gathered at his bedside. Dr. William A. Valentine, Dr. Peters, partner, and Surrogate Rollins stayed with him during the night.

Mr. Knevals went home at midnight Mr. Arthur's strength ebbed out slowly and with it his life. It was 5 o'clock when the end came. He had been entirely senseless for hours and died without a struggle. Mr. Arthur was 56 years old. He had been a widower seven years. His wife died in 1879. She was Miss Ellen Herndon before he married her, daughter of a naval officer, a Virginian who was lost at sea. Of their two children the son, Chester Allen, is 22 years old. He was graduated from Princeton college a year ago, and is now a student in the Columbia Law school. His practice training here was in the law office of Knevals & Ransom, the firm of which the ex-President was a member up to the time of his election as Vice President on the Garfield ticket. The daughter Miss Nellie of whom Mr. Arthur was very fond, is 14 years old.

Arthur's Career.

Chester Allan Arthur was born in Fairfield, Franklin county, Vermont, October 5, 1830, and was the eldest of a family of two sons and three daughters. His father, the Rev. William Arthur, was a Baptist clergyman, who had emigrated at the age of eighteen from the county of Antrim, Ireland.

The ex-President's early education was acquired in the schools of Vermont, and in 1849 he graduated from Union college at Schenectady, N. Y., having in the meantime studied law. Admitted to the bar he settled down in New York, with Henry D. Gardiner, in the practice of his profession, with a good degree of success.

Early in his professional career Mr. Arthur married a daughter of Lieut. Herndon, of the United States navy, an officer who had gone down with his ship at sea, and whose widow was the recipient of a gold medal voted by Congress in recognition of his bravery. Mrs. Arthur died in 1880.

In 1852 Mr. Arthur was associated with William M. Evarts, in the Supreme court of the United States, in the case instituted by the legislature of Virginia, authorizing the attorney general of the state to take action toward the recovery of slaves who had been seized from their owner on a writ of *habeas corpus* in New York. Four years later he took up the case of Lizzie Jennings, a colored girl, who had been forcibly ejected from a street car after paying her fare. This resulted in the abrogation of the rule of the street car company which had previously forbidden colored people to ride in the same cars with other passengers.

Mr. Arthur was a delegate to the Saratoga convention which founded the Republican party of New York. In 1860, when Edwin J. Morgan became governor of New York, he appointed Mr. Arthur quartermaster general of the military forces of the state, and he conducted the duties of his office, until the close of 1863, in equipping, supplying and forwarding the immense number of troops furnished by his state, with such success that his accounts were audited and allowed at Washington without deduction, while those of some of the states were reduced millions of dollars.

In 1865 Gen. Arthur returned to the practice of the law and built up a large business in collecting claims against the government. He also drafted many important measurers of legislation and promoted their adoption both at Albany and Washington. He took an active part in local politics and became known for his skill as an organizer and manager. On Nov. 20 1871 he was appointed by Pres. Grant collector of customs of New York, an office to which he was reappointed in 1875, his second appointment being promptly confirmed by the senate without the usual reference to committee. His reforms in the methods of conducting the business of the office were generally acknowledged.

On retiring from the office of collector, which was brought about by Pres. Hayes suspending him for not complying with an order forbidding persons in the civil service of the government from taking an active part in political management, Mr. Arthur returned to the practice of the law and continued to take an active part in politics. He was a zealous supporter of the claims of Gen. Grant to the Republican nomination for the presidency in the Chicago convention of 1880, being closely associated with Senator Conkling in the effort to secure that result.

When the movement to nominate Gen. Grant was defeated, and Mr. Garfield was made the candidate, Mr. Arthur was nominated for the vice presidency by acclamation. He took an active part in the management of the campaign which followrd, especially in his own state, acting as chairman of the Republican Central committee.

He presided in the Senate during the special session, which began March 4, with dignity and general acceptance. In the contest between Pres. Garfield and Sen. Conkling, in regard to appointments in the state of New York, the Vice President took no part, but, after the resignation of the New York senators, he went to Albany and actively participated in the effort to secure their re-election.

It was during this contest that Pres. Garfield received the shot that subsequently proved fatal, and it put an end to Mr. Arthur's electioneering in behalf of Mr. Conkling. While the President lingered between life and death from July 2 to September 19, the Vice President refrained from all part in public affairs, and the controversies of the time, only expressing on fitting occasions his own sincere share in the common grief and anxiety.

The death of Pres. Garfield was announced to him in New York by a telegraphic dispatch from the members of the Cabinet, who expressed the wish that he would repair to Long Branch the following morning. In accordance with the advice of his friends he took the oath of office at his own house before one of the Judges of the State Supreme court at about 2 o'clock on the morning of September 20, 1881. After visiting Long Branch and accompanying the remains of the dead President to Washington, Mr. Arthur was sworn into office in a more formal manner before the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court on the 22d and delivered a brief address expressing his sense of the grave responsibilities devolving upon him.

The events of his presidential career are too recent to need recapitulation. His term was eventless, in the sense that no great questions came up, either at home or abroad, to attest the sterling quality of the metal of which he was composed; but he gave the country one of the best administrations it ever had, and won such golden opinions from his party that he had an extremely strong following in 1884 for a renomination. The great popularity of Mr. Blaine for years with the masses was the only element that could have prevailed against the Arthur movement in that campaign.

THE DAY IN NEW YORK.

Great Throngs of People in the Vicinity of the House of the Illustrious Dead.

New York, Nov. 22.—The last night of the loving watch beside the bier of Gen. Chester Allan Arthur, ex-president of the United States, has passed. The morning dawned brightly, and the first rays of the rising sun stole quietly into the quiet avenue in front of his late residence.

By 8 o'clock a vast throng, numbering many thousands of people, had gathered on the opposite side of the avenue, extending a block or more in every direction. The crowd was kept back by the police. On every face there was a deep expression of sorrow, and people spoke only in low tones.

Pres. Cleveland and Postmaster General Vilas arrived in a carriage direct from the train at 8:20 a. m., and entered the house of mourning. Many people uncovered their heads when the President stepped out of his carriage. Shortly after Gov. Hill and Judge William Muller arrived, and also alighted from their carriage and entered the house. They were followed by the Senate committee.

There was no service at the house. The few friends present looked upon the face of the dead early in the morning, and the casket was closed for the last time. The mourners waited in silent grief for the last moment. At 8:30 the black casket, covered with palmetto leaves, sprays of violets, and a wreath of white roses, was lifted by the undertaker's assistants and borne from the room. The silent form of Chester A. Arthur passed through the door of his earthly tenement for the last time, and was reverently placed in the funeral-draped hearse. As the casket came in view of the people in the street every head was bowed reverently, and many eyes filled with tears in the throng thus hushed in the presence of death.

There was no display of pomp or ceremony, no military music, or procession, but the mighty throng of sorrowing people bore witness to their love and respect for the deceased statesman.

THE MOURNERS

filled 25 carriages, but over 100 carriages filled with friends, who had been unable to gain admission to the house, followed the procession to the church. The procession passed between long lines of police through Lexington avenue to Thirty-fourth street, to Madison avenue to Forty-seventh street, to Fifth avenue, arriving at the church, corner of Forty-fifth street and Fifth avenue, at 8:50 a. m.

Behind the pall bearers on the left were the President and members of his cabinet, ex-Pres. Hayes, judges of the Supreme court, Senatorial committee, House of Representatives committee, governor and staff, mayor and aldermen of New York, mayor and aldermen of Boston, Ancient and Honorable artillery, Boston, the Republican Central committee. On the right side of the centre aisle were the friends of the family and the diplomatic corps.

As the casket was borne into the church, the choir formed in two files, and the clergymen passed between them, heading the procession, intoning the opening lines of the beautiful Episcopal burial service.

THE SERVICE BEGAN

by singing part of the 30th and 9th psalms, "Lord let me know the end," the congregation standing. Rev. Dr. Rainsford read the lesson from the 15th chapter of first epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians, commencing with the words, "Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept." The familiar hym, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," was joined in by the large congregation. The apostles creed followed and the choir sang the sweet anthem, "I heard a voice from Heaven." Rev. Dr. Leonard offered prayer, and the congregation joined in singing "Art thou weary, art thou languid?"

Rev. Dr. Parker Morgan then prayed for blessing of God upon the family, and that the grief of the children thus bereaved of their parent might be assuaged. The services were concluded with the benediction by Rev. Dr. Morgan. The choir the filed out of their stalls and began the recessional hymn, "Abide with Me."

AFTER THE SERVICES

The undertaker's assistants lifted the casket on their shoulders and proceeded slowly out of the church, followed by the pall-bearers, members of the family, the President and his Cabinet, Gov. Hill and his staff, and the representatives of the army and navy.

When the funeral service ended the troops wheeled by companies into columns, followed by the sailors and marines. After the casket was placed in the hearse, the cortege, to the sorrowful dirge, Chopin's funeral march, passed slowly between the long lines of police through 45th street to Vanderbilt avenue

CROWDS OF SPECTATORS

waited patiently on the sidewalks to witness the unostentatious display. As the cortege passed, the immense throng silently bowed their heads in respect and and in token of grief. At the Grand Central depot, the Chicago limited train was ready to start when the sound of the muffled drums was heard, and the troops appeared marching in columns of four. They drew up in line facing the depot and presented arms. Gen. Henry A. Barnum was in charge of the arrangements at this point.

It took but a few moments to transfer the coffin to the funeral car "Woodlawn." The family and friends then took seats in the three drawing-room coaches, composing the special train. At 10:09 a. m. the train slowly pulled out and the journey to Albany was commenced.

Arrival of the Funeral Train at Albany.

Albany, Nov. 22.—The train bearing the remains of ex-Pres. Arahur reached Albany at 1:22 p. m. Owing to the fact that there was no public announcement of the time of arrival, no crowd gathered at the station.

The remains were at once taken to the rural cemetery, where they were followed by the common council in a body, the Grant club and other delegations.

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BLAINE'S BUGLE BLAST

Reply to a Mugwump Circular—Language that Needs No Interpretation—If Mr. Brimmer and His Associates Are Gentlemen They Will Withdraw Their Charges.

Augusta, Me., Nov. 17.—The following is published here to-day:

Augusta, Me., Nov. 16, 1886.

To the Editor of the Kennebec Journal:

I thank you for calling my attention to a circular issued by the so-called Independent committee during the recent canvass in Massachusetts touching my position on the question of civil service reform. Absence from home for several weeks has prevented my seeing it sooner. The circular embodies a singular perversion of what I said, and a still more singular perversion of what I quoted in a speech on the 14th of October at Huntington, Pa. How the error or misrepresentation originated is not for me to say. My speeches in Pennsylvania were accurately reported for the Philadelphia *Press* by skilled phonographers, and I personally saw the report in no other paper. I send you herewith the speech of October 19, as it appeared in the *Press*, and respectfully ask you to republish it in your columns, side by side with the circular issued by the Massachusetts Independent committee;

I thank you further for submitting to me a public letter of October 26, from Mr. Martin Brimmer, of Boston, in which I am accused of repudiating the reform of the civil service with a sneer. Perhaps Mr. Brimmer inconsiderately based his remarks upon the circular of the Independent committee, and has been led into publishing a statement which does me great injustice. If my supposition be correct, Mr. Brimmer will, as a gentleman, withdraw his language. It is scarcely necessary to say that I have never repudiated reform in the civil service nor abated my interest therein, nor have I ever regarded the sneer as a forcible mode of argument. Were I tempted to resort to it, I should direct it, not against the reform of the civil service, but against the hypocrisy of those who wish the conditions of that service to be enforced against their political opponents, but not against their political friends.

The point which I sought to establish in my speech at Huntingdon was entirely confused and obscured in the Independent circular. In effect I said that the English civil service which was held up a model for our own government by those who left the Republican party two years ago, is now under investigation and apparent condemnation by the English themselves; that the British ministry have constituted a commission to examine into the alleged abuses, and that Mr. George W. Smalley, apparently agreeing hitherto with the American admirers of the English service, now declares the belief in England to be that the civil service is worse in all the departments of the government than it was forty years ago. Mr. Smalley gives somewhat detailed recital of the defects and abuses alleged to exist in the English service; defects and abuses which were never attributed to our own civil service, even by its most merciless censor. My argument was intended to imply that the Republican party had been wise in not adopting the English system, with its life tenure and its large pension list and all the attendant evils which have at last demanded investigation by a ministerial commission. Nor would justice and fair courtesy have been done to my speech even if my remarks on civil service, torn from their logical connection, had been correctly quoted by the Independent committee.

Those remarks were but part of an argument in which I endeavored to illustrate how truly American, in the best sense, were the whole policy and the history of the Republican party, and how, under the lead of the so-called Independent, the Democratic party, both in its revenue system, and in its civil service rules, was to be confirmed to British policies just at the very time when the British themselves are finding a fatal weakness in those policies. In short, though I did not say so in words, I meant to convey my belief that the very worst leaders and guides for a continental republic are those who persist in seeing the perfection of human government in an insular monarchy, whose conditions are in all respects radically different from those of our own broad land. The Massachusetts Independents should learn that American inspiration ends where imitation of England begins. Very respectfully,

J. G. Blaine.

KNIGHTS AND ANARCHISTS.

Chicago Knights of Labor Denounce the Judicial Machinery of the Criminal Court.

Chicago, Nov. 18.—Following is the text of the resolutions adopted last night by District Assembly No. 24, Knights of Labor, with reference to the condemned anarchists. This assembly has jurisdiction over nearly all the local assemblies in Chicago:

"Whereas, the time for the execution of the condemned so-called Anarchists is rapidly approaching; and, whereas, it is a well-known fact that the judicial machinery of the criminal court of Cook county was so manipulated, that a fair and impartial trial was impossible; therefore,

"*Resolved*, That District Assembly 24, K. of L., denounces the verdict in the anarchist trial as the result of a capitalistic and judicial conspiracy unparalleled in the history of criminal proceedings.

"*Resolved*, That D. A. 24 will use every honorable means to prevent the execution of this sentence, thereby saving civilization from a blot so foul and diabolical.

"*Resolved*, That a committee of three be appointed by this district assembly to visit Gov. Oglesby, if need be, on behalf of justice.

"*Resolved*, That D. A. 24 call upon all its local assemblies to do all in their power in this direction, to the end that justice may be done."

The resolutions completely overturn the action of July 2, of the district expelling all anarchists, and show, it is claimed, the complete change of sentiment among the great body of the Knights of Labor since that date upon the question of the condemned seven. The district is composed of some 125 local assemblies, with an aggregate membership of 25,000.

Of the seven condemned men, Parsons is the only one who is a Knight. In addition to the above resolutions, some of the local assemblies have passed resolutions instructing each of their members to mail a postal card to Gov. Oglesby the day before Thanksgiving, asking mercy for the condemned men.

Will Not Fight a Duel.

Richmond, Nov. 18.—The case against Hon. Geo. D. Wise, arrested on the charge of being about to engage in a duel, was dismissed by Police Justice Richardson. It appears that Mr. Wise's arrest was premature, as warrants were issued both against Mr. Wise and Col. Lamb, in apprehension of a hostile meeting, and that it was not intended that it should be served unless Mr. Lamb should come to Richmond. From present indications there are no prospects of the matter being carried any further.

The St. Louis Belcher Sugar Refinery, which shut down a short time ago, will start up again in January, and work Louisiana raw sugar.

Catarrh in the Head

Is a complaint which affects nearly everybody, more or less. Catarrh is inflammation of the mucous membrane of the nose, and is indicated by a discharge from the nostrils. When this discharge is of an occasional appearance, or when it is aggravated, we call it a cold. If not attended to on its first appearance, the inflammation becomes chronic, and is then known as Catarrh. Besides the discharge there is heaviness and pain in the head, ringing and bursting noises in the ears, etc. Catarrh is a blood disease, undoubtedly originating in scrofulous taint. Therefore, to cure Catarrh, purify the blood. And to purify the blood Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine. It expels every taint of impurity from the blood, and vitalizes and enriches it, while it gives new strength and vigor to the system.

"I suffered severely from chronic Catarrh arising, I believe, from impure blood. It became very bad, causing much soreness on the bronchial tubes, and a troublesome cough which gave great anxiety to friends and myself as two brothers died from bronchial consumption. I tried many medicines, both inhaling and internal, but received no benefit. I was at last induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I am not the same man in health or feelings. My Catarrh is cured, my throat is entirely well, and a dyspeptic trouble and sick headache have disappeared."—E. M. Lincoln, 35 Chambers street, Boston.

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for Catarrh and it has done me a great deal of good. I recommend it to all. Hood's Sarsaparilla has been worth everything to me."—Luther Robbins, East Thompson, Ct.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

Sold by all druggists; $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

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100 Doses One Dollar.

WASHINGTON.

A SQUARE BACKDOWN.

The Bourbon Pressure Too Much for Our Mugwump President.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 18.—M. E. Benton, who was suspended from the position of United States district attorney in Missouri by Pres. Cleveland for making political speeches, has written a long letter to the President explaining that these speeches did not interfere with his official duties. The following is Pres. Cleveland's answer in full:

Hon. M. E. Benton:

DEAR SIR:—Your letter of the 10th inst., addressed to the attorney-general, has been submitted to me and carefully considered. Its frank tone and all I know of your character, convinces me of the truth therein related, touching matters which led to your suspension from office. When I issued a warning to officeholders, to which you refer to as an "order," I expected to be much harrassed by all manner of loose and frivolous tales originating in malice or disappointment on the part of political enemies to annoy and embarrass appointees under the present administration. I hoped, however, by the careful consideration of the spirit as well as language of such warning, those in good faith intending to respect it, might not be in doubt as to its meaning and would themselves apply it to conditions and circumstances which it was impossible for me to specify.

I did not intend to condemn the making of a political speech to his neighbors and friends, nor at any time or place where it was merely incidental, if the speech itself was decent and fair. But I do not think such official can enter as a business a political campaign, and consenting to a long list of engagements to address political meetings, widely separatad and of daily recurrence, and fill such engagements without neglecting his duty if he holds an office worth having; nor without taking with him in the canvass his official power and influence.

Therefore this course is condemned. The number of speeches that can be properly made cannot be specified, nor the time when, place where, or circumstances under which they are proper; nor can their character be prescribed. But a correct line of conduct can be determined on without difficulty.

I believe that to follow the spirit of the admonition given, by directing the conduct of the citizen from the use of official influence in political campaigns, illustrates at all times the truth that official duty is paramount to partisan service, and maintains the dignity of office-holding.

A printed list, taken from a newspaper and submitted to me, contains engagements to speak, made by your consent, daily for quite a long period, and not unfrequently twice a day, in different parts of the state of Missouri; and, I was led to believe, on many of the days specified the court at which you had duties to perform was in session. This seemed to me to present a case of flagrant, defiant neglect of official duty, and propriety; and even with the explanation given, your course appears to be thoughtless, and at least subject to criticism.

But the statement in your letter showing you did not permit campaign engagements to interfere with the performance of your official duty, your satisfactory discharge of such duty during your term, and the belief in the truth of your allegation that you honestly supposed you might properly do all that was done, have induced me to rescind the order suspending you from office and reinstate you to the same. Yours very truly, GROVER CLEVELAD.

Hon. A. H. Garland:

SIR:—Having fully examined and considered the statements contained in the letter of Maecenas Benton, which you submitted to me at the time of our consultation concerning the matter therein referred to, I have determined to rescind the order suspending Benton from the office of attorney of the United States for the western district of Missouri, and direct that he be notified of his reinstatement to that office.

Very respectfully yours, GROVER CLEVELAND.

POSTAL STATISTICS.

Report of the Postmaster General—Number of Letters Mailed—Revenue Derived—Free Delivery System—Dead Letter Office.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 22.—The report of the postmaster general was given to the public to-day. A great portion of it has been anticipated by the press during the year. The extracts below are of general interest:

The entire length of all railways employed by the United States nearly equals the combined extent of those of all other countries of the world, while the other post-routes more than quadruple the total of any single people besides; and, by the latest reports received, the mileage last year of our mail transportation exceeded by more than 125,000,000 miles the service rendered to any other government. Of postoffices no other nation has one-third our number; a marked feature of advantage to our people and liberality in policy. We expend annually more money than any other to maintain postal facilities, and, if the postal telegraph service be excluded from the reckoning, we derive a greater revenue. At the same time no service is maintained at more economy of expenditure for result. No statistical account is maintained in the United States of the quantity, in weight or number of pieces, of our domestic mails; but, from the number of postal cards, stamps, and pieces of stamped paper sold to the public, it may be unquestionably affirmed that the mail matter handled by our postal service greatly outweighs and outnumbers that of any other postal system. Trustworthy estimates place the number of letters mailed during last year at 100,000,000 more than were mailed in Great Britain, long the leading letter-writing nation, and nearly that number more than were mailed in Germany, France, and Austria combined. Excluding Germany, it is thought all other Postal Union countries do not together carry so many newspapers in their mails as did ours last year. Of all pieces of matter mailed, the proportion to each inhabitant of the United States is estimated at 66, of Great Britain at 57, of Germany at 19.

When the fiscal year 1885 closed, the postoffices of the United States numbered 53,614, besides 497 branch offices or stations. By advancements at the quarter-yearly periods, upon the showing of their returns, 32 offices had been, during the year, added to the Presidential list, bringing the number in the last three months to 2,265. But the annual review and readjustment, which took effect on the 1st of July, relegated 45 third-class offices to the fourth-class, while at the same time but 24 of the latter were advanced. Thus the number of Presidential offices with which the current year began was 2,244, a gain of 11; of these 75 of the first-class, a gain of 4; 400 of the second-class, a gain of 17; and 1,769 of the third-class, a loss of 10 as compared with the beginning of the late year.

In the fourth class, comprising on the 1st of July 51,370 offices, there was a gain of 2,351, the new establishments having been 3,482, those discontinued 1,120, and 11 become Presidential. The increase in the number of establishments over the previous year was 1,316. The number discontinued during the past year also increased by 234 over the preceding. * * *

THE FREE DELIVERY SERVICE

by carriers was, during the last year extended to three cities, Aurora, Ill., Duluth, Minn., and Newport, Ky., making on the 30th of June, 1886, 181 free-delivery offices in all. Of carriers, there was an increase of 483, giving a total number of 4,841. The cost rose by the amount of $326,354.15, or 8.18 per cent., to a total sum of $4,312,306.70. This, however, was over $220,000 less than the estimates of the department, and within the appropriation of $4,485,000 by $172,693.30. The number of pieces of mail matter, counting collections and deliveries, handled by the carriers during the year, was 1,949,520,599, an increase over the previous year of 204,983,186, or 11.75 per cent., while the carriers increased but 11.68 per cent. in number.

The average number of pieces handled by each carrier was 402,710, a gain of 2,403, or 6-10 of 1 per cent. The average cost per piece was 2.2 mills, as against 2.3 the year before, a gain of 1-10 of a mill; and the average cost per carrier was but $889.15, as against $912.90, a diminishment of $23.75, or 2.6 per cent.

The amount of postage on local matter is reported at $5,839,242.97, an increase of $558,519.87, or 10.57 per cent., on the previous year; while the excess of such postage over the cost of the service was $1,526,936.27, a gain of $232,165.72, or 17.93 per cent.

At only nineteen offices the receipts from local postage exceeded the cost of this service; but at those the excess was sufficient to overbalance any deficiency of all the rest by the amount stated. There was in most of the free-delivery offices a better showing in this feature. * * *

THE FOREIGN MAIL SERVICE

has been, for the most part, very satisfactorily performed during the year under review. The transportation was chiefly upon the ocean, with some increased use of railroads in the carriage of Mexican mails. No separate account of the weights of open mails sent by rail is taken, settlements going on the triennial statistics.

The gross weight of the mails sent out by sea was 1,300,581,114 grams, or 2-[illegible]7,751 pounds; of which the letter and postcard mail was 226,847,338 grams, or 500,198 pounds, and of prints and other matter 1,073,733,776 grams, or 2,367-585 pounds. The increase in the total weight of mails so carried, contrasted with the previous year, was 73,651,984 grams, or about 162,400 pounds, a gain of over 6 per cent.

Of the letter mail, 92.86 per cent. was sent across the Atlantic and but 7.14 per cent. to countries where American vessels mainly ply, on the American continent and islands, and across the Pacific Ocean. Of paper mails, there was, as usual, a less peacentage to Europe, the proportions being 81.48 and 18.52, respectively. * *

THE REGISTRATION BUSINESS

marked the gaining prosperity and business activity of the year by an increase in the number of domestic letters registered of 340,467, or 4.3 per cent.; of 36,070, or 3.6 per cent. of domestic parcels; of 26,917, or 5.6 per cent., in foreign dispatched letters; of 7,089, or 19.8 per cent. of foreign dispatched parcels; and of 194,428, or 11 per cent., in government dispatches sent free; with an increase of $41,054.70 in fees collected, a gain of 4.2 percent.

THE DEAD LETTER OFFICE

continued during the last fiscal year the Division of dead letters under the third assistant, and its transactions for that period constitute one subject of his report.

The appended report contains many figures so classified as readily to exhibit the work of the office. Its magnitude appears in the total number, 5,023,645, of pieces of mail matter treated during the year; an increase since the previous year of five per cent.

Letters and parcels were delivered to the proper parties unopened to the number of 186,448; and 366,379 foreign pieces were returned to the country of origin.

Of the letters opened, about one-half were destroyed as undeliverable and valueless, and the residue delivered or filed to await reclamation. Letters to the number of 12,138 containing money aggregating $21,732, besides 18,105 letters containing drafts, checks, or other instruments for the payment of money of the total face value of $1,121,154.74 were delivered to the owners.

The revenue derived from dead letters which could not be restored to owners, and from auction sale of unclaimed parcels, amounted to $8,879.29.

Magazines, pamphlets, illustrated papers, picture cards, and the like, incapable of return, to the number of 16,164 pieces, were distributed to hospitals, asylums, and charitable institution in the District of Columbia for the use of their inmates.

FOR VIOLATION OF POSTAL LAWS

Six hundred and sixty persons were arrested, of whom 243 were in the service and 417 were not; 110 were postmasters, assistants, or clerks, 14 railway clerks, 24 letter-carriers, 27 mail-carriers, and 11 of various employment. Seventy-nine burglars and 31 former postmasters are included among the arrests outside of the service. The state courts took jurisdiction of 54 cases and the Federal courts of 606. Of the latter, convictions followed in 214, acquittals in 26, trial waits in 295, and the residue were dismissed or failed of indictment.

Postoffices were reported robbed to the number of 47[illegible], and 269 were burned; 76 postal cars were burned or wrecked; 27 mail stages and 7 mail-messengers or their wagons were robbed; 79 pouches lost, and 129 reported stolen or injured.

INVOLVED IN A SCANDAL.

District Officials and a Real Estate Syndicate After Pres. Cleveland.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 20.—There is a story in circulation, growing out of police investigation, which is of a sensational character. It is stated that an influential lawyer, a staunch Democrat, went to Pres. Cleveland and told him that unless he divested of official ermine certain men connected with the city government there was danger of his being involved in a scandal; that it was charged, and upon seemingly plausible ground, that various district officers were interested in real estate speculations, the success of which depended upon the extension of Massachusetts avenue, which is to be done at government expense; and that the real estate syndicate relied upon the fact that the President owned property to be benefited by the improvement to carry it through and secure Congressional indorsement. It is stated that Mr. Cleveland was impressed with the statement made to him, as it dealt in names and figures, and he replied that immediately after ex-Pres. Arthur's funeral he would institute an inquiry in his own way, and if affairs appeared then as they do now there would be some vacancies created in offices here.

The United States Navy.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 22.—The chief of the bureau of construction and repair, in his annual report, states that the number of serviceable vessels now in the navy is as follows: Two first rate, ten second rate, twenty third rate, and seven fourth rate vessels, the latter class including two torpedo rams.

The Franklin, Wabash, Minnesota and New York—all first rate vessels—are set down as requiring extensive repairs, and thirteen iron clads require more or less repairs. In addition to these vessels, the naval list comprises thirteen tugs and twelve wooden vessels for receiving and training ships. New vessels completed, building, or authorized to be built, are summed up as follows: One (the Dolphin) complete; two, (the Boston and Atlanta) armament incomplete; five, (the Chicago, and the monitors), incomplete; five, (the Baltimore, Charleston and Newark and two gunboats), under advertisement; and four (an armored cruiser, a battle ship, a neumatic dynamite boat, and a torpedo boat), not yet designed.

Conspiracy to Obtain Control of Public Lands.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 20.—In the matter of 151 entries made in Humboldt county, Cal., under the timber law act, on which patents have been issued, the secretary of the Interior has advised suits to vacate said patents. This action is the result of an investigation upon which the department holds that the entries were fraudulently made in the interest of a Scotch corporation, organized for the purpose of obtaining control of all the valuable red wood timber lands in that county, and that the foreign corporation was aided in its work by a firm in California and men employed by that firm. The secretary in his letter to the attorney general characterizes the scheme by which the patents were obtained as an "extensive conspiracy, culminating in a monstrous fraud."

Of Interest to Bondholders.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 17.—The first comptroller of the treasury has rendered a decision which will be of interest to holders of government bonds. There has just been presented for redemption a $50 five per cent. bond issued under the act of March 3, 1864, which provides that bonds of that issue shall be payable 40 years after date, with an option to the government of redemption at any time after the expiration of two years. The bond in question was embraced in a call made in 1879, and has just been presented with all the coupons detached. The comptroller decides that as the nominal value of unmatured detached coupons is greater than the face value of the bond itself, the bond cannot be redeemed until such coupons shall have been presented.

Cost of Lighting the Statue of Liberty.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 18.—Secretary of the lighthouse board, Commander Picking, has telegraphed to Commander Benham, inspector of third lighthouse district, which embraces Bedloe's island within its limits, to take steps for the lighting of the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty as soon as possible. It is estimated that it will cost about $850 a month to maintain the light, and that it will require several days to arrange all the preliminaries.

MINNEAPOLIS MILLS.

The Blizzard Interferes with Work—Receipts and Shipments.

MINNEAPOLIS, Nov. 17.—The *Northwestern Miller* says: A Dakota blizzard has raged for the past 24 hours. To-day the work in the milling district is practically suspended. The mills last week had good power, except Saturday. The total production was 161,100 barrels, averaging 26,683 barrels daily, against 160,060 barrels the preceding week, and 141,650 barrels for the corresponding time in 1885.

Nineteen mills started Monday, making about 26,000 barrels a day, though the water declined considerably yesterday. The blizzard of last night before morning forced a majority to shut down. The water was let out of the canal in the forenoon for removal of obstructions. Little work will be attempted before to-morrow. One mill—1,500 barrels—is running steam, and two others—600 barrels—are attempting to run.

The week's flour output will not exceed 100,000 barrels. The flour market is quiet with a better demand for export; slightly improved prices. Domestic trade is very dull. Receipts of wheat for the week were the largest on record—1,910,150 bushels. The shipments were also the largest ever made in a week—321,200 bushels; flour, 141,189 barrels; mill stuff, 4,562 tons. In store here, 877,116; at Duluth, 8,184,885; at St. Paul, 342,000.

AN EXTRA SESSION.

Labor Organizations Moving in that Direction—The Defeat of the Free Traders.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 19.—It is understood that the labor organizations are moving to having the President call an extra session of the Fiftieth Congress to consider legislation of interest to the workingmen of the country, they claiming that the remaining session of the present Congress will not be long enough to give that attention to the subject which it really demands.

Apropos to this effort to bring their grievances before Congress, it is asserted by prominent laboring men that they had a double reason for doing what they could to defeat Morrison, Carlisle, Springer, and other free trade leaders on the Democratic side of the House. They represent that not only are the doctrines preached by those statesmen inimical to the best interests of the workingmen of the country, in that they tend to degrade American labor to the pauper standard of Europe, but those same gentlemen did everything in their power to prevent the consideration of legislation during the last session of Congress which the workingmen desired.

The plan was devised by Carlisle, Morrison and their coadjutors of having a "steering committee," as it became known, whose duty it was to recommend what bills should be takeu up. The speaker and the chairman of the ways and means committee were members of it, and this oligarchy ruled the house with a rod of iron. When a delegation of workingmen called upon Speaker Carlisle to ask that the "steering committee" allow certain bills of interest to them to be considered, they were sent away feeling anything but satisfied with the result of their visit.

They resolved to do what they could to resent the insult. Plans were laid to work in the districts of all the free-trade bosses, and it is claimed that the result of the elections, so far as they were concerned, was due in a measure at least to the manner in which the delegations were last summer treated. It is safe to predict that no more free-trade legislation will be proposed for a year or two come, nor will the workingmen's delegations be snubbed. The mutterings of the storm were heard last spring when the hearings in regard to the Morrison tariff reduction bill took place. On the day that the working men introduced by Major McKinley were heard before the committee on Ways and Means, Morrison was particularly cutting in his remarks to two of the speakers, who, though from the ranks of the workingmen, were nevertheless well informed and able to take care of themselves in any argument on the tariff. They gave Morrison due notice on that occasion that the workingmen of the country knew the value of the ballot, and, to use the language of one of them, the statesman who opposed their best interests by trying to have the tariff removed would be snowed under at the polls. Morrison now very likely remembers the warning.

FREE TRADERS HOPEFUL

That Morrison May Still Find a Seat in Congress—They Need Him Badly.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 16.—Prominent free traders here are very hopeful that one of the newly elected Democratic members from Illinois can be induced to resign and allow Morrison to be nominated to fill the vacancy and thus have him returned in some way to the next Congress. The popular opinion is that a member of Congress must reside in the district which he is elected to represent in Congress, but the constitution does not require this. All that is required in the way of residence of members of the House of Representatives is that they live in the state from which they are returned. When addressed during the debates a member is always designated as the "gentleman from Ohio," or whatever state to which he belongs.

Notwithstanding the fact that it would be constitutional to elect Morrison from any district in Illinois where he could command the most votes, the proposition is by some regarded as an innovation upon present usages, and yet there will be two members in the Fiftieth Congress who do not live in the districts they have been elected to represent. They are "Sunset" Cox, of New York, and Guenther, of Wisconsin. Cox has for years represented the Sixth district in New York city, but this year he was elected from the Ninth district, and Guenther was chosen from the Second Wisconsin district, though at the present time he is serving from the Sixth district of that state.

THE MISTAKES OF GROVER.

The New York World Answers Some Questions Propounded by the Boston Globe.

NEW YORK, Nov. 17.—Charles H. Taylor, editor of the Boston *Globe*, has sent to a number of gentlemen prominent in the Democratic party, letters in which he asks the following question:

"What should Pres. Cleveland do during the next two years in order that Democratic success may be assured in 1888?"

Mr. Joseph Pulitzer replies, in an editorial in the *World*, as follows:

"The shortest answer would be that the President should abandon his negative, personal policy, and adopt a positive party policy; that he should institute and carry out the reforms which he was elected to enforce; that he should, in a word, pay more attention to ideas and less to offices—take in the whole work of reform, instead of confining his attention to the mere fragment of it which is contained in the civil service law. * * * * * But the President can and should do more than this. He should by his actions, his recommendations, and by a persistent warfare upon grasping monopolies, plundering and corrupting corporations, railroad kings and the money power, show to the workingmen that the Democratic party is, in actual performance, what it has always been by virtue of its membership and its principles, the friend of the poor. The greatest danger for 1888 lies in the needless defection of the Labor vote. What is the President doing to prevent it?"

CHICAGO ANARCHISTS.

Plans Discussed for Capturing and Burning the City.

CHICAGO, Nov. 22.—A local German paper asserts that the Anarchists of this city have renewed their agitation, and that calls for meetings of "groups" are circulated openly. "Monday evening," the article says, "in the hall on Clybourne avenue, a meeting of the North side group of the International Working People's association was held, at which various plans were discussed. Some of the persons present thought that on a stormy night, with a few pounds of dynamite, the water tower could be blown up and fires started at several different places. The water works dstroyed, the fire department could have no water, half the city would go up in a blaze, and in the confusion thus caused the reorganized groups and companies of the Lehr Dend Wehr Verein could easily capture the city."

Police Captain Shaack says he has no fear of anything happening at present, and his men are keeping a close watch on the "groups." He could not tell what he was going to do in this particular case, not having any authentic information yet, and if he had he did not think it best to make his intentions public in advance.

Owes Her Recovery to Pres. Cleveland.

BRONSON, Mich., Nov. 20.—In 1876 Mrs. Ada Martin, of this place, fractured her left leg, and paralysis of the member followed, with loss of speech. She has not been able to use the limb since or to speak, until yesterday, when in a remarkable way she recovered the use of both leg and and voice. Mrs. Martin during her affliction devoted her time to the construction of crazy quilts, and has been the recipient of several patches from Presidents Garfield, Arthur and Hayes.

Yesterday she received a patch with the compliments of Pres. Cleveland, and the pleasure of the event induced her to rise. Her son's revolver lay on a stand near by, and joggled off, its falling causing the weapon to be discharged. The ball passed through the invalid's paralysed leg. The shock restored Mrs. Martin's speech, and her limb will be useful after the bullet wound is healed.

Lung Worms in Cattle.

CHICAGO, Nov. 17.—Dr. Salmon, of the bureau of Animal Industry, referring to the cattle disease in Clinton county, Ind., said that a lot of dairy calves were brought into the county from Western New York. They were sold to the farmers. Some of them had symptoms of lung disease, and the native cattle running with them became affected. At the request of the state board of Health, Dr. Salmon investigated, and the sick cattle left out of those that were killed and burned were found to be afflicted with lung worms. This disease was common to cattle. It was not advantageous to kill them. They should be kept by themselves, and with care and medical treatment, they would recover. In this case he advised the state board of health to quarantine them and follow out the above treatment.

The Stock Yards Strike Is Over.

CHICAGO, Nov. 19.—An additional number of workmen were engaged in the packing houses at the Union stock yards, this morning. The troop of cavalry was ordered to be relieved from duty to-day. The last of the state troops will probably depart from the yards to-morrow.

PITTSBURG ON THE BOOM.

What Natural Gas is Doing—Fully Ten Thousand Workmen to be Brought to Pittsburg—The Lessor of Natural Gas.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 17.—Following in the footsteps of the Diston saw manufacturers, of Philadelphia, who will soon be here with a large plant, comes the announcement that other large manufacturing concerns will locate within reach of the gas. It is estimated that in the East there are over one hundred, some place it at two hundred, firms busily engaged at the present time in inquiring into the question of natural gas, many of whom contemplate coming here to locate. It is said that the various concerns will employ over 10,000 workmen, and that most of the firms are located in and about Philadelphia. Among business men of that city there is a greater interest in the matter than is generally known here. The difference in the cost of coal fuel and gas is so much in favor of the gas that it will soon be impossible for the East to compete with Pittsburg manufacturers.

The Philadelphia manufacturers who contemplate coming here have, by private means in most cases, ascertained just what could be done here for them. They have not gone to the gas companies to find out what the fuel will cost them—they know that well enough. Many of them have been here, have seen how the gas works, and have gone home again with all the information they needed. Some are already negotiating for building sites, but in a quiet way. It is rumored that Crane's large shovel works in Philadelphia will be moved here in the spring, but no location has been mentioned. It is cerain that there is a strong movement this way from Eastern cities, all of which will tend to make Pittsburg the most important manufacturing city in the country, possibly in the world.

JEFF. DAVIS ON "TREASON."

The President of the Southern Confederacy to the Governor of North Carolina.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 20.—Anent the charge by Gen. Sherman, made some time ago, that Jefferson Davis as President of the Southern Confederacy, had threatened to use Lee's army to coerce the Southern states, the *Sun* publishes a letter which was written by Davis to Gov. Vance, of North Carolina, in January, 1863, and which was published in the Raleigh (N. C.) *Standard* at the time.

The document, which is quite lengthy, rehearses the futile efforts made by Davis to obtain a conference with Northern leaders looking to a peaceful settlement of the differences, and concludes as follows:

I fear much from the tenor of the news I received from North Carolina that an attempt will be made by some bad men to inaugurate movements which must be considered as equivalent to "aid and comfort to the enemy," and which all patriots should combine to put down at any cost. You may count on my aid in every effort to spare your state the scourage of civil warfare which will devastate her homes, if the designs of these traitors be suffered to make head. I know you will place yourself in your legitimate position in the lead of those who will not suffer the name of the old North State to be blackened by such a stain.

Will you pardon me for suggesting that my only source of disquietude on the subject has arisen from the fear that you will delay too long the action which now appears inevitable, and that by your over-earnest desire to reclaim, by conciliation, men whom you believe to be sound at heart, but whose loyalty is more than suspected elsewhere, you will permit to gather such strength as to require more violent measures than are now needed.

With your influence and position, the promoters of unfounded discords now prevalent in your state, would be put down without the use of physical force, if you would abandon the policy of conciliation and set them at defiance. In this course, frankly and firmly pursued, you would rally around you all that is best and noblest in your state, and your triumph would be bloodless. If the contrary policy is adopted, I much fear you will be driven to the use of force to repress treason. In either event, be assured that you will have my cordial concurrence and assistance in maintaing with you the honor and dignity and fair name of your state, and in your efforts to crush treason whether incipient, as I believe it now is, or more matured, as I believe, if not firmly met, it will in the near future inevitably become. I have the honor to be very respectfully,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

A FORTUNE OF $6,000,000.

The Will of a Rich Cuban Sent to New York.

NEW YORK, Nov. 18.—Mrs. Kate L. Terry, well-known in this city for her beauty and her remarkable career, has come into a fortune of six millions by the death of her husband, Don Juan Pietro Terry, a Cuban, who of late years has made his home in Paris. Surrogate Rollins has received the will for probate, from United States Consul General Walker at Paris. It bequeaths four fifths of the estate to an unborn child, and the remainder to Mrs. Terry, the widow. The will also stipulates that if Mrs. Terry contests any provisions of it she shall forfeit her entire inheritance.

The widow has had a most extraordinary career. Twelve years ago she was a barmaid in the Washington Hotel in Liverpool. There she met Charles Bullard, alias Charles Wells, the notorious bank robber, and they were married, and went to Paris and opened a place with William Hennessy Cook, known as "The American Bar." Some time after they came to the United States, and Cook and Bullard were implicated in the Boylston (Mass.) bank robbery. They were caught and put away with sentences of seven years. Mrs. Bullard came to New York, where she made her home. Cook and Bullard escaped from Weathersfield prison some months previous to the Manhattan bank robbery and came to New York, where they joined Jimmy and Johnny Hope in the burglary of the Manhattan bank and then fled. Mrs. Bullard afterward married Don Juan Pietro Terry, the Cuban, and with him traveled all over the world.

It is likely that Mrs. Terry's claim to the rich Cuban's estates will be contested by his relatives on the ground that she was properly married to Bullard, and that no decree of divorce was granted before her marriage with Mr. Terry. The case promises to become celebrated.

PECULIAR CATTLE DISEASE,

Supposed to be Caused by the Bite of a Mad Dog.

LINCOLN, Neb., Nov. 20.—The cattle plague among the herds on the Blue river, 40 miles southwest of here, still continues. up to this time 21 head have fallen from the mysterious disease, which is supposed to be rabies. About two months ago a mad dog was seen to enter two pastures and bite a number of cattle in those ranches. Thirteen of the animals died within 42 days after they were bitten. Eight of them have died at different periods since, and it is impossible to tell where the fatality will end.

The fact that so many died together at first seemed rather contradictory to the theory that the disease was rabies, but these latter deaths, coming at intervals, go strongly to confirm it. The symptoms are excitability and irritability to a degree, horning the other cattle, knocking the pigs right and left, excessive constipation in the early stages, terminating in a diarrhea. The animals are partially blind, the eyes having a peculiarly wild appearance; they cannot swallow food or drink during the period of the disease.

One of those that died yesterday showed a very peculiar symptom, much resembling that seen in human beings when said to have been bitten by a rabid dog. On a pail of water being placed before it, he dipped his nose into it, and tried to drink, but being unable, he became mad at it and dashed the bucket to pieces with his horn.

A veterinary expert who has examined the affected cattle says the disease is very singular, but hesitates to pronounce it rabies. He has isolated a specific germ from the organs of several of these animals, which was the same in each case, and will begin test experiments upon animals in a few days.

CUBAN BANDITS.

A Sugar Plantation Burned and Planters Kidnaped.

NEW YORK, Nov. 18.—A letter from Havana dated November 13, says on Wednesday last a party of bandits under Romero called at the sugar plantation belonging to Senor Francisco Pedroso, and demanded $10,000, declaring that if the money was not forthcoming they would burn the plantation. Senor Pedroso refused to give them what they asked. Four hours later flames had destroyed not only the extensive and well cultivated cane fields, but the factories, dwelling houses, depots, great quantities of corn, lumber, plows, and nearly everything of value on the plantation.

In the province of Cienfuegos a robber band, under Nicholas Espinosa and his lieutenant, Metagas, have kidnapped Senor Balatar de La Torriente, for whose ransom they demand $8,000. They also had Senor Luciano Casanova and the two sons of Mr. Lombard. Bandits in the province of Santa Clara kidnaped the steward of the sugar estate in Santa Lugarda. He was afterwards ransomed for $3,500.

FROM SEN. EDMUNDS.

Last Presidential Campaign—The Vermont Senator Tells a Friend Why He Was Silent—His Faith in the Republican Party Unshaken.

MONTPELIER, Vt., Nov. 19.—Following is a letter written by Sen. Edmunds, which was sent yesterday to the editor of the *Daily Vermonter* for publication, by the person to whom it was addressed. It has been kept from the public nearly two years, and is probably the only personal explanation from Sen. Edmunds which the public has obtained concerning his position in the last presidential campaign. The person by whom it was received is well-known, though the recipient desires his name be withheld. The following is an exact copy, with the exception of the address:

WASHINGTON, April 15, 1885.

DEAR SIR:—I have your very kind and welcome letter of the 10th, and thank you heartily for it. It is true my position was trying, for on reflection I felt that it was far better that the Republican ticket should succeed (whatever my personal opinion had been and was concerning a candidate) than that the government should go into the hands of the Democratic party; but I could not under any circumstances or temptation say that I believed something about a candidate that I do not believe, and if I were to make speeches and say what I did believe as to certain transactions, etc., or was (so speaking) to refuse to answer questions on these topics, it would be especially worse for the party than staying at home. I knew, therefore, that I did the best thing for the party that an honest man could do.

I believe, then, that the sober-minded Republicans of Vermont will not condemn me because I could not and would not tell untruths, or be a hypocrite even to retain our party in power. I understand perfectly the bad sources, one *ab infra* and one *ab extra*, whence came the sort of things to which you refer; but there is nothing that I wish to do about it other than to go on manfully and try, as I have always done, to do my duty in the Senate, and, so far as I have the ability, to honor the commonwealth that has bestowed upon me, unasked, great trusts and honor.

I can never be a "wire worker" or beggar for the gift she has hitherto freely placed in my hands, not as the consequence of importunity, but (as she supposed) for the advancement of her own interests. If the people believe that these interests may be better confided to other hands, it is their right and their duty to act accordingly. My only ambition is that the honest and intelligent men of Vermont, and of the country, shall think that I am brave enough to walk according to the light that I have, and not to worry about consequences.

My dear sir, I am not posing as a martyr, for the pride of place and power is, as it seems to me, more and more, as the swift years go by, among the least of the pleasures or benefits of life. There is an inextinguishable joy in having been faithful to truth and self-respect, and there will always be with me a glad gratefulness to those who have honored me with their respect and confidence. I am, in haste, sincerely yours, GEORGE F. EDMUNDS.

THE COLORED PEOPLE.

A Scheme to Provide Homes for a Number of Families.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 20.—Rev. J. Milton Turney, a well known colored politician, in a interview says he has become convinced that the time has come for the colored people to seek some other means than politics for the betterment of their condition. He believes that the negroes must be redistributed throughout the country, and has a plan for the formation of a colony in Missouri, in Butler county.

In that county Charles P. Choteau has set aside 35,000 acres of fertile, heavily wooded land. Located in the vicinity are saw mills representing investments of $100,000. The purchasers of homes will be paid 65 cents per thousand for cutting logs on their own lands; one and one-quarter cents per foot for cutting and peeling piles, and 10 cents each for cutting and making railroad ties.

The lands are to be sold for from $3 to $6 per acre, all timber except what is needed for fencing and building, being reserved. One-third of the purchase money is to be paid in cash, when a deed will be given, and the purchaser to give notes bearing 8 per cent interest for the balance. When the purchaser cannot pay one-third down he may pay when he likes, and immediately occupy the land, but no deed will be given until the third is paid.

Carpenters will at once begin the erection of ten or fifteen houses, but after the settiers begin to arrive in numbers they will build their own. Already there are several actual settlers, and Mr. Turney is confident that the scheme will prove a great blessing to the colored race.

A HARMLESS CRANK,

Who Wanted to Assure Pres. Cleveland of That Fact.

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—The *News* says that while Pres. Cleveland's carriage was waiting for him at the curb, the President having followed the remains of ex-Pres. Arthur into the Grand Central depot, a young man dressed in a faded coat, fastened across his breast by a wooden pin, and wearing a faded brown hat, worked his way through the police lines and stepped upon the wheel beside the driver and a reporter. Handing his card to the reporter, he said: "Will you please give this to Mr. Cleveland, and tell him I won't hurt him."

The reporter read the card, and saw the name, "Nathan Schuler, Rondoul, N. Y." It was a crank, who was arrested at the Albany bi-centennial for an alleged attempt upon the life of the President.

"What do you want with the President?" asked the reporter.

"I want you to tell him that I am harmless. I am the man that was arrested at Albany, but I did not want to shoot him. I am a friend of his, and would not hurt him. Please give him that card, and tell him so, will you?"

Here the President's face appeared at the New York Central depot door, and Schuler became more importunate. An officer pulled him away from the carriage, and he ran around to the other side and tried to climb upon the carriage.

Supt. Murray's attention was called to him, and he sent Detective O'Connor after him, but the fellow saw the commotion among the officers and fled.

FERRIS, THE BOGUS BARONET,

Indicted for Pension Frauds—How He Lost His Fingers.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 20.—A few days ago the United States grand jury of the California district indicted Charges Ogden Ferris, alias the lost Sir Roger Tichborne, for having fraudulently obtained a pension by the representation that he had served in the 106th New York Volunteers and lost several fingers in action.

Ferris, who has been posing as the lost baronet for a considerable time, is under arrest in New York, and a United States deputy marshal is en route to the metropolis to escort him back to San Francisco. Yesterday the same grand jury indicted James W. Whitham and Richard J. Whitford for having falsely sworn to the statements whereby Ferris got his pension. Both are residents of Sandiego, where the pretended baronet once earned a precarious livelihood as a boatman.

Whitham and Whitford have made confessions, which show that the people who have been advocating Ferris's claims have been grossly deceived. It was proved to the grand jury that the self-styled baronet lost his fingers while engaged in moving an old shanty in a portion of San Francisco known as "Tar Flat," at the time when, according to his sworn statement, he was leading a charge against the batteries at Petersburg.

Will Try Henry George's Plan.

BOSTON, Nov. 23.—It now seems that Boston will have a distinctly labor candidate for mayor at the coming election. George E. McNeill, chairman of District Assembly No. 30, Knights of Labor, will be the standard bearer, agreeing to run if 7,000 names are secured to a pledge which the signers agree to vote for him. Between 4,000 and 5,000 had been obtained up to Saturday, and no doubt the list will be filled before Thursday.

Henry George, of New York, is behind McNeill, and if the latter is nominated George will take the stump for him.

An Indiana Official Short in His Accounts.

VINCENNES, Nov. 19.—It is officially announced that Henry B. Duesterberg, city treasurer, is short in his accounts $10,000 or $12,000. Duesterberg is nearing the end of his second term, and has been a much respected man. His only attempt at explanation is that he has been defrauded by somebody connected with his office, but he makes no specific charges against any one.

Snow Blockade.

WATERLOO, Iowa, Nov. 17.—The first snow storm of the winter is reported at points in the northern and western parts of the state, on the Illinois Central railroad. The cuts between Fort Dodge and Sioux City are reported full of snow, and snow plows have been sent out to clear the tracks. Trains are delayed, and the storm is very severe in the Western part of the state.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

One Hundred and Forty Lives Lost at Sea.

LONDON, Nov. 20.—Advices have been received here to the effect that a ship crowded with native laborers, returning from Queensland plantations, foundered in the Pacific ocean, and that 140 lives were lost.

Cholera.

BUENOS AYERS, Nov. 20.—Cholera has broken out in the hospital for the insane in this city, and of 18 persons attacked with the disease two have died. There were nine new cases and five deaths at Rosario during the past 24 hours.

An American Adventuress.

PARIS, Nov. 20.—An American adventuress, named Kate Bellmond, alias Marquise Rose de La Salle, who has taken refuge in England, has been sentenced to two years' imprisonment for obtaining money under false pretenses by means of letters purporting to have been signed by Dr. Coffin, late bishop of Southwark.

Under French Protection.

PASIS, Nov. 20.—Premier DeFreycinet has informed the French cabinet that Gen. Kaulbars has placed the Russian subjects who remain in Bulgaria under the protection of the French diplomatic agent at Sofia, and the French consuls in Bulgaria. M. DeFreycinet added that Gen. Kaulbars' action in so doing had no political significance.

The Name of the Ship.

LONDON, Nov. 20.—The name of the ship which, while conveying a number of Queensland plantation laborers foundered recently in the Pacific Ocean, 140 lives being lost, was the Young Dick.

Russia and Bulgaria.

BRUSSELS, Nov. 20.—The *Nord*, the Russian organ published here, says: "The departure of Gen. Kaulbars from Bulgaria does not signify Russia's retreat from the country, but simply a rupture of Russia's relations with Bulgaria. Russia does not relinquish her interest or her special international rights in Bulgaria."

Parade of London Socialists.

LONDON, Nov. 21.—The socialists marched to-day from fifteen outlying points to Trafalgar square. The various bodies were headed by bands of music and the paraders carried banners bearing incendiary inscriptions. As the southern contingents crossed Westminster bridge the band played the "Marseillaise." The people in the windows of the government offices were hooted at. When the paraders passed through Downing street they hissed Lord Randolph Churchill. The sight of the Horse Guard sentries incensed the mob, which fairly howled with rage. The officers closed the gates and the mob proceeded. When the speaking began there were present 5,000 socialists, 25,000 unemployed workmen, and 20,000 spectators and criminals.

Russian Steamers Moving.

VIENNA, Nov. 22.—All the Russian steamers on the Danube have been ordered to proceed to Odessa.

Important Announcement.

LONDON, Nov. 23.—Princess Beatrice, wife of Prince Henry of Battenberg, and youngest daughter of Queen Victoria, has given birth to a son. The mother and son are doing well. Lord Randolph Churchill was the minister in attendance at the accouchment.

COLORED KNIGHTS OF LABOR.

Strike of Field Hands on a Louisiana Sugar Plantation.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 23.—The strike of the negro field hands, Knights of Labor, on the Fairview plantation, St. Mary's parish, still continues. Capt. Pharr, owner of the place, has the support of all the neighboring planters, and an effort will be made to crush out the attempt to organize the field hands into Knights of Labor.

A local newspaper, which has been generally regarded as a representative of the labor interests here, calls upon the Knights of Labor to halt in this matter. It says: "It is entirely unnecessary to organize the field hands of the country into labor societies, even if such combination purports to be in self-defense. The purpose of the combination of labor is to off-set the consolidation of capital. There is not in the history of this country an organization of planters or farmers which had the power to oppress labor. In the nature of things, such a combination cannot be effected. In no other industry is there such active competition for labor as in the agricultural. The sugar industry pays better wages than any other agricultural industry in the United States, and its existence should not be engendered by methods which would involve laborer and planter in a common ruin."

A Walking Skeleton.

WABASH, Ind., Nov. 19.—Word has reached here that John Snyder, Blackford county's famous walking man, is dying. Snyder is perhaps the greatest curiosity in the state. His home is at Mell Grove, six miles east of Hartford City. About two years ago Snyder was stricken with a nervous complaint, from which he found relief in walking until worn out. His disease left him with shattered nerves, and the walking mania grew until he could not force it off. He has since been on his feet and walking almost constantly, and has frequently started up from his bed at night and walked several hours, when exhaustion would bring sleep. He has worn a deep path around his home by daily tramping. Snyder has for two years walked on an average 50 miles a day, 350 miles a week, and over 18,000 miles a year. Some time since the victim was reduced to a mere skeleton, having virtually faded out of existence.

Death of Manager Hoxie.

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—H. M. Hoxie, general manager of the Gould Southwestern system, died this morning at the Broadway.

The cause of his death was exhauftion, consequent on an operation performed on him him at Saratoga in June last by remoxing stones from his bladder. He has also suffered from kidney disease for the last 35 years. He had been very weak for the last seven days, but his doctors had great hopes of his recovery.

Roster of Ohio Soldiers.

COLUMBUS, Nov. 23.—About 2,000 of the edition of 10,000 volumes of the Roster of Ohio soldiers in the war of 1861-65 have been delivered and sold. The book is an 800 octavo page volume, bound in half morocco. One peculiar thing regarding the sale of the book is that aside from Columbus, more copies were sold in Omaha, Neb., than any place else.

Snow and Blizzards.

CHICAGO, Nov. 23.—The signal service reports a fierce storm in Dakota along the line of the Northern Pacific railroad. At Fargo and Jamestown a blizzard is in progress, with the thermometer at zero. At various points throughout Iowa it is snowing with the thermometer raging from 17 to 38 degrees above zero.

Female Strikers.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 23.—One hundred lady fitters in the shoe factory of Wolf & Co. are out on a strike. The cause of their refusal to work is the discharge of a popular foreman and the employment of one who is not looked upon with favor.

Erastus Brooks Dying.

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—Erastus Brooks is severely ill. It was stated at his home this morning that he could not possibly recover.

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Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powder. SOLD ONLY IN CANS. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall street New York.

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WINCHESTER & CO., No. 162 William St., New York.

A GAS MACHINE.

The Wonderful Invention of an Ohio Man, for Which He Received $1,500,000.

CANTON, O., Nov. 20.—There is important news here, which is well corroborated, of a gas-making process that promises to outdo natural gas. The news comes in response to an inquiry to Mr. W. B. Sutler, a neighbor of the inventor, J. J. Johnson, of Columbiana, O. Mr. W. B. Sutler is a prominent manufacturer of that place. Mr. Sutler replies to a letter addressed him by a Canton business man, and says:

"Johnson has been working on the invention for some time, and has succeeded in perfecting his process to such an extent that wonderful results were accomplished. The principle of the machine is a system of siphons, and air is forced alternately through water and through oil, resulting in gas. The tests made by Mr. Johnson on the machine first finished by him resulted in getting 450,000 cubic feet of gas from a barrel of oil. After this immense quantity of gas has been made the residue of oil, as a lubricator, is said to be worth as much as the barrel of oil originally. It is cheaper than daylight, for after getting the light and fuel you have the original value of the material you get it from. Mr. Johnson made a trip to Boston and had a conference with capitalists regarding the sale of the right of the invention. After his representations chemists from Harvard college were sent to Columbiana to investigate They reported favorably upon it, and Johnson was given $1,000,000 for the right in the United States, with the exception of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. Later he sold the right to these four states, with the exception of Columbiana county, to a Pittsburg syndicate for $500,000. The men from Boston who examined the machine said that when perfected no doubt 1,000,000 feet of gas could be produced from a barrel of oil. As an illuminant it is said to be far superior to the gas manufactured under the ordinary process, and as a fuel is vastly better than natural gas. Its heat is intense. A bar of lead was thrust into the blaze and immediately fell arpart. From a pipe which issues from Johnson's laboratory issues a blaze eight feet long that makes an intensely brilliant light. When knowledge of the invention gets abroad it is expected to create a wonderful sensation, as it is expected to completely revolutionize the matter of fuel and lighting. The parties who have gained control of the invention have been endeavoring to keep it quiet until they were ready to begin operations.

Result of the California Election.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 19.—Official returns from all counties in the state, with a semi-official count in San Francisco, give Bartlet, Dem., a plurality for governor of 632 over Swift, Rep. The Republicans have elected lieutenant governor, attorney general, superintendent of public instruction, surveyor general, and two justices of the supreme court. The Democrats have elected secretary of state, comptroller, treasurer, clerk of the supreme court, and one justice of the supreme court. The Republicans elect four Congressmen, the Democrats two. In the legislature the Democrats have a majority of ten on joint ballot.

Market Column.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Financial.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, Wednesday, Nov. 24, 1886.

The following is the statement of the New York banks for the week ending Saturday:

Reserve—Increase	$ 2,038,650
Loans—Decrease	113,300
Specie—Increase	2,704,500
Legal tenders—Increase	116,000
Deposits—Increase	3,127,400
Circulation—Decrease	95,700

The banks now hold $9,930,000 in excess of the 25 per cent. rule.

NOON.—The stock market, after 11 o'clock, was quiet, though later in the hour it showed more activity. Prices soon became heavy, and slowly yielded over the entire list, the declines ranging from ⅛@½ per cent. There was no special feature noticeable, except the drop of 10 per cent. in Memphis & Charleston on very small transactions. At noon the market is active and weak.

Closing prices of stocks to-day on Wall street: St. P., 94; L. S., 96⅞; Pac. Mail, 54½; N. Y. C., 113⅝; D. L. & W., 140½; J. C., 52¾; Erie, 37½; Erie 2d, ex. c, 103¾; W. St. L. & P. 20½; Erie pref., —; N. P., —; N. P. pf'd, 63¾; D. & R. G. —; Louis. & Nash. 62; Texas Pacific, 24; Union Pacific, 61⅝; Missouri Pacific, 115½; C. S., 65¼; Western Union, 78¾; Kan. & Texas 36¼; C., B. & Q., —; Rock Island, —; Mil. L. & W., —, L. S. W. pfd, —; Cen Pac. —; Oregon Trans., 36; Omaha, 53½; Omaha pfd., 114¾; Manitoba, —; Michigan Central, —; Phila. & Read., 42; Del. & Hud., 106¼; Northwestern, 119½; St. P. & M.,—; Hocking Valley, 43; New York & New England, 65¼; P., D. & E., —; Consolidated Gas, —; St. P. & D., —; Richmond T., 75¾; Oil closed at 77⅜c bid.

The BLADE's afternoon dispatch dated Wall Street, 3 p. m., says: The stock market was more active and firm during the first hour of the afternoon. Shortly after 1 p. m. it weakened and declined small fractions, but the weakness had lasted but a few minutes when the market became strong and remained so until within half an hour of close, when it gave way and became heavy and continued so till the close.

The following shows the changes in Governments during the past week:

	Nov. 16.	Nov. 9.
4½'s coupons	111⅛	110⅞
4's coupons	127⅛	127⅝
3's registered	100⅜	100¼
Pacific 6's of '95	125½	125⅞

TRADE.

Trade generally during the week just closed was of fair proportions, although not as brisk as was anticipated by some leading merchants. However, there is a healthy tone to all kinds of business, and merchants do not complain.

THE MARKETS.

Markets Show Slight Weakness Toward the Close.

The markets for wheat generally throughout the United States opened with a steady tone to-day, but afterward slight weakness set in. The receipts in the Northwest were large, while exports were moderate. The cables were firm. It is expected that the visible supply will show an increase during the present week of over a million bushels, and if the markets work off a little it will not be unexpected. The invisible supply is what puzzles dealers. A dealer said to-day that he believed there was more wheat in the country now than for the corresponding period last year.

Toledo Grain Market.

At the Toledo Produce Exchange to-day, there was a fairly active market for cash wheat. Prices were steady. No. 2 Soft Red wheat, 77¼c; No. 3 Soft Red wheat, 74¼c; Narrow Gauge do, 73¾c.

For future delivery No. 2 red wheat received considerable attention for December and May. Other months neglected. Prices closed with a slightly weak tone.

	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.	Feb.
Sales to-day..	......	135000	......	......
" Saturday.	......	49000	......	......

Seller December, 78¼@78c, less value to conclude, ⅛c decline; seller May, 85⅝c, fell to 85⅜c, and closed at 85⅝c, ⅛c improved.

Corn sold briskly, 58,000 bushels having changed hands. Prices steady. No. 2, 37⅛c; No. 3, 36½c; No. 4, 34c; seller May, 42⅜c. Nats sale Narrow Gauge, at 28c. Clover seed—Sales 529 bags. Prices lower but steady. Prime, $4.50; No. 2, $4.30; Prime mammoth to arrive, $4.60; seller December, $4 50; seller January, $4 55. Rye, No. 2, 55¼c; Lake Shore Rejected, 52c. Timothy seed—Prime, $1.80.

AFTERNOON CLOSE—Wheat — Cash, 77⅛c; November, 77¼c; December, 78c bid; May, 85½c bid. Corn—Cash and December, 37c asked; May, 42¼c bid. Clover seed—Cash, $4 50 asked; November, $4 50 asked; December, $4 42½ bid, $4 46 asked; January, $4 52½ asked; February, $4 57½ asked.

Toledo Produce Market.

The market this morning, had a dull look, although a considerable amount of produce was sold. Poultry is in good supply, but prices held steadily. The chickens brought to market are finer looking than a few years ago, which is owing to farmers keeping new breeds. Eggs are firm and sought after. Butter is steady. Vegetables held at about yesterday's figures. Meats are steady. Hay is without change. Coal steady and unchanged.

Butter of finest quality, 18c, and for next grades, 15@16c.

Eggs, strictly fresh, 21@22c.

Poultry—8c for young chickens, and 9c for ducks.

Vegetables—Cauliflower, per doz. 50@$100; cabbages, per doz., 30@35c; Hubbard squashes, per doz., $1 00@1 25; potatoes, per bush., 40c; sweet potatoes, per bbl., $2 50; onions, 70@75c per bushel.

Fruits—Cranberries, per box, $3 50@4 00; oranges, per bbl., $6 50@7 00, lemons, per box, $3 50@4 00.

Salt Meats—Dried Beef, 13½@14½c per lb.; shoulders, 8c; breakfast bacon, 8½c; mess pork, $12.50; short mess, $13.00; short clear mess, $14.00; long clear mess $13.00; clear neck, $10.50; hams, 18 lbs. and over 12½c per lb.; 15 lbs. average. 13c.

Lard—Refined in 50 lb. cans, 7¼c; refined, in tierces, 7⅛c; kettle, in tierces, 7¼c in barrels, 7⅝c.

Wool—Washed, 28c; unwashed, 18c.

Hay—Per ton, $12 00

Hides—Heavy steers, green, 7c; light, 6c; bulls and No. 2, 4c; heavy steers, cured, 9@9¼c; light steers, cured, 9c; heavy cows, 8¾c; calf, green, 8c; cured, do., 9c; sheep skins, on basis of wool, at 28c per lb.

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Russia Cement Co., Gloucester, Mass.

General Produce.

MILWAUKEE, Nov. 23.—Wheat, firmer; cash and December, 72½c; January, 73⅜c. Corn steady; No. 2, 36⅝c. Oats, quiet; No. 2, 26½c. Rye lower; No. 1, 56¼c. Barley, steady; No. 2, 53c.

KANSAS CITY, Nov. 22.—Wheat—Steady No. 2 Red cash, 62c bid; December, 62½c bid; May, 71¾c bid. Corn—Stronger; No. 2 cash, 30¾c bid; December, 31c bid; May, 35⅝c. Oats—Nominal; 24¾c bid cash.

DETROIT, Nov. 23.—Wheat No. 1 white cash, 76¼c; cash Michigan red, 77⅜c; No 2 red, 77¼c cash and November; 77⅜c December; 79c asked January; 85¼c May. Corn—No. 2, 38c. Oats—No. 2, 28¾c; No. 2 white, 32c. Clover Seed—$4 50 cash and December.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 23.—Flour easy. Wheat steady at 78c. Corn firmer at 37¼@38¼c. Oats stronger at 29c. Rye steady at 56c. Provisions steady and unchanged. Lard at $5 90. Whisky active and firm; sales, 1,156 barrels finished goods on a basis of $1 13.

CHICAGO, Nov. 23.—Hogs — Receipts, 50,000 head; market active and 5c higher; light, $3 60@4 00; rough mixed and heavy packing, packing and shipping lots, $4 00. Cattle—Receipts, 8,000 head; market quiet and 10c lower; beeves, $3 25@4 90; butcheers, $1 75@3 05; stockers, $2 00@3 50; butchers, $—; Texans, $—. Sheep—Receipts, 6,000 head; market slow and 15@20c lower; inferior to fair, 2 00@2 50; good to extra, $3 00@4 00.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 23.—Wheat—Western firmer and fairly active; No. 2 winter red spot, 84@84¾c; December, 84¾@84⅞c; January, 86⅛@86⅜c; February, 87⅝@87⅞c; May, 91½c bid. Corn—Western firmer and quiet; mixed spot, 45c bid; year, 44⅞@45⅛c; January, 45½@45⅝c; February, 46c bid; steamer, 43¼@43½c. Oats—Steady and quiet; western white, 34@36c; do mixed, 32@33c.

CHICAGO, Nov. 23.—1:00 P. M.—Wheat easy; cash, 74¼@74⅜c; December, 74⅞@74⅝c; January, 75¼c; May, 81⅝c. Corn steady; cash, and December, 36⅞c; January, 37c; May, 41¾@41⅞c. Oats steady; cash, and December, 26½c; May, 30⅝@30¾c. Rye 53c. Barley, 54c. Flax seed, 92c. Prime timothy, $1 70. Whisky, $1 18. Pork, steady; cash, and December, $9 47½; January, $10 12½. Lard steady; cash, and December, $5 90; January, $5 97½.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 23.—Wheat—Market easy; No. 2 red cash, 76c; December, 76⅝c bid; January, 78¼c bid; May, 84⅝c. Corn firm; No. 2 mixed cash, 34¼c; December, 34⅝c bid; January, 35c; May, 38¾c bid. Oats steady; No. 2 mixed cash, 26½c; December, 26¼c bid; May, 30⅝c. Rye steady at 51⅛c. Whisky at 113. Pork steady at $9 87½@10 00. Lard steady at $5 85@5 90. Cattle—Receipts, 1,000 head; market firm; natives, $4 30@4 80; butchers, $3 00@4 00; Texans and Indians, $2 00@3 80. Hogs—Receipts, 7,500 head; market steady; butchers, $3 90@4 05; packers, $3 70@3 90; Yorkers, $3 60@3 80; pigs, $2 50@3 60. Sheep—Receipts, 2,000 head; market slow but steady.

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—Wheat—Market opened firm but soon weakened and declined ¼@⅜c, with less doing; receipts, 170,600 bu; sales, 696,000 bu No. 2 Red December, 85⅝@86c; 109,000 bu do January, 87¼@87⅝c; 24,000 bu do February, 88⅞@89¾; 616,000 bu do May, 93 3-16@93⅝c. Corn dull, ⅛@¼c lower; receipts, 118,400 bu; sales, 216,000 bu; mixed western spot, 45@46½c; do futures, 46½@51c. Oats a shade lower; receipts, 63,650 bu; sales, 35,000 bu; western, 33@40c. Beef dull; new extra mess, $7 50@8 00. Pork firm and unchanged; new mess, $10 50@11 00; old do, $10 00@10 25. Lard steady and quiet; steam rendered, $6 20. Butter firm; westren, 12@29c. Eggs—Western fresh, 24@24½c. Sugar steady; crushed, 6¼c; powdered, 5 5-16@6½c; granulated, 5 11-16c. Molasses dull. Coffee steady. Turpentine quiet at 36½c.

Live Stock Markets.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 22.—Hogs—Market slow; common and light, $3 20@4 05; packing and butchers, $3 80@4 15; receipts, 10,800 head; shipments, 1,320 head.

KANSAS CITY, Nov. 22.—The *Live Stock Indicator* reports: Cattle—Receipts, 311 head; shipments, 1,553 head; the market is slow but steady; sales of good to choice at $4 10@4 60; common to medium, $3 30@4 00; stockers, $2 30@2 75; feeders, $2 80@3 00; cows, $1 50@2 50; grass range steers, $2 20@3 20. Hogs—Receipts, 14,382 head; shipments, 2,128 head; sales of good to choice, $2 75@3 80; common to medium, $3 50@3 70. Sheep—Receipts, 3,351 head; shipments, 2,133 head; market steady; sales of good to choice mutons, $2 60@3 20; common to medium, $1 50@2 30.

EAST LIBERTY, Nov. 22.—Cattle — Receipts, 1,558 head; shipments, 874 head; market active; 15@20c better; prime, $4 55@4 55; fair to good, $3 95@4 20; common, $3 40@3 65; stockers, $3 20@3 65; feeders, $3 50@4 20. Hogs—Receipts, 12,300 head; shipments, 6,700 head; market very dull; Philadelphias, $4 10@4 85; Yorkers, $3 90@4 00; common and light, $3 75@3 80. Sheep—Receipts, 4,000 head; shipments, 3,400 head; market 15@25c off; prime, $4 10@4 35; fair to good, $3 00@3 50; common, $1 80@2 30; lambs, $4 25@5 00.

CHICAGO, Nov. 22.—Cattle—Receipts, 8,000 head; shipments, 2,000 head; market steady; shipping steers, 950@1,500 lbs., $3 10@4 90; stockers and feeders, $2 00@3 40; cows, bulls and mixed, $1 50@3 25; bulk, $2 00@2 30; through Texas steers, $2 75@3 50. Hogs—Receipts, 43,000 head; shipments, 1,000 head; market active, 5@10c higher; rough and mixed, $3 55@3 90; packing and shipping, $3 75@4 00; light, $3 60@4 00; skips, $2 25@3 50. Sheep—Receipts, 4,000 head; shipments 1,000 head; market for good grades firm at $3 00@4 00; common, 10@15c lower, $2 00@2 70; Western, slow; lambs, $3 75@4 85.

BUFFALO, Nov. 22.—Cattle—Receipts, 1,535 head; market for common to fair in good demand at full prices, $3 50@4 25; good to choice shipping quiet and steady at $4 30@4 55; extra steers, $4 60@4 75; stockers and feeders steady and firm at $2 40@3 40; extra feeders, $3 50@4 00; veals, $5 50@6 50. Sheep—Receipts, 4,400 head; market a shade higher; common to fair, $2 75@3 75; good to choice, $3 50@4 00; extra butchers, $4 25. Hogs—Receipts, 25,390 head; market declined 5@10c; light pigs, $3 40@3 75; selected Yorkers, and selected medium weights, $3 90@4 00.

Foreign Markets.

The Mark Lane Express in its weekly review of the British grain trade says:

Wheat deliveries have continued very restricted. In London trade is slow at an advance of 9d. In provincial markets values are very firm and slightly above current rates in London. Sales of English wheat during the week were 48,464 quarters at 31s 4d, against 58,697 quarters at 31s 10d during corresponding period last year. Flour steady. Barley inactive. Trade in foreign wheat hardening, quotations irregular and tending toward advance. Heavy arrival of foreign oats caused a fall in values of 3d@6d. Eight cargoes of wheat arrived. Two cargoes were withdrawn and five remained. To-day there was increased inquiry for wheat. A shilling advance was asked on Indian, American and Russian. Flour and corn were each 6d dearer. Barley quiet. There were further large arrivals of oats, and prices were 3d lower.